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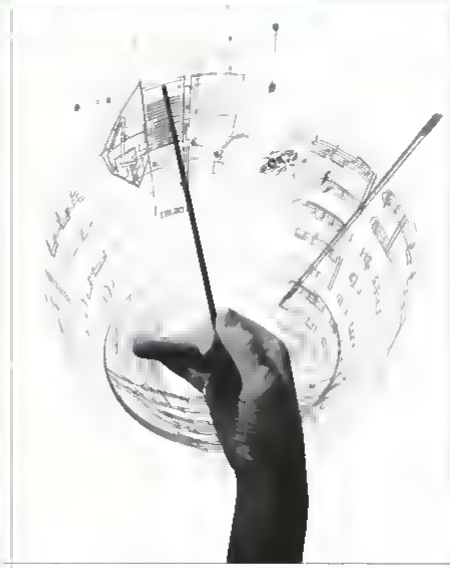
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More things a man should know about style money women culture
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Twenty-two-year-old clothing-design prodigy Zac Posen with his muse, Stella Schnabel ("Bright Ideas," page 124)

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Style

The essential modern tuxedo—an elegant update of the shawl-collared classic; warmer winters through cashmere, finding the right formal shirt for you **(The Guide, page 53).** A group of young innovators—an artist, a chef, two designers, a musician—whose ideas are crossing boundaries and switching disciplines to expand our notions of style and substance **(Bright Ideas, page 124).**

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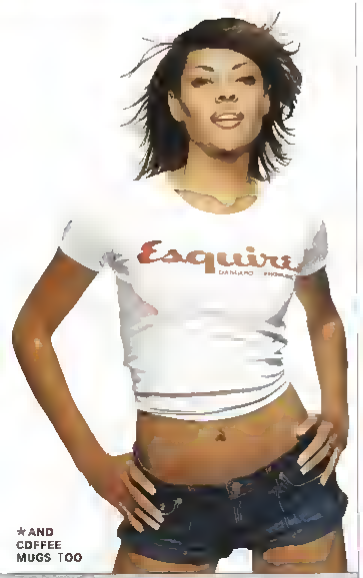
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NEXT MONTH IN ESQUIRE What I've Learned special section What we've learned about you. We unveil the results of the Survey of the American Man What you can learn from the new generation of college sex columnists And, of course, what to wear on your winter vacation



Forty Rays of Hope

THERE'S A SENTIMENT Dave Lavery expresses in Scott Raab's story about him (which begins on page 172) that I hope runs through this issue. Lavery works for NASA, and he's been entrusted with nearly a billion dollars and given the task of taking us to Mars. At the end of the story, this is what he says of the work he and his colleagues do: "We're investing in hope for the future. This is the glimmer of things on the edge of our imagination. We want to inspire the country about what we can become—which is even better than what we are now."

As you read through the Best and Brightest, I think you'll be caught up in the excitement and joy the people we feature here take in the work they do. I think you'll be inspired by the sense of possibility that underlies the ground breaking ideas and the trailblazing work being done by the people we celebrate in this issue.

We're living in one of those times when it's easy to look up from reading the morning paper and just shake our heads in dismay. Whether it's the never-ending declines in the stock market or the looming war in the Middle East or rising unemployment or corporate scandal, it's not unnatural to feel a stab of pessimism.

It's hard to believe now that less than two years ago, people were predicting an unending era of prosperity. It's hard to look back and believe that we were as cocky and complacent as we were. This issue of Esquire, in fact, grew out of a sense we had back then that complacency—the complacency that had been born of a decade of easy money—had begun to supplant the drive and energy that, for more than two centuries, had defined our national spirit.

I remember sitting down to breakfast on a warm late-winter morning with Walter Russell Mead—who possesses one of the greatest, most far-ranging minds I've ever experienced—and asking him where, in a time of great prosperity, change and leadership come from. The answer was long and complex, but I came away from that breakfast with a sense that the next generation of (to borrow a phrase from the dot-com era) change agents was at work all across the country and that all we had to do was look. Walter also pointed out that change is most commonly spurred by crisis.

None of us—except perhaps war strategist Tom Barnett (see page 163)—could have imagined the magnitude of the crisis that would strike us seven months later or the repercussions that would carry us toward war and recession.

It's been more than a year now since we embarked on the search for the next generation of American leaders and innovators. The process itself was fascinating. Our first step was to ask a wide variety of people who are themselves leaders to suggest candidates. On pages 24 and 26, you'll find the people who contributed their ideas to this issue.

Then came the hard part. We divided the world into four areas of endeavor and began to investigate all the candidates provided by our panel and to search for others. In the past six months, we have looked at hundreds of men and women who are engaged in ambitious pursuits. The search in and of itself was inspiring. It became clear that ours is a land of dreamers who become doers. And as the process went along, we realized that our issue could never be definitive. Rather, and this is the encouraging thing, it is merely representative. For each of the forty people honored here, there are a dozen others we could have selected.

So we offer an issue that suggests the potential that is manifest in our world. Esquire's staff, particularly Mark Warren, Andy Ward, Peter Griffin, A. J. Jacobs, John Kenney, and John Korpics, have done an extraordinary job of making this idea a beautiful reality.

—**David Granger**



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A GREAT MANY PEOPLE assisted [illegible] editorial staff in the preparation of this issue. More than a year ago, we began asking leaders in various fields to suggest candidates for inclusion in our Best and Brightest issue. The responses formed the basis of the extensive and expansive search we undertook until we [illegible] a great debt of gratitude.



BILL CLINTON the forty second president of the United States, held office from 1993 to 2001. In December 1984, when he was governor of Arkansas, President Clinton and his wife, Hillary Rodham Clinton, were among the honorees in the first Esquire Register, an issue devoted to highlighting emergent leaders in America. We are honored that President Clinton has written the keynote essay for the Best and Brightest issue. Since retiring from politics, Clinton has continued to work on the things that matter to him most: economic opportunity for the world's poor, combating HIV/AIDS, promoting racial and religious reconciliation, building democracies, and advocating citizen service.



TED HALSTEAD is the president and CEO of the New America Foundation, a Washington based public policy institute that was launched in 1999 to help cultivate future generations of public-minded thinkers. Before he founded the NAF, Halstead, thirty four, was the executive director of Redefining Progress, another public-policy institute, which he began when he was only twenty five years old. He is also a member of the Council on Foreign Relations.



LESLIE MOONVES is the president and CEO of CBS and oversees all aspects of the network's programming. He began his career as a stage actor in New York before moving into television programming. During his time at CBS, Moonves has developed the Emmy winning series *Everybody Loves Raymond*, along with *CSI: The King of Queens*, *Survivor*, and *Becker*. In addition to CBS, Moonves also oversees the UPN television network.



ROY M. SPENCE JR. is the maverick founder and president of GSD&M, the Austin advertising agency whose list of clients includes Southwest Airlines, Wal-Mart, MasterCard, DreamWorks SKG, and Krispy Kreme. Spence started the company in 1971 after graduating from the University of Texas and has since transformed it into a $1 billion agency with 550 employees. During the mid-eighties the company garnered fame with its iconic anti-littering campaign, "Don't Mess with Texas."



HARVEY WEINSTEIN is one of the most influential and recognized figures in the film industry today. Along with his brother, Bob, he formed Miramax Films in 1979 and has since made some of the greatest films of the era, receiving eleven best-picture Academy Award nominations in ten years. This month, Miramax will release Martin Scorsese's much-awaited epic *Gangs of New York*.



Since the seventies, artist **CHUCK CLOSE** has been a pioneer and leading figure of American contemporary art. His enormous renditions of heads and faces—based on photographs and meticulously composed of thousands of individual squares—revolutionized modern portraiture and have become some of the most widely recognized images in galleries and museums around the world.



Esquire photo coordinator **BETH JOHNSON** invested several months assembling the incredible variety of images in this issue. She describes a typical day on the project: receiving a voice-mail message from Eugene Chan, innovator in mapping the human genome, immediately followed by a message from Dave Lavery, the man in charge of NASA's mission to Mars.



Contributors

continued from page 24



Architect **DAVID ROCKWELL** is the president of Rockwell Group, the Manhattan firm responsible for such remarkably innovative buildings as the W New York hotel, the Mohegan Sun casino in Connecticut, the Children's Hospital at Montefiore in the Bronx, and the Kodak Theatre in Los Angeles, home to the Academy Awards. Rockwell also designed the stage sets for the Broadway productions of *The Rocky Horror Show* and *Hairspray*.



Austrian-born scientist **JOSEF PENNINGER** has conducted groundbreaking research in the field of molecular genetics. He discovered the gene CD45, which is believed to control the body's immune system and is helping provide answers in cancer prevention studies and insight into the origins of autoimmune diseases. His research has also opened doors to developing treatments for infectious diseases. He is a professor of immunology and medical biophysics at the University of Toronto.



With more than 150 patents, inventor **DEAN KAMEN** has helped revolutionize medical procedures and benefit countless lives. He invented the first wearable infusion pump used in chemotherapy, neonatology, and endocrinology, and he later developed an insulin pump for diabetics. In 1982, he founded DEKA Research & Development Corporation, based in New Hampshire. Kamen is also the creator of the Segway Human Transporter (aka Ginger).



In a career that has spanned more than half a century, **MICHAEL DEBAKEY** has invented many of our most common coronary medical procedures. He developed and was the first to successfully implant a partial artificial heart. He also performed the first aortocoronary-bypass operation and created the first artificial arteries out of Dacron on his wife's sewing machine. Now ninety-four, he is chancellor emeritus of Baylor College of Medicine and staff surgeon at the Methodist Hospital of Houston.



J. CRAIG VENTER is the president of the Center for the Advancement of Genomics and founder and former CEO of Celera Genomics. Venter is best known for having led the effort to sequence the human genome in 2000, a turning point in modern science that affords new insight on the human species and evolution. He recently started the Institute for Biological Energy Alternatives, a research organization working to correct global warming through genetic engineering.



MAXINE SINGER is the president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, a nonprofit scientific research organization. During the past forty years, she has made significant contributions in the fields of biochemistry and molecular biology, notably in her research into DNA sequences called LINES. Singer has also been active in influencing and refining the nation's science policy, often in areas having social, moral, or ethical implications, such as recombinant DNA research.



JAMES M. CITRIN is a senior director at Spencer Stuart executive recruiting. For nearly a decade, Citrin has recruited some of the top CEOs, CFOs, and presidents in the media, Internet, and publishing industries, as well as in education. He is the coauthor of the best-selling book *Lessons from the Top: The Search for America's Best Business Leaders* (Doubleday) and author of *Zoom: How 12 Exceptional Companies Are Navigating the Road to the Next Economy* (Doubleday).



Contributing editor **ANDREW CHAIKIVSKY** spent the last year speaking with a host of experts—management consultants, business strategists, professors, executive recruiters, religious leaders, political consultants, military advisers, and more—to identify some of the best and brightest candidates. He also wrote about JetBlue's David Neeleman, Richard Barton of Expedia, the economist Matthew Rabin, and war strategist Thomas Barnett for the Issue.

EUROITALIA SRL MONZA MI ITALY

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

DOLCE & GABBANA
PARFUM

THE OCTOBER ISSUE featured our annual embrace of Women We Love and also provided the opportunity to answer a question we've often asked ourselves: What does Jennifer Aniston look like in the morning? Our cover declared the lovely answer.



Thanks for the great cover shot of Aniston. I'm a devoted fan, and I'm always interested in seeing her up front, she's sexy, talented, and charming. And, of course, thank you for your annual Women We Love, which has always been interesting, and I suspect always will be.

DENNIS COMSTOCK
North Muskegon, Mich.

I love you guys, but I think you're slipping. I mean, Jennifer Aniston? Kelly Ripa? Paula Abdul? We do not love these women. Other women love these women. While you were not totally off this year—Zooey Deschanel, Norah Jones, Sarah Silverman, Kyra Sedgwick—I hope next year you'll really do your homework.

RUSS JOSEPHS
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Is Bullying Criminal?

Also in our October issue, writer at large Tom Junod looked into the case of high school "bully" Jonathan Miller, a teenager with a history of bad behavior who was convicted as an adult of the murder of fellow student Josh Belluardo, whom Miller punched in the back of the head after an argument on the school bus. Junod also contemplated his own past as a bully and considered the legacy of childhood bullying—both its emotional effects and our recent institutional reaction to it ("The Terrible Boy").

I just finished reading "The Terrible Boy," one of the best magazine articles I've ever read. It does everything a magazine piece should do: lets us into lives forever changed by events, humanizes an issue, and shows us that the issue wouldn't exist without the people, and vice versa. It gives us a huge insight into human nature, into how people can run away from the truth. The people who have criminalized bullies are terribly mistaken. What happened between those two boys was sad and tragic, but it wasn't murder. What a great article to bring the truth to light.

ROGER ANGLE
Culver City, Calif.

As I read "The Terrible Boy," I was filled with the same sick feeling I had back in November 1998 as a parent of two students who attended E. T. Booth Middle School and of one who attended Etowah High, which Miller attended. I was involved with the PTSA at both and saw firsthand the aftermath that the situation caused. Junod and others can try to downplay this attack by calling it an "irrevocable moment," but it is what it is: a crime. Had this very same scenario occurred between two adults in a parking lot, no one would have questioned what to call it. Why should a school be exempt from the laws that govern society? There will be plenty of time for kids to learn to "toughen up" or "live in the real world" when they are more emotionally mature. I applaud the zero-tolerance bullying laws and feel they need to be implemented nationwide. If your child has been bullied, or you suspect your child is being bullied, take action. By the same token, if your child has been accused of bullying more than once, seek outside counseling. What do you have to lose?

LORI O'DELL
Collinsville, Ill.

While I agree that treating Miller as an adult and sending him to prison for felony murder is an almost criminal act in itself, the psychological and social damage done by "terrible boys" should not be viewed as just one more part of growing up. Like most kids, I was an infrequent victim of bullying, and twenty-five years later I can still remember the name, the face, and the cruel, thoughtless actions of my tormentor. On days when I can't even remember what I had for breakfast, I still remember how weak and worthless I felt because of one terrible boy's savage need to humiliate another person. How many bullies grow up to examine their actions as Junod has? I'll bet nowhere near as many as grow up to be cruel, abusive adults.

CHUCK AUGELLO
Hillsborough, N.J.

Junod is still a bully. Suggesting that we might endanger the "immense and mysterious and ultimately beautiful vagaries of childhood" if we suppress bullying reveals just how much he got off on his own destructive power. Luckily, Junod's attempt to relieve his own guilt did not completely obscure his proper concern for what is happening to children in America's courtrooms. Young teenagers cannot vote, drink, or even drive because we don't trust their judgment, yet we hold them completely and relentlessly accountable for their mistakes. It is a



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WRITE US Letters to the editor may be mailed to The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, P.O. Box 1704, Sandusky, Ohio 44870. Also, Esquire encourages the use of fax (212-977-3158) and e-mail (to esquire@hearst.com or via the Web at esquire.com/talk). Include your full name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

The Sound & the Fury

hysterical reaction to our fear of the biggest bully of all—the violent society in which we now live.

LANEY MARGOLIS
Durham, N.C.

Junod writes beautifully, and he obviously understands the self-loathing that ultimately comes to a man of conscience who once terrorized an innocent. But he is wrong when he suggests that bullying should be allowed to continue as a sort of rite of passage for school-age children. Bullying is not a victimless crime just because the perpetrators are kids. We stop our children from yanking the ears off cats and dogs; shouldn't we prohibit them from inflicting similar harm on other children?

JIM DUFFY
Fort Atkinson, Wis.

In Junod's otherwise excellent article, why does it go unremarked upon that the gun Brian Head took to school belonged to his father and that he gained access to it? Every gun owner must know that in American culture and media, a gun is not for target shooting or collecting or even killing animals, but for threatening and killing people who offend you. Bill Heads is lucky his son did not shoot another child; I'm sorry he didn't acknowledge that to your writer. Such children are victims of their parents' arrogance and thoughtlessness in maintaining the fiction that "guns don't kill, people do." People don't always kill; guns make it more likely that they will.

JANE SMILEY
Carmel Valley, Calif.

Congratulations to "Timmy Titimski" for telling former bully Junod where to shove his pathetic, whiny quest for forgiveness. We no more "need" bullying in order to become empathetic men than we need to commit date rape to learn how to respect women. Junod needs to learn how to grovel before seeking forgiveness for his past criminal behavior.

DWIGHT DENT
Anchorage, Alaska

"The Terrible Boy" is thoughtful, but Junod neglects the "terrible girls." While female bullying tends to be less physical, it inflicts no less pain. Our daughter told us of some girls who made a shy girl think she was their friend and popular. After a few weeks, they revealed their joke, and the humiliated girl hid in the restroom during most noon hours for the rest of that year. Like "Timmy Titimski," she will carry the scar until she dies.

JAMES C. PERLEY
Little Sioux, Iowa

I probably would not have read "The Terrible Boy" if it were not such an amazing piece of writing. The topic did not particularly grab me, but reading the story was just one of those unexpected pleasures one has when one is thumbing through a magazine and is taken hostage by an enthralling writer.

JOEL HAMBURGER
Oakland, Calif.

I need to thank you for the article "The Terrible Boy," about my son Jonathan. Junod did a thorough job of investigative journalism, then did a perfect job of communicating what he found. It did not have the sensationalism that the area press seemed to need in order to sell copies or attract ratings, but it is the truth. I only hope the Georgia Supreme Court reads your magazine, for they, too, referred to Jonathan as the "bully" regional press declared him to be. It is a delicate topic. A child is dead. No one in this life can undo that tragedy, no matter how hard we prayed. Jonathan is not innocent, but this is not murder. We must not elevate our children to adulthood for the mere convenience of the courts. We cannot allow the media to dictate this course of action to allow them the creativity of sensationalism. If Jonathan had been charged as a juvenile, the media would have had no story. The laws protect our juveniles. Finally, we must not allow our courts to be used as instruments of revenge. Thank you for communicating these messages.

ALAN MILLER
Rome, Ga.





Photo: Jean Lavviere

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LOUIS VUITTON

MANatHisBEST

December . . . Saddam Hussein's hygiene (p. 40), lusty blondes (p. 48), and Answer Fella (p. 50)



Catherine McCormack*

The English thespian Catherine McCormack is one serious, cerebral Woman We Love—and I'm pretty sure it's not just the accent. She uses words like *turgid* and *Milan Kundera*. She counts the late Polish auteur Krzysztof Kieslowski as one of her favorite filmmakers. And what she really wants to do is direct. "If I get that opportunity, all I'll do is work that I *want* to do," says the 30-year-old lapsed Catholic" whom you surely remember as Mel Gibson's doomed love in *Braveheart* and whom you probably don't recall as Pierce Brosnan's booty call in *The Tailor of Panama*. "I won't prostitute myself like I've done as an actor." She's made a short film "about a woman who loses her husband and tries to reenact certain scenarios with a gigolo." And she's shopping a feature-length movie "about a Portuguese poet—so that'll be easy to get made." In the meantime, she'll keep her day job, oscillating between precious, arty films like the new *Weight of Water*, with Sean Penn, and popcorn like *Sound of Thunder*, a sci-fi/action flick due out next year. "I never saw myself doing an action movie," she admits, "but here I am, running around Prague with Ed Burns, chasing dinosaurs. There's not a lot of acting required, but it's been fun. And, my God, they pay me *lovely* money."

—BRENDAN VAUGHAN



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(The Awards)

The 10 Most Remarkable Things in Culture This Month









[1] Best Achievement in Artistic Objectification

The folks behind the witty Web site bodyscapes.com.



[6] Best Emasculation

Jack Nicholson in the great new movie *About Schmidt*

"For years now she has made me sit while I urinate. My promise to wipe the rim and put the seat back down wasn't good enough for her."

[7] Least Lascivious Secrets of the Catholic Church

Any of the recipes in the new book *The Secrets of Jesuit Soupmaking*

[8] Best Convoluted Logic

Warren Beatty, as quoted in Esquire contributing editor Bill Zehme's new book of profiles, *Intimate Strangers*.

"When you're acting, you ideally are out of control. In control of being out of control. And when you are directing, you should be in control. Somewhat out of control of being in control. But in control. And if you're trying to be out of control and somewhat in control of being out of control but out of control and at the same time in control but somewhat out of control of being in control but still in control. It makes you crazy."



[2] Best Sign-off

Vietnam War soldier David Bowman, as quoted in the new book *The 50 Greatest Letters from America's Wars*

"Last, but not least, send no more mail to the APO. Fill the ice box with beer, get the civvies out of mothballs, fill the car with gas, and get the women and children off the streets—BECAUSE THE KID IS COMING HOME!!!! Love, Dave"

[3] Best Alternative to the Bill of Rights

The Bill of Lefts, a call to arms by Left Handers International (fortunecity.com/bennyhills/holygrail/176), which includes articles like this.

"All persons shall be entitled to actively discourage the use of the word 'left' in a negative connotation, no more 'leftovers,' 'left out,' or 'lefthanded compliments.'"

[4] Best Angry Old Man

Woody Allen, as quoted in Diane Keaton's book on clown paintings.

"The only thing I hate worse than clowns are clown paintings."

[5] Best Press Release About a Leather-Wearing Physicist

"Brian Greene is a sexy young physicist that drives 'the thinking woman' crazy with his gorgeous look and elegant prose. I'm hoping you'll consider featuring Brian Greene in Esquire; he looks great in leather!"

[9] Best Angry Cop Talk

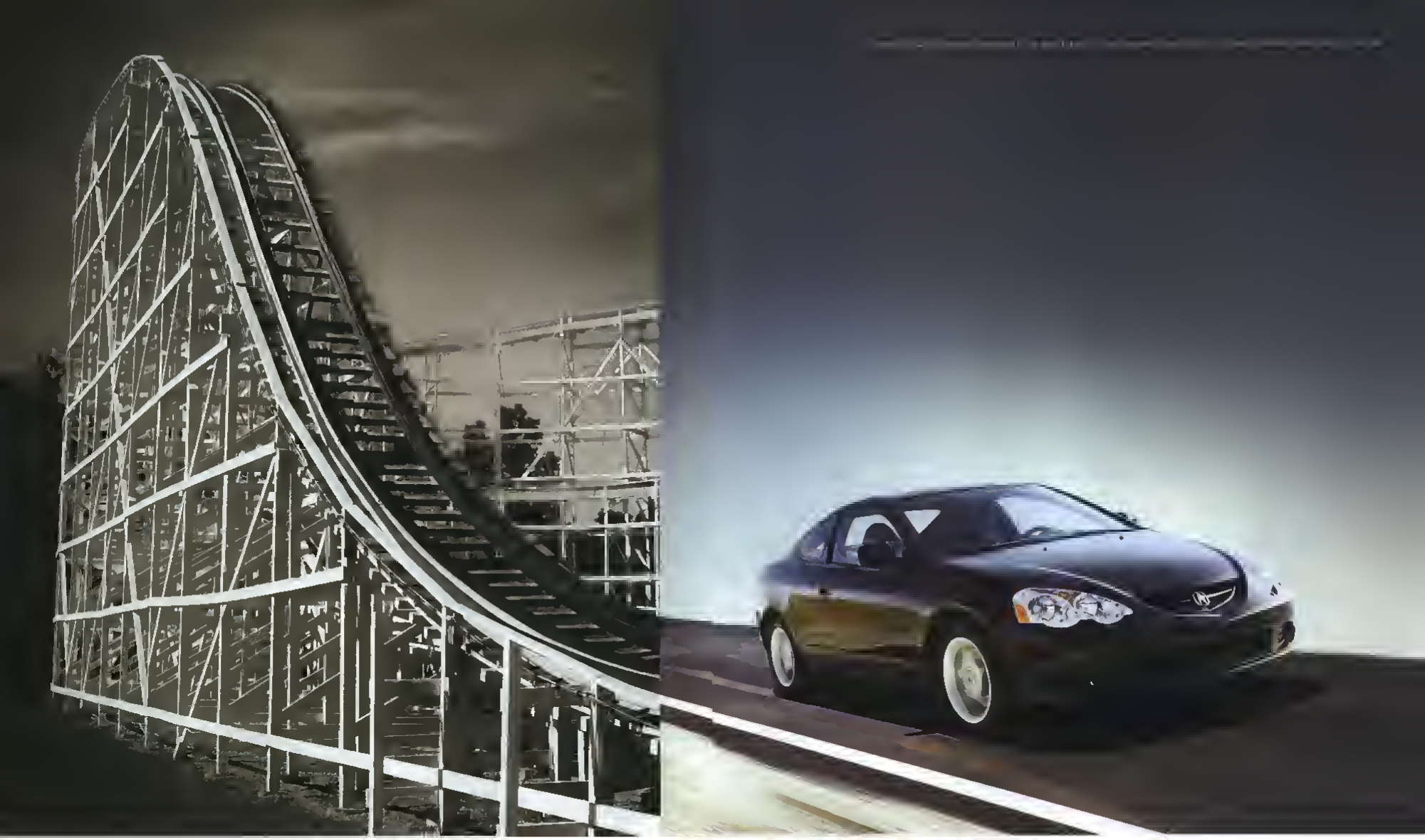
Jason Patric in the new undercover-cop movie *Narc*.

PATRIC: My assignment was solely undercover narcotic work. Do you have any idea what that entails? **FACELESS BUREAUCRAT:** I have a general idea, yes. **PATRIC:** Okay, well then, generally speaking, you don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

[10] Best Polls

The Web site whatsbetter.com, which features these polls.

John Lennon (92%)	VS	Yoko Ono (8%)
Anna K off court (79%)	VS	Anna K on court (21%)
A toaster (84%)	VS	Pauly Shore (16%)
Mary Kate (57%)	VS	Ashley (43%)
A large crocodile (50%)	VS	Steve Irwin (50%)
A bird in the hand (60%)	VS	Two birds in the bush (40%)
Ariel Sharon (55%)	VS	Yasir Arafat (45%)
The motion of the ocean (72%)	VS	The size of the ship (28%)



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Rule No. 57: The slower the movie, the better the reviews. **Rule No. 75:** Three out of every four short-order cooks have served jail time. **Rule No. 123:** Never go home with a woman who smokes cigarillos. **Rule No. 142:** Never go into the same revolving door slot on the first date.

Saddam Hussein's Bathing Habits

A NEW DOCUMENTARY REVEALS THE TYRANT AT HIS MOST BIZARRE












HERE'S ONE REVIEW of French filmmaker Joël Soler's new documentary about Saddam Hussein. After a screening of the film in Los Angeles, Soler woke up to find his house covered in red paint. A note in the mailbox said: "In the name of God, the merciful, the compassionate, burn the satanic movie or you will be dead." Our review is a little more positive. *Uncle Saddam* is a disturbing, fascinating, and oddly funny look at the Iraqi dictator, the result of unprecedented access to his inner circle. You can see it on Cinemax on November 26. Esquire met Soler at a New York coffee shop to talk about it, as he glanced nervously over his shoulder.

—GENEVIEVE J. ROTH

ESQUIRE This couldn't have been an easy film to make. How did you get into the country?

Joël Soler I told them I wanted to make a film about the sanctions, that I would love to promote the culture and the architecture, so they invited me under those impressions.

ESQ And then?

JS At first, I was very well received. I was invited to parties, I went to discos every night. I really experienced the luxury of the country. It's weird, because I would talk to my family and they were so worried, but I was like, "This is great! Everybody move to Baghdad!"

ESQ Obviously, the Iraqi government is not going to be happy with the result.

JS I know. I'm fishing for trouble with this work. It's weird, because I'm such a pussy. I see a spider and I freak.

ESQ What was the scariest part about lying to the entire Iraqi government?

JS I was nervous all the time. I wanted to film Saddam's newest palace—his biggest one yet. The officials wouldn't let me, so I played sick one day and went to the palace dressed as an Arab. Anyone filming anything related to Saddam can be shot to death on the spot. I spent an hour filming in the trees. You can tell that footage in the movie because it's so damn shaky.

ESQ What did you learn about what makes Saddam tick?

JS In everything that he does, his primary focus is to remain in history. He restoted Babylon using bricks with his name on them. He's building the biggest mosque in history—so that he can be closer than anyone to God. It even has an island in the shape of his thumb that is covered with an enormous mosaic of his thumbprint.

ESQ I'd heard rumors that Saddam appreciated hygiene, but I was interested to see that he's such a fanatic.

JS He's terrified of contamination. He never eats in public. He'd like it if men showered a handful of times every day and if women showered twice as much as men. He likes to be greeted with a kiss near the armpits, though, so [the hygiene obsession] sort of makes sense. Sort of.

ESQ Anything else about Saddam that caught you off guard?

JS Saddam employs doubles. He finds people with a similar build, gets them all sorts of plastic surgery, and sends them to public events. It's common knowledge, he jokes about it often.

ESQ You got out of the country safe and sound.

JS I did. Saddam's interior designer—the person I spent the most time with in Iraq—was murdered a month after I finished filming. I know it wasn't because of the film, but it was horrible. I want to cry every time I think about it.

ESQ So Saddam's bull-goose loony, right?

JS That's just it. He's not crazy. He's a genius. An evil genius. And campy. Like a Middle Eastern version of Tammy Faye—an evil Tammy Faye.

ESQ And what would you do about this evil Tammy Faye?

JS Hard to say. But I do think he needs to be eliminated. I would really like to go back to Iraq, and I certainly can't do that while he's around.



» THE ONLY GOOD YULETIDE TIPPLE **Winston Churchill in a Glass** Shake well with cr[illegible] oz decent ruby port 1 oz cognac or Spanish brandy dash of fl[illegible] Strain into a [illegible] cocktail glass and garnish with twist of lemon peel for [illegible] eggnog [illegible]





10 THINGS I'VE LEARNED ABOUT MIXOLOGY

(or, Please Buy Our New Cocktail Book) By David Wondrich

Who says academia is dry? For the past three years I've been director of the Esquire Institute for Advanced Research in Mixology. Mostly the appointment involves writing a weekly drinks column for Esquire.com—every week another classic cocktail that's researched, tested, and fitted out with an oddball little essay. Now, in the fullness of time, that column has led to a book, *Esquire Drinks: An Opinionated & Irreverent Guide to Drinking* (Hearst Books, $25). Seems like a good time to share some of my lecture notes. Now if I could just get tenure.

1. **JAMES BOND IS AN IDIOT.** All things being equal, a stirred drink will be much colder—and hence better—than a shaken one.

2. **NO MATTER HOW** your favorite bartender does it, always put the ice in last. The longer it's out of the freezer, the warmer it gets.

3. **DRINK MOST LIKELY** to lead to regrettable sexual behavior? Anything combining hooch and champagne. Especially to be avoided? The B_2C_2—1 oz each Benedictine, brandy, and cognac, stir with ice, strain, add 3 oz champagne. But, um, you didn't hear that from me, okay?

4. **J. P. MORGAN** had a manhattan at the end of each trading day. Smart man.

5. **I'VE TESTED COUNTLESS** yuletide tipples, and brandied port (see above) is the only one that doesn't make me shudder.

6. **FRENCH COCKTAILS**—e.g., the sidecar—are smooth, polite, and very, very treacherous. Hmm.

7. **WHOEVER SAYS** they know where, when, or by whom the martini was invented doesn't. Professor Jerry Thomas in the 1860s? Unlikely. History on alcohol is like anyone on alcohol—loose with the facts and plagued by frequent blackouts.

8. **THE OLD-FASHIONED** is the oldest cocktail—and probably the best.

9. **ON THE ONE HAND**, 5 cl of C_2H_5OH, administered orally in a semifrigid aqueous solution. On the other, a bone-dry vodka martini. Chemically, the same thing. Names are important.

10. **JUST BECAUSE SHE'S** a girl doesn't mean she drinks cosmopolitans. Some of the manliest drinkers I know aren't men.



THE ENDORSEMENT:

THE TOASTED-COCONUT DOUGHNUT

My grandmother Doris Ward knows from doughnuts. She was born to German bakers 87 years ago in Madison, New Jersey. Each morning before school, she'd start the day—and just as often finish it, too—with a pastry of some kind, a tradition that, with a little help from Lipitor, has pretty much endured to this day. Were it not for Grandma Ward, I might never have tasted the toasted-coconut doughnut at Dunkin' Donuts. It is her favorite doughnut, the greatest doughnut of them all.

Tell people you are partial to this doughnut and they will look at you like you've told them you enjoy occasional sex with cloven-hoofed animals. There are two reasons for this: one, because of coconut's renowned artery-clogging properties; and two, because coconut strikes some supposed connoisseurs as déclassé. Down-market even. These people are closed-minded fools. They are jelly doughnut, honey glazed, and French cruller–eating fools. Because there is something about the toasted coconut that makes all other doughnuts obsolete.

The secret, I have come to believe, is in the marriage of textures. It's all about the crispiness of the toasted flakes on the outside, the crystally crunch of the glazed outer shell, and the light cakiness of the doughnut itself. That, and they taste really good. They're so perfect, they make me feel bad for Krispy Kreme.

Looking back, I never had a choice, really. Family traditions are hard to outrun. Some, like hammer toes and high blood pressure, you can live with out. But others, like the Yankees and the Dunkin' Donuts toasted coconut, never let you down. —ANDY WARD

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ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CRAIG; DOUGHNUT: SVEND L. NOBAEK



«CAR OF THE MONTH: The Honda Element Taking a hose to the inside of a car has the same appeal as trashing a hotel room or splashing champagne glasses. It's fun precisely because you shouldn't be allowed to do it. The Japanese are now indulging us with the Honda Element—a car so built for dirty fun that they made the interior completely washable. Even hoseable. It also has the four-wheel-drive versatility for combining the beach for females, dirt bikes and enough cargo room to pack in a whole family and everyone's snowboards. It's big. It's fun. It's begging to get filthy. $16,000 to $21,000. 800.334.6532. For do com— —CHER BEREND

Man at His Best Watches



» Not *watches*, if you please. They prefer to be called "precision instruments." Are we giving them [illegible] Not really. [illegible] scientific time counters. A few decades later it invented the first wi[illegible] tools. [illegible] below the winding crown for small time measurements with w[illegible] inside rule[illegible] [illegible] chronograph [illegible] Seiko. **[2]** Steel [illegible] **[3]** Steel SE chronograph ($1,450) by Movado. **[4]** White-gold Daytona perpetual cosmo[illegible] 500) by Rolex. **[5]** [illegible] by Bell & Ross. **[6]** Steel B-42 Pilot Professional chronograph ($2,500) by Fo[illegible]. **[7]** Steel [illegible] graph ($2,900) by Breitling. **[8]** Ste[illegible] [illegible] $5,995 by IWC. **[9]** Steel Chronomaster El Primero ($6,200) by Zenith

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL STEELE

RALPH LAUREN ROMANCE
ROMANCE
THE MEN'S FRAGRANCE

»**MILLION-DOLLAR IDEAS** A whil[illegible] at offers live digital satellite broadcasts from Nebraska wheat fields beaches in Tahiti and th[illegible]anch **Self-cutting grass** A showerhead with a sunscreen function that sprays the stuff all ov[illegible] **A virtual Kirsten Dunst alarm clock to wake you up each morning** A shy person s[illegible] makes grunting sounds at ball contact

36 Ways to Improve the World



»**In honor of the Best and Brightest issue, the best and brightest minds at Esquire have figured out how to make our lives better.**

1. Parking meters that take credit cards in all major cities

2. Automatically register American citizens to vote when they turn 18

3. Online voting

4. No punting in football You play the fourth down like it or not

5. No time-outs in any sport

6. Make "This Land Is Your Land" the national anthem

7. A $5 fine for usage of the words *buddy*, *dude* and *my main man*

8. A $10 fine for saying I got to hit the [illegible] when not on a boat

9. Encourage famous artists to paint mailbox and guardrails

10. Presidential candidates must take an SAT like test with the results published

11. Assign every American a phone number at birth that stays with him or her for life

12. Pitless cherries at all groceries

13. All cars come with periscopes to peering over SUVs

14. Real political debates that last three days complete with county fairs

15. A political stump speech containing the words *goddamn* and *fuck* and the phrase "you people are all idiots"

16. Repossess Dave Pelzer s word processor

17. Stop making Speedos for men

18. [illegible] movie trailers No scene will be shown that reveal plot points from the second half of the film

19. Government subsidized bro[illegible] mints

20. In Oscar speeches Actors cannot thank agents managers publicists costars directors or writers They must say something original and interesting

21. Cell-phone users must be at least 12 years old

22. All cell phones get 10 degrees hot for every 30 seconds they are in use

23. Place David Arquette under house arrest

24. Customers must step on a scale that announces their weight when Super Sizing anything at McDonald s

25. The official national holiday of Super Bowl Monday

26. Make escalators 40 percent faster

27. Suspend the driver s license of anyone who takes up two parking spaces

28. Federally mandate that every Hollywood movie feature Naomi Watts in revealing clothing

29. Ice cream trucks must lower their volume by 28 decibels and play the soothing hits of Sammy Davis Jr

30. Require yearly exams for anyone over 70 who wants to keep his or her driver s license

31. Tasty canned soup that's not so damn salty

32. A pundit free network (Animal Planet doesn t count.)

33. Make spamming a zero tolerance offense punishable by a lifetime of incessant telemarketing

34. Government subsidies for drive-in movie theaters

35. The size of breast implants should not exceed a C cup

36. Maybe a D cup

January 2, 3:36 pm: A perfectly engineered, high-banked road puts a bear hug on 47 year old David Griffith. Shifting from 5th to 6th gear, David enthusiastically reciprocates with a warm embrace of his own.

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Random Knowledge from an Expert: Blondes

By Joanna Pitman, author of the upcoming *On Blondes* (Bloomsbury)

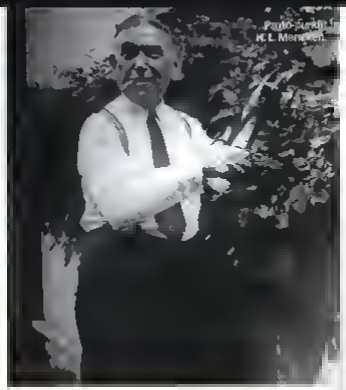
› The shade of the hair dye used by Marilyn Monroe was called Dirty Pillow Slip. (She also demanded that no other blondes be present on the set, whatever their shade.)

› Fashionable Roman women, longing for stylish yellow locks, wore wigs made of the hair shorn from German captives.

› In the Middle Ages, Eve was usually portrayed in [illegible] as a blonde because the hair color was a sign of [illegible].

› A history of witchcraft written in the 16th century claims that women with yellow hair were more frequently [illegible] by incubi.

› Alfred Hitchcock said, "Blondes are the best victims. They're like virgin snow which shows up the [illegible] footprints."



Big Important Book of the Month



THE TRUE—IF DUBIOUS—LEGACY of columnist H. L. Mencken may be the presence of the innumerable commentators who people the upper reaches of your cable channels every night. Reading Terry Teachout's *The Skeptic* (HarperCollins, $30) you realize that we now live in a world of Mencken undone, in which a dozen talking heads do the work of one central consciousness. We are absent a voice of Mencken's force: a kind of brilliant, daring, cocksure persona that is at once valiant and errant, prophet and crank: a slightly poisonous staple at our breakfast table. Teachout's Mencken is so vigorous, arrogant, insightful, and wrongheaded all at once that he brings to mind Larry King with an active cerebral cortex.

Everything from Mencken's self-described childhood in Baltimore as a "larva of the comfortable and complacent bourgeoisie" to his rise as a cub reporter, his rolling diatribes on FDR ("a snake-oil vendor at a village carnival") his relationship with dozens of literary figures of the era (who knew that Theodore Dreiser was a pussy hound?), and his general distrust of government (be warned: W. "We suffer most not when the White House is a peaceful dormitory but when it is a jittery Mars Hill with a lin-pot Paul bawling from the roof") is told in blazing detail, with the kind of color and content that compels you to learn. This book is *Seabiscuit* on two legs, unlidding no less than five decades of American life through the lens of one figure. In one sense, Teachout's Mencken is an overly powerful, notably anti-Semitic, egotistical crab: a know-it-all who views common sense as the terrible swift sword of American life. In another, he's an angry, disappointed American calling out eloquently for change in a world where that's never enough. *The Skeptic* shows us the value and arrogance of Mencken's mission: to speak up loudly in, and for, America. —TOM CHIARELLA

[THREE MORE FOR YOUR SHELF] **1)** For a big fat runner of jingoism, pile your plate high with pundit Chris Matthews's ***American: Beyond Our Grandest Notions*** (Free Press, $25), essays about Americana the author deems great, complete with an homage to our grandest notion of all, Sylvester Stallone. **2)** In his foreword to ***A Third Face*** (Knopf, $35), Martin Scorsese claims, "If you don't like the films of Sam Fuller, then you just don't like cinema." This thick memoir from Fuller—writer and director of underappreciated, gritty classics like *Underworld, U.S.A.* and *Forty Guns*—is a hard-boiled ride through the life of an American master. **3)** ***The Janssen Directive*** (St. Martin's Press, $28), the latest of what threatens to be a string of posthumous novels by master of the thriller Robert Ludlum, comes to theaters in, say, summer 2004?

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Booming Bustlines, Checked Shirts & Uniform Etiquette

ESQUIRE'S ANSWER FELLA believes that there are no stupid questions, just stupid people who don't ask questions, fearing they'll look stupid. So ask Answer Fella anything. If he doesn't know the answer, he'll find out who does, or who has a guess that sounds right.

Are there more large-breasted women these days, or is it just that the technological advancement in undergarments makes it seem so?



This is indeed the golden age of hooters, a boom time for busts, due to any number of factors, including the knocker-tech bubble started by Victoria's Secret with its "liquid-lift" brassiere breakthrough, not to mention its delightful Add-a-Cup demi-bra.

Even absent such foundational tweaking, however, the female ta-ta is growing, at least in those lands that have published research data on the subjects at hand. The most popular bra size sold in the United States has gone from 34B to 36C in the span of the past decade or so. Canadian casabas have shown a similar growth spurt, and one boob specialist claims British women may soon be swinging a dynamic duo of stupendulous 36D's. According to the experts consulted by the crack AF research team, it's not just that more women have paid their way to Silicone Valley. Some cite improved nutrition and more frequent and intense exercise as causes (and advise women to tighten those bra straps while working out to minimize bouncing and subsequent sagging), while others link the general fattening of the populace to apparent long-term mammary enhancement. There is also some controversy with the use of hormones in food items," one physician said—but alas, there's a killjoy in every crowd.

Why do baseball managers have to wear the same uniforms as the players while coaches in other sports don't?

Like spitting and scratching one's package, it's a tradition, not a requirement, dating from the days when many pro baseball teams were managed by players—who were, of course, required by the rules to wear a uniform. The days of the player-manager are gone, but the baseball manager and his coaching staff—unlike coaches in other sports, who are expressly forbidden from trespassing upon the field of play—still perform on-field functions like scratching, spitting, and kicking dirt on the umpire's shoes.

Baseball has had managers who wore suits instead of uniforms, most famously Connie Mack, longtime manager (and owner) of the Philadelphia Athletics. Trivia buffs also may recall that, under his suit and tie, Mr. Mack often sported a demi-bra.

I just bought a khaki suit and a light-blue checked shirt. I'm having a hell of a time finding a tie to match. Is it bad to mix stripes and checks? Should I stick with a solid-color tie to play it safe? Any suggestions that would help me prove to my fiancée that I'm not crazy for buying this outfit?

Esquire's fashion mavenette Lauren Iannotti advises you to stop fretting.

"When it comes to shirts and ties, you're fine mixing just about anything—checks and stripes, checks and checks, florals and checks. Done right, with well-made shirts and ties from quality materials, these combos add depth and texture to your wardrobe—as long as the color and size of one pattern complement those of the other. Look for colors that blend and patterns of different sizes. One should be larger and more pronounced than the other. This is all really a trial-and-error enterprise, so if you're entirely devoid of coordinating skill, ask a salesperson at a better department store to put some things together, see how they look, and you should come out fine.

"If your fiancée insists, consider solid-color knit ties, which have enjoyed a resurgence thanks to the preppy renaissance."

For his part, AF urges you to lose the meddling, overly controlling fiancee—she's obviously struggling with unresolved issues involving her daddy—before finding a shirt and tie to go with the khaki suit becomes the least of your troubles.

Got a question? Send it to Answer Fella via esquire.com/talk

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK MATCHO

Have you ever tasted gold...

or experience[d]

Heaven on ear[th]

[illegible] of a lingering sun [illegible] Robust... [illegible] nation of a centuries-old [illegible] making. These [illegible] make Gold an otherworldly experience

These are what make Ruffino Riserva Ducale Gold



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Formalities

First of all, calling your tuxedo a "tux" is like calling your country a—well, you know. It's not good, even vulgar, we'd argue. If you can manage, forgo "tuxedo" entirely and opt instead for "dinner suit." It's a more delicate, not to mention accurate, appellation that leaves behind the image of those turquoise-satin-cummerbunded numbers that each year are rented, sat uncomfortably in, and removed with haste on prom night. This is not that. An improvement on the classic shawl-collared single button, this one's got peaked lapels which sharpen the look and broaden the shoulders. Also, it's midnight blue, which looks richer than black and won't go greenish under artificial light. One-button single-breasted three-piece wool tuxedo with silk-grosgrain lapels ($5,750), cotton shirt ($450), and silk bow tie ($135) by Brioni.

Here's a great idea for winter. Wear cashmere all the time! You could arrange it so that every inch of your body is constantly covered in layers of the softest stuff, no matter what time of day or where you have to be. Granted, the experiment could get a bit pricey, and if the temperature unexpectedly jumps above 9, you might end up sweating to death. Perhaps a better idea would be to take a look at the myriad cashmere options we've gathered here, pick a few pieces that you think would work for you, and integrate them into your regular routine.

The Style Guide | Cashmere Around the Clock >>>>



7 AM

BREAKFAST IN BED Cashmere-and-silk robe ($1,795), cashmere slippers ($225), and cashmere blanket with suede trim ($2,045) by Loro Piana. Cashmere-and-silk T-shirt ($225) and cashmere-and-silk boxers ($175) by Avon Celli. Cashmere- and leather eye mask ($90) by Armand Diradourian. Cashmere hot-water bottle cover ($295) by Malo.



10 AM

WALKING THE DOG Double-breasted cashmere sport coat ($2,130), zip-front quilted cashmere cardigan ($1,830), and cashmere pants ($670) by Jil Sander. Hooded cashmere sweatshirt ($780) by Brunello Cucinelli. Cashmere scarf ($235) by Dunhill. Cashmere gloves ($140) by Piacenza. Cashmere socks ($150), Polo by Ralph Lauren.



1 PM

A FEW HOURS AT THE OFFICE Cashmere coat ($3,600) by Ermenegildo Zegna. Three-button single-breasted cashmere suit ($5,225) by Kiton. Cashmere sweater ($660) by Salvatore Ferragamo. Cashmere shirt ($2,800) and cashmere and mink tie ($225) by Robert Talbott. Cashmere cap ($75) by Dunhill. Cashmere socks ($25) by Banana Republic.



4 PM

TAILGATING AT THE FOOTBALL GAME Water-resistant cashmere jacket ($2,150) by Loro Piana. Cashmere rugby ($695), Polo by Ralph Lauren. Cashmere turtleneck ($750) and double-face cashmere drawstring pants ($995) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label. Cashmere scarf ($95) by Banana Republic. Cashmere gloves ($135) and hat ($125) by Malo.



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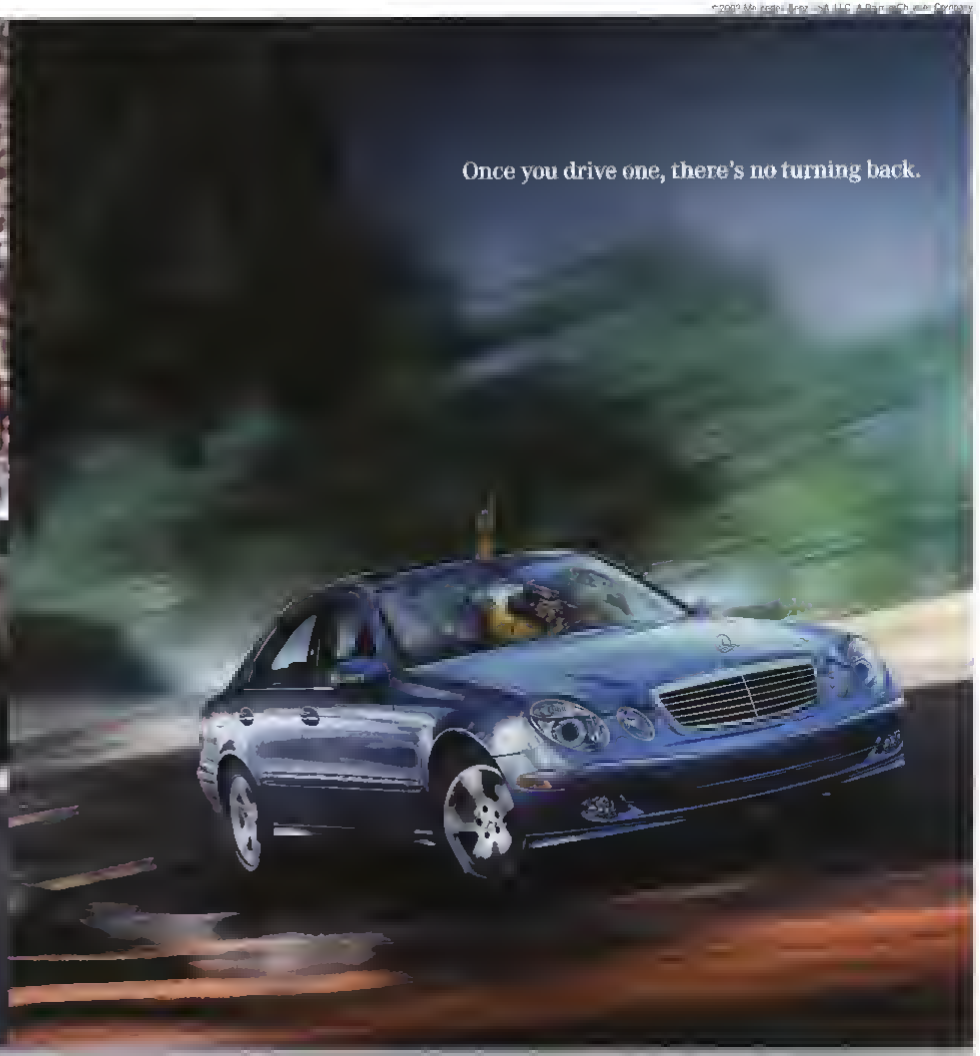
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Model shown 2003 E500 with optional Sport Package.

A few formal-wear guidelines from Michael Bastian, men's fashion director at Bergdorf Goodman. "A dinner jacket is a uniform; the idea is that everyone look the same. Still, if you want to express yourself, make sure the suit itself is quiet and classic, because too much is too much, no matter what the occasion. Most men will add interesting cuff links or studs or a patterned tie or cummerbund. One really refreshing trend showing up lately in men's formal wear is to wear the tuxedo without the tie and use buttons instead of studs. Done right, it's a great look."

The Style Guide | Formal Shirts for Every Price Range



[STEFANO RICCI] [ROBERT TALBOTT PROTOCOL] [THOMAS PINK]



[GEOFFREY BEENE] [BRIONI] [PERRY ELLIS PORTFOLIO]



[JOHN VARVATOS] [SALVATORE FERRAGAMO] [TOMMY HILFIGER]

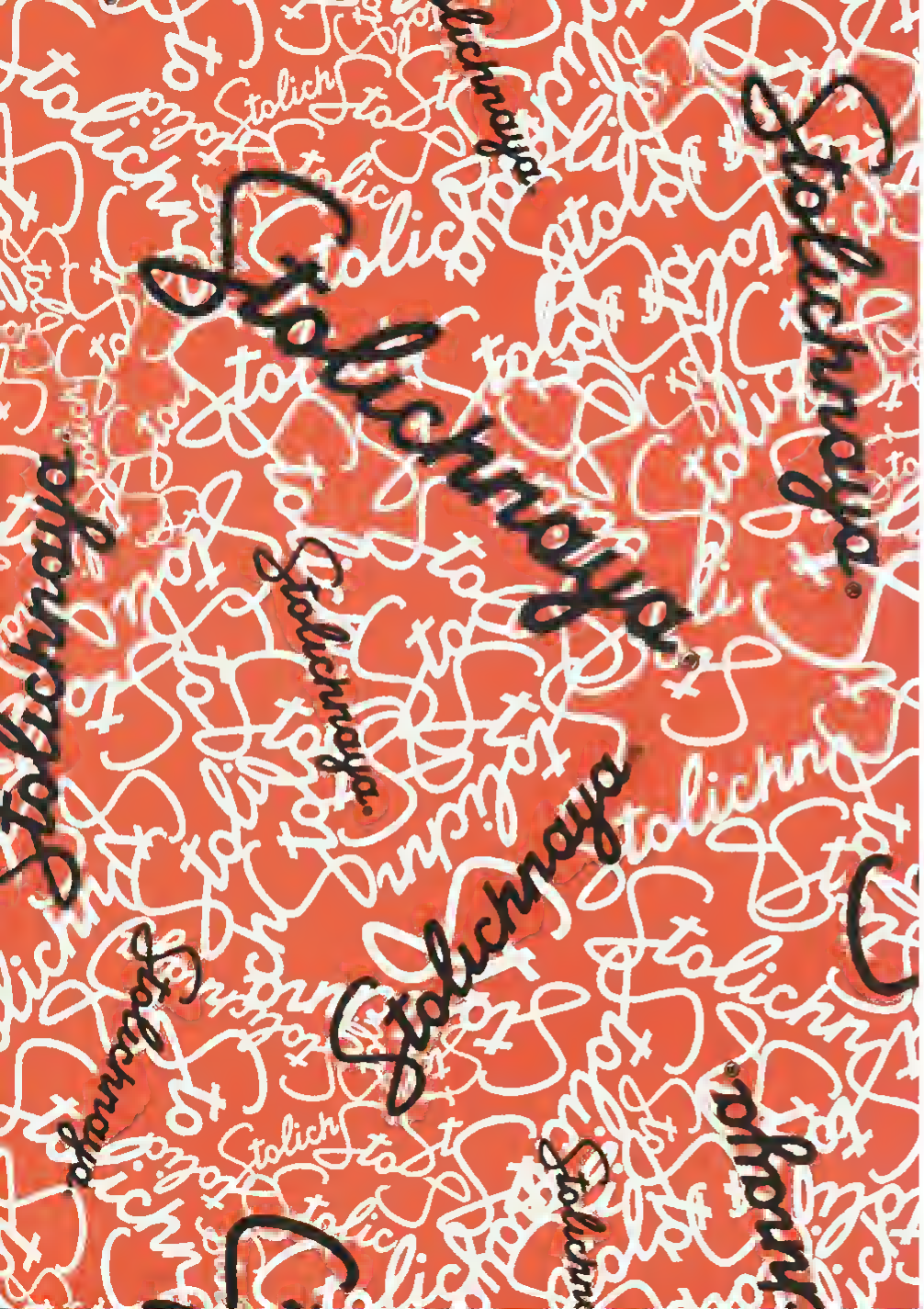
For store information see page 195. The Guide online, with information on designers and stores: esquire.com/style




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UnWrapping presents has always beer
If folding, cutting, and taping W
there wouldn't be such a huge line at
But With some good friends and some Stoli coc
be cause for celebration. InVite your friends over
of these classic

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wrap party...

n more fun than wrapping them.
were actually enjoyable activities,
t the mall gift wrapping station.
ktails, wrapping your gifts can actually
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Splash of Soda
ver ice and garnis
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...s Vodka With annual sales of more than
...d McKita

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR LEFTOVER GIFT WRAP:

- Keep and use again.
- Make a hat
- Make an origami polar bear and use it as an ornament
- Keep forever as proof that someone once loved you enough to give you a gift
- Use to wrap other discarded pieces of gift wrap then send to art gallery and bask in the Dada-esque brilliance of your artistic statement

GIFT WRAPPING CHECKLIST

- Gifts (obviously)
- Gift wrap (hint: you're holding it)
- Boxes
- Scissors (You're an adult now)

Stoli Vodka, 35% alc./vol. (70 Proof), Allied Domecq Spirits, USA, Westport, CT 06880 Mix Freely Drink Responsibly™

21 HOT TOD

2 parts Stolichnaya Russian Vodk
1/2 stick cinnamon
Slice of lemon
3 whole cloves
1 lump of sugar
4 parts Water
Nutmeg

Put sugar in pousse-café glass and add boiling water. When dissolved, add squeezed lemon, cinnamon, cloves and Stoli. Sprinkle nutmeg on top

St

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ONY

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CLASSIC STOLI MARTINI:

2 parts
stolichnaya Russian Vodka
Splash of dry. imported
Vermouth
Shake over ice and garnish
with green olives

TOLI OLIVOLI:

arts stolichnaya Russian Vodka
1 tsp. powdered sugar
chilled champagne
ix stoli and sugar. pour
nto champagne flute.
l with champagne
rnish with cherries



- Stolichnaya is the original
- Stolichnaya is the World's best-selling
60 million cases. And that's just to Boris Yeltsin
- The building on the Stolichnaya label is actually the
a real Square landmark. Since 1936.
- "Stolichnaya" isn't just the name of our Vodka; it's Russian for "capital city"
So if you walk into a Russian bar and ask, "Where's your Stolichnaya?" and get a
variety of confusing answers, don't act all surprised.
- Stolichnaya was the first to introduce flavored Vodkas to the United States and is
one of the few flavored Vodkas to use infusions of natural essences and not artificial syrups.
- Vodka production dates back to mid-fifteenth-century Russia and Poland.
- Our Vodka is made from Winter Wheat stressed in harsh growing conditions.
Which yields a grain richer in flavor. Laid-back wheat that grew up in
fancy fields with rich influential parents that gave them everything they
ever wanted on a gilded platter produces Very poor Vodka

Just opened this present? Dreading having to write the thank-you note? Then embrace your inner-slacker with this fill-in-the-blank thank-you card. Just check, clip and drop in the mail. Emily Post would be proud (or sick to her stom

Dear _____,

I'm writing to thank you for the wonderful gift of (check one)
___ socks, ___ gold bullion, ___ lingerie, ___ a horse, ___ other
Without this gift, my
___Christmas, ___ Chanukah, ___Kwanzaa, ___ President's Day, ___other
Wouldn't have been quite so
___ merry, ___guilt-ridden, ___reflective, ____ boring, ___other
Despite the rumors to the contrary, you are my favorite
___ relative, ____ acquaintance, ____ concubine, ____ prison pen pal, ___ other

Sincerely,

_____

with them if you wish)

- Tissue paper
- Tape (preferably not of the duct variety)
- Ribbons and bows
- Gift tags
- Stoli cocktail (makes wrapping a little less boring)

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Stoli wishes you and your family a happy and healthy holiday season. Cheers!

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(10 THINGS You Don't Know About Women)

BY JILL A. DAVIS



1. We don't ever want to see the inside of an Olive Garden.

2. Sure, we make seventy-six cents for every buck you make, but we outlive you by six years and get to spend whatever you leave behind. So suddenly the seventy-six cents is starting to look more like $1.25.

3. Have we ever mentioned how grateful we are that we don't have to shave our faces once a day every day for fifty years?

4. We dig bunker buster Donald Rumsfeld. He doesn't use excessive hair gel, and neither should you.

5. Okay, okay: We do envy your penis. But only because it seems really convenient to have a measuring stick in your pants.

6. Our beef with Lifetime? No *Rabotica*.

7. We love you! We're crazy about you! How else can you explain the *Girls Gone Wild* series?

8. Being clean is so much more important than being rich or cute.

9. We're the forgiving, open-minded sex. Except when you fuck with our tweezers.

10. Boxers or briefs? Who cares, as long as they're clean and you know how to take 'em off to music.

JILL A. DAVIS *is the author of* Girls' Poker Night.

For many more things you don't know about women, visit esquire.com/women

PHOTOGRAPH BY SVEND LINDBAEK

Film D... Memento

Ermenegildo Zegna

THE STORY OF THE FALL of one pushy studio executive is an object lesson in why Saturday nights are getting more boring

The Industry BY KIM MASTERS >>>>



Why Movies Are So Bad

UNTIL THIS AUTUMN, Lorenzo di Bonaventura held one of the most powerful jobs in the film business. He ran production at Warner Bros., and he could claim at least some of the credit for a number of movies that didn't seem to emerge from the cookie cutter—including *The Matrix* and *Training Day*—as well as huge hits like the Harry Potter films.

Di Bonaventura was talented but he suffered from a fatal overdose of ambition. Executives in Hollywood are virtually unanimous in concurring that his boss, Warner chief Alan Horn, had no choice but to fire him. But his fall left many in the business with an uneasy feeling that the corporatization of Hollywood had claimed a significant victim—a film executive who actually had some feeling for movies. It is a quality that is in short supply these days. "He was one of the better people doing that job," says the former head of Fox, Bill Mechanic. "One of the few people who took chances."

The final chance he took was to badmouth his boss to the brass at parent company AOL Time Warner. "He was chafing under Alan," says a sympathetic agent. "To have [*continued on page* 80]

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM BAROR

Smart Consumer

Toyota's Astonishing *All-New* 4RUNNER

Capability And Refinement Mark Toyota's Newest Entry In The SUV Marketplace



Inside The 4th Generation 4Runner

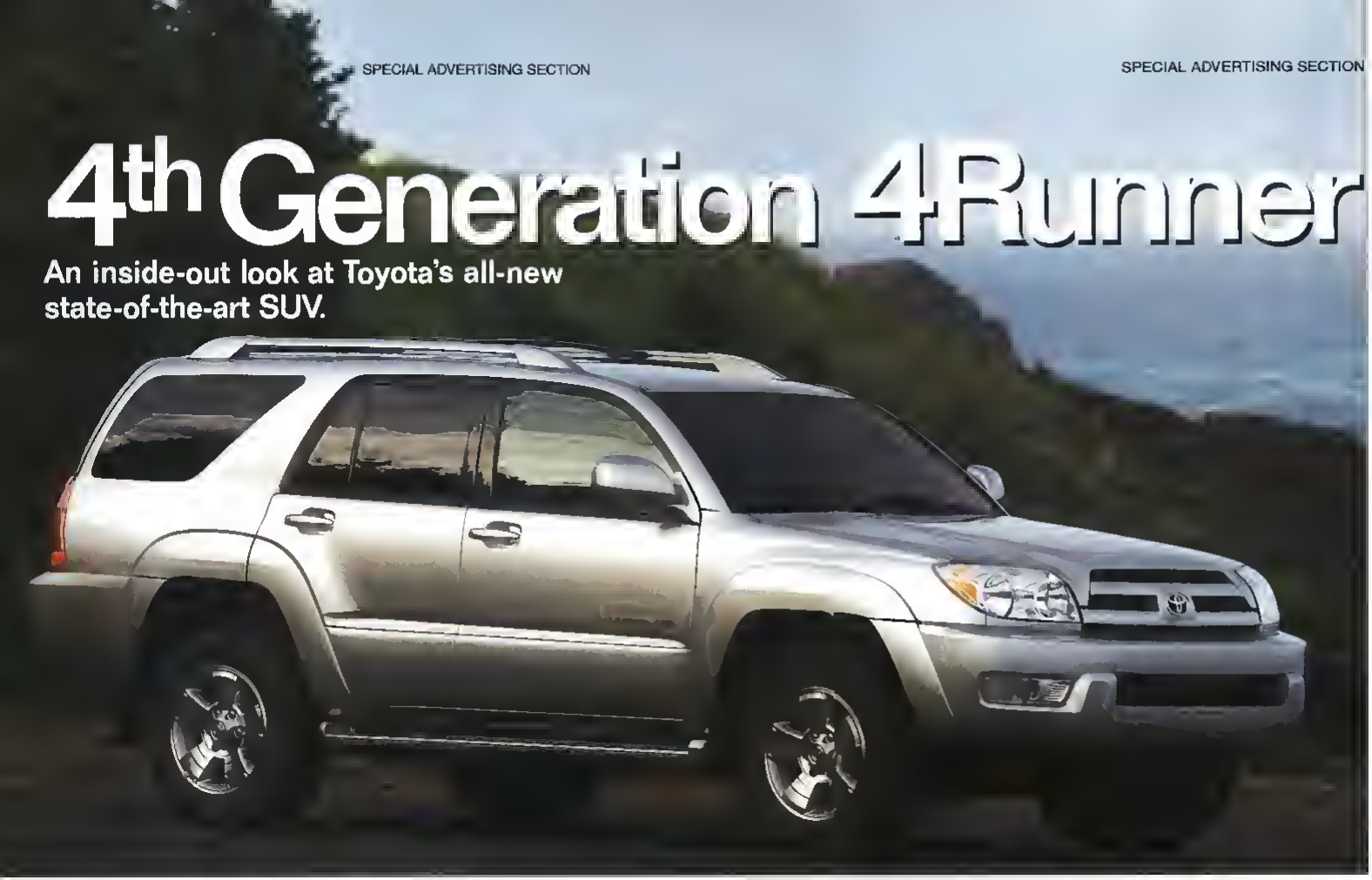
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Plus, An Exclusive Drive Report—On- And Off-Road

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

4th Generation 4Runner

An inside-out look at Toyota's all-new state-of-the-art SUV.



■ Toyota offers the widest selection of sport utility vehicles in the automotive industry, five distinct models in all. There's the stylish RAV4, the civilized Highlander, the big, bold Sequoia and the one that started it all, the invincible Land Cruiser. Right in the middle of Toyota's impressive SUV lineup is the 4Runner that has been reinvented for 2003, and will set a new standard in off-road capability and on-road performance and handling.

The mid-size 4Runner first appeared in 1985. Since then, Toyota has sold over 1.2 million of these gutsy vehicles. The all-new-for-2003 4Runner is significantly larger, roomier and more comfortable than before, yet more powerful and more capable off-road. As a matter of fact, Toyota drove the new 4Runner to the base camp of Mount Everest last summer, 17,000 feet up, when filming commercials.

LIMITED 4WD

Unlike previous 4Runners—which were based on the Tacoma pickup chassis—the 2003 4Runner is a new platform. The new 4Runner is over 4.5 inches longer and 3 inches wider than the old 4Runner. Both front shoulder room and hip room increased by an amazing 4.4 inches and 5.5 inches, respectively.

Yes, the new 4Runner is bigger all around, but you have a choice of two state-of-the-art engines that pump the new 4Runner's performance into a whole different class of muscle.

Brawn and brains

The 4Runner's base engine is now a 4.0-liter, double-overhead-cam, 24-valve V6 rated at 245 hp and 283 ft.-lb. of torque. That's right. That's the base engine. This all-aluminum masterpiece features variable valve timing, a computer-controlled drive-by-wire throttle and better estimated fuel economy than the old 4Runner V6. It is certified as a Low Emissions Vehicle (LEV) and is available in December 2002.



Optional? Automotive experts consider the i-Force 4.7-liter, double-overhead-cam V8 to be arguably one of the best-engineered V8s in production. Rated at 235 hp and a whopping 320 ft.-lb. of torque, this sophisticated powerplant features drive-by-wire throttle and is LEV certified.

The rest of the powertrain is equally advanced. V6 4Runners come standard with an electronically controlled 4-speed automatic transmission. V8 4Runners boast an all-new 5-speed automatic. This amazing transmission uses artificial intelligence to detect driving conditions and the driver's intention, then selects an appropriate shift pattern.

The new 4Runner is available with 2-wheel drive, but most buyers will want the capability and utility of 4-wheel drive and the added traction it can provide off-road and in adverse weather conditions. With the V6, you get Toyota's Multi-Mode, shift-on-the-fly 4-wheel drive. With the V8 engine, you get full-time 4-wheel drive. Every 4-wheel-drive 4Runner uses a patented Torsen® torque-sensing center differential with center locking feature that can apply from 29 to 53 percent of the available torque to the front wheels, depending on conditions. No other SUV in the world has this feature.

The new 4Runner contains an unbelievable amount of state-of-the-art electronics. Of course, the 4-wheel vented disc brakes have a standard antilock system. But that's just the beginning. Vehicle Skid Control with TRAC Traction Control is standard





Together, they provide optimal handling and safety no matter how extreme the conditions. By transferring torque to the wheels with the most traction, the system provides very precise steering and a reassuring level of control—especially under slippery conditions.



Steady as she goes

Hill Start Assist Control (HAC) is standard, too. HAC automatically applies the brakes to help minimize the risk of the vehicle rolling back or sliding sideways when stopped or climbing on a steep hill.

Active wheel-speed sensors tell the 4Runner's computer if any wheel accelerates beyond 4 mph when you're descending a hill in 4wd Low Range and Downhill Assist Control (DAC) is engaged. Toyota's DAC onboard computer automatically applies the brakes to avoid wheel-locking and helps keep the 4Runner pointed safely straight down the slope.

Developed by Yamaha engineers for Toyota, X-REAS Sport Enhancement Suspension (standard on Sport Edition and optional on Limited) is a unique system that diagonally links the shock absorbers to damp roll and pitch motions. The result is less lean in the corners, improved on-road and off-road handling and a more comfortable ride.

V8 Limited 4Runners can also be ordered with optional rear air suspension that's not only self-leveling, but can be manually raised or lowered through a range of 2.25 inches.

Unlike car-based SUVs that use a unibody welded up from sheet steel, the 4Runner is built on a separate frame. This is one beefy piece. The 4Runner is rated for towing 5000 pounds with a weight-carrying hitch.



The 2003 4Runner is obviously tough and rugged, but it's also extremely refined. Just look at it. This is one big SUV that doesn't look like a cartoon action hero. The bodywork is brawny and rugged, but also perfectly proportioned and lithe.

Inside, the 4Runner's spacious interior leaves lots of room for five adults. With the 60/40 split rear seat folded down, there's more cargo room than in many minivans.

There are three grade levels—SR5, Sport Edition and Limited. SR5 4Runners have gray exterior trim, 16-inch steel wheels, and black and silver interior trim.

The Sport Edition adds a sporty hood scoop, silver-painted exterior trim and 6-spoke 17-inch alloy wheels, fog lamps, as well as a leather-wrapped steering wheel and silver shift knob.

The Limited has color-keyed exterior trim, 5-spoke 17-inch wheels and fog lamps. Among the significant Limited interior upgrades are 8-way power and power lumbar heated leather-trimmed seats, an available power moonroof, granite-like accents, a double-decker cargo system with net and the HomeLink® garage door opener.

The 2003 4Runner is smoother on-road than previous 4Runners, but still extremely capable off-road. It's ruggedly built, beautifully put together and comes standard with high-tech features other manufacturers haven't even thought about yet. Inside, it's as comfortable as most luxury sedans and the all-new 4Runner will redefine the mid-size SUV segment. All around, we think it's the best and most versatile sport utility in its class ... and just maybe, the best SUV on the American market. ■

A Heritage Of Can-Do

The first 4Runner introduced for sale in the United States in 1985 was a 2-door Toyota pickup truck with a fiberglass cap over the bed and seats for either two passengers or four. The base engine was a single-overhead-cam inline four of 2.4 liters and just 116 hp. A turbocharged version was rated at 135 hp.



Toyota introduced its first 5-door, 5-passenger 4Runner late in 1989. Among other things, the 4Runner was now classified as a car rather than a truck, even though the vehicle was still built off the pickup truck platform. But this was a much refined vehicle fully capable of competing in the marketplace with any SUV.



The 3rd-generation 1996 4Runner was still derived from Toyota's pickup, but shared neither chassis nor body. The new 4Runner was bigger than before and the base engine was a new double-overhead-cam 2.7-liter four rated at 150 hp. An optional V6 boasted 183 hp. The remarkable 3rd-generation 4Runner received ongoing improvements. Now the all-new 4th-generation 2003 4Runner becomes the new benchmark for SUVs.



SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

On The Road —And Off

The rugged but refined new 4Runner can handle it all.



■ There's something magical about driving the perfect vehicle in the perfect setting on perfect roads—or in some cases, perfect non-roads. We recently experienced magic in a new 2003 Toyota 4Runner, driving one around the Gleneden Beach, Oregon Coast area in the Pacific Northwest.

Perfect!

We drove this supremely capable mid-size SUV on winding coastal highways, backcountry dirt roads and over forest service fire trails normally not to the public. Our test 4Runner was a top-line Limited V8 equipped with every possible option. There really isn't another truck-based mid-size SUV that offers 4Runner's blend of off-road prowess, on-road comfort and quality. It's a cliché, but the understated 4Runner really does seem equally at home bouncing up a mountain in the middle of the woods or driving to dinner on Saturday night.

Highway 101, which parallels the Pacific Coastline in Oregon, offers a mix of 2- and 4-lane asphalt that passes some of the most spectacular scenery in the world. We could see it all from the comfortable, chair-height, leather-trimmed bucket seats of the Limited model. The 4-spoke steering wheel has a hefty padded rim that gives you a perfect tactile experience and does not obscure the instruments set in three large circles. An available premier JBL Synthesis Audio System with navigation system screen, multi-information display and three large climate-control knobs fill the center section, easily accessible to both driver and passenger. Visibility is good in all directions, including straight up through the glass moonroof.

On smoothly paved roads, the 4Runner Limited handles well. The available X-REAS Sport Enhancement Suspension diagonally cross-linked shock absorber system helps keep cornering flat and level, while the



variable-gear, rack and pinion steering is positive and precise. No tall, 2-ton SUV is going to corner like an MR2 Spyder, but the new 4Runner is one very sure-footed SUV.

On slippery dirt roads, most conventional vehicles will allow the rear wheels to spin—and the vehicle to spin out—if you pitch it into a corner too quickly. The resulting 2-wheel "dirt track" drift might be thrilling at times, but frightening if it goes too far.

Pitch a 4Runner sideways into a slippery dirt corner and the Vehicle Skid Control with TRAC Traction Control and 4-wheel drive combine to help maintain traction at all four wheels. We couldn't even kick up a cloud of dust for photos.

When we reached the serious off-road area, the 4Runner was equally composed. We started up a steep trail—"road" is too fancy a term for this collection of potholes and whoop-de-doos. The 4Runner easily made the climb without drama. We stopped in the middle, and the Hill Start Assist Control made starting off again seem a mundane operation.

Retracing our steps back down this diabolical slope, the Downhill Assist Control automatically kept our speed under 4 mph and the nose pointed in the right direction. The off-road athleticism of the 2003 4Runner has to be experienced to be believed. Its performance is downright uncanny.

To really challenge the 4Runner, you'll have to drive it to Mount Everest or something. Oh, yeah. Toyota has already done that, too ■

4Runners On Mt. Everest



This fall, Toyota's newest SUV, the 2003 4Runner, will star in a TV series called "Global Extremes: Mount Everest, 4Runners Of Adventure." Think "Eco-Challenge" meets "Survivor." Highly skilled amateur athletes will compete in mountain biking, long-distance trekking, running, mountaineering and spelunking, to name a few events.

The series of elimination contests, which will be broadcast on the Outdoor Life Network (OLN) as well as ABC-TV, will be held in some of the toughest places on earth.

The last five competitors left standing will team up to stage an assault on 29,028-foot Mount Everest, to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the first ascent of Everest by Sir Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay in 1953. The team's attempt on Everest, "Pursuit of the Peak," will be broadcast live sometime in May.

Where does the 4Runner fit in? New 4Runners will be used by competitors in navigational and skill events, as well as act as support vehicles during all the adventures, including transporting crews to and from the Mount Everest base camp at 17,000 feet. When Toyota engineers say the new 4Runner is rugged enough to climb mountains, they aren't kidding!



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IN A TOWN where people feign sincerity, what happened between di Bonaventura and Horn makes people genuinely sad.

The Industry >>>>

[*continued from page 70*] to put together twenty-five movies a year when your stock price is at $11—why do it?' It's not hard to imagine why di Bonaventura might have thought that Horn was vulnerable. Horn is well liked and he is, in a specific way, a good executive. "He's straight-shooting, decent, full of integrity, and good to deal with," says an agent. Notice he said nothing about taste.

After Horn took the helm at Warner in 1999, an agent asked him what kind of movies he liked. That's an invitation, in Hollywood, for even the most bottom-line-obsessed executives to talk nostalgically about Fellini or Altman. But without missing a beat, Horn replied, "A four-quadrant movie." In other words, a product with the broadest demographic appeal. It was not an encouraging answer for those who cling to the hope that occasionally a studio will stick in a worthwhile movie between *Scooby-Doo* and the other doo.

Horn declines to discuss what happened with di Bonaventura, but he says he didn't mean his "four-quadrant" remark to suggest that he's fixated on making only mass-marketable schlock. "I'm almost sixty years old," he explains. "I like a movie that I can sit and watch with my brother, my mother, my wife, and my daughters."

Horn used to run Castle Rock Entertainment, a company that he founded with director Rob Reiner and three other partners. Castle Rock has been a long time between box-office hits. (It churned out this year's megabomb *The Adventures of Pluto Nash*.) Di Bonaventura had no say over the studio's relationship with Castle Rock, but he griped about it. He wasn't happy that Horn recently okayed a new Rob Reiner movie despite the fact that Reiner's last real hit was *A Few Good Men* in 1992.

Horn also signed off on a deal with independent producer Elie Samaha, whose movies have almost all been bombs. John Travolta's homage to L. Ron Hubbard, *Battlefield Earth*, Sylvester Stallone's *Driven*, *Feardotcom*, *Ballistic*—all these films were released under the Warner banner. One key to Samaha's relationship with Warner is that the films were paid for with Hollywood's favorite substance—other people's money. Intertainment, a once high-flying Munich-based company, footed the bills for many of these pictures, and Warner got a fee to distribute them. The studio stood to make money, regardless of how much Intertainment lost.

Eventually Intertainment came to suspect that Samaha padded his budgets. The firm's suit against him is now on the eve of trial (or settlement). Samaha has also acknowledged that his business practices are under investigation by the FBI. But he's still making movies with the Warner name on them.

And that illustrates the central conflict that Horn had with di Bonaventura. Horn believes that releasing lots of movies is good because volume increases revenue. Warner has been raking it in on DVDs, and in order to sustain its momentum, the studio needs to build its library by twenty-five or more movies every year.

Di Bonaventura argued that too many movies overwhelms the marketing department, so good pictures don't get the attention they deserve. He also may have felt that a studio's standing in the creative community and on Wall Street isn't improved by releasing a stream of flops, even if the studio isn't paying for them. "You're putting your name on shit," says a former studio chief. "That's, like, insane. Why would you do that? You've got seventy years of corporate legacy, and look at the shit that comes out of there."

Horn says he does have a choke point. Months ago, in fact, the studio assigned an executive to improve the quality of Samaha's work. *Feardotcom* is an example of a project that was heavily edited and, according to Warner, represents an improved product. Maybe that's why *The Washington Post* called it "a depraved, incoherent, instantly disposable piece of hackery."

To Horn's credit, he always said he valued di Bonaventura, despite their differences. As recently as July, Horn put him in charge of the studio's critically important marketing department.

Horn did, however, decide to hold off on one of di Bonaventura's favored projects, a live-action and adult-oriented spectacle called *Batman vs. Superman*, which had been under development with director Wolfgang Petersen. Horn chose to proceed instead with another, more conventional

By S. K. Moore



Ted didn't have the heart to tell Mark that the car he so loved was simply a figment of his imagination

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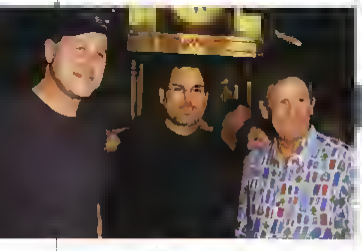
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Superman story written by J.J. Abrams (creator of the television series *Alias* and *Felicity*). Horn surveyed opinion among other executives at the studio and found that most supported the Abrams script, which was conceived by the writer as the first in a three-part series. Nevertheless, when that script was later leaked to the Web site aint-it-cool-news.com—a potent Internet community of movie buffs and Superman freaks—a summary provoked an onslaught of e-hatred.

It's not good when the fan base forms a posse; that was a problem that was scrupulously avoided with the *Harry Potter* and *Lord of the Rings* films. In this case, Horn laments that a "most embryonic work in progress" was leaked. But he stands by his choice. "I thought it really was loaded with action, loaded with heart, and loaded with humor, but needed work," he says. "It's not just a big studio latching on to a trilogy so we can make a billion dollars." The key, he says, is that the Abrams project reintroduces Superman as a youth, while the version favored by [*continued on page 84*]



Jobs, center, with Eisner and keeper of the flame Roy Disney

Insane Ideas: The Hollywood Leadership Hunt

IT'S HARD TO REMEMBER A time when things were this ugly. Disney, Vivendi Universal, and AOL Time Warner are all wounded and struggling. In this environment, prognostication is a fool's game. But it's so much fun. Here's a guess at what lies ahead.

Some industry heavyweights think Disney's embattled CEO, Michael Eisner, could actually survive by default, since there is no obvious candidate to replace him. In this scenario, some figure that Eisner will cashier number-two man Bob Iger before he's pried loose himself. "He'll serve Bob up for two purposes," says one prominent Disney refugee. "To answer for the problems at ABC, and to give the board a role in picking a successor."

Nonetheless, the talk about Eisner's replacement goes on. Some of the candidates being floated include News Corp. number two Peter Chernin and Comcast president Steve Burke, who put in twelve years at Disney. The most provocative name in the mix is Apple and Pixar CEO Steve Jobs.

Most industry watchers dismiss the idea, saying that even if Jobs were interested, he's never demonstrated the management savvy for the job. But the head of one rival company thinks he would bring an essential quality to the position. "Jobs may not have a single skill about running the business, but he's spiritually connected to Disney," this veteran says. "Steve Jobs is about imagination, not technology. His products look better. They feel better. They have an emotional thing—a tactile sensation. He understands that there's a romantic connection between how things look and feel, and the consumer. And that's at the heart of the Disney legend."

Jobs could also solve Disney's brewing problem with Pixar. The animation studio—which created *Toy Story* and *Monsters, Inc.*—is three fifths of the way through a five-picture deal with Disney. Eisner's hard bargaining has alienated Jobs, and there has been speculation that the relationship will dissolve after Pixar fulfills its obligations. The potential loss of Pixar would alarm any Disney board member, especially Roy Disney, the keeper of the animation flame.

Vivendi, of course, already has a new boss, former drug-company executive Jean-René Fourtou, who paid a low-key visit to Universal a few weeks ago and surprised everyone by making a favorable impression. Although restrained, he didn't exude the expected Gallic superiority. Maybe that's because Fourtou spent his early childhood in the Basque region of Spain. French is not even his first language.

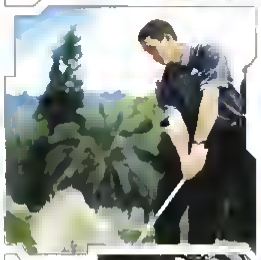
Fourtou spoke English at what one participant describes as a "cordial" lunch with DreamWorks' Steven Spielberg and David Geffen at Geffen's stunning Bel Air mansion. Universal honchos Barry Diller and Ron Meyer were also in attendance. (Diller would hardly seem likely to leave Fourtou alone with Geffen.) According to one firsthand observer, Fourtou was pleasant but "not an enthusiast." Which is easy to understand. Fourtou had to be wooed to take on the Vivendi mess. Oddly, his inspiration, according to someone who knows him, was *The Magnificent Seven*, the 1960 John Sturges classic in which the old gunmen saddle up for one last ride to the rescue. And that seems to be the only soupçon of interest he has in Hollywood.

What he is interested in, say insiders, is not letting Hollywood snooker him. When Diller sold some of his media assets to Vivendi last winter, he signed a deal that would seem to give him great leverage in any sale of Universal. Those who have watched Fourtou work say he is not a man to take Diller's fleet Analyst Michael Nathenson concurs. "The Diller thing is going to be negotiated—not given to him."

Meanwhile, at AOL, the fall of the titans isn't likely to end soon. Chairman Steve Case is a dead man walking, and one can only imagine that former chief operating officer Bob Pittman is peeking out of his window to see if a black-and-white is pulling into the driveway. That leaves CEO Richard Parsons unexpectedly home alone. Parsons never had a lock on the job. There is already speculation about who might end up running the company. A top Viacom executive, who doesn't much credit rumors that Mel Karmazin might be interested in running Disney, adds wickedly, "Killing off Parsons might be attractive to him." And powerful AOL shareholder John Malone recently confided to an associate that he wished Diller could be deployed to deal with the company's problems. You can't blame the men for dreaming. —K.M.





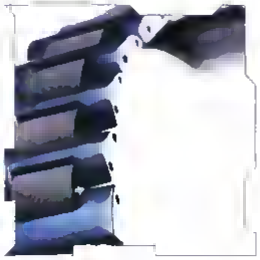




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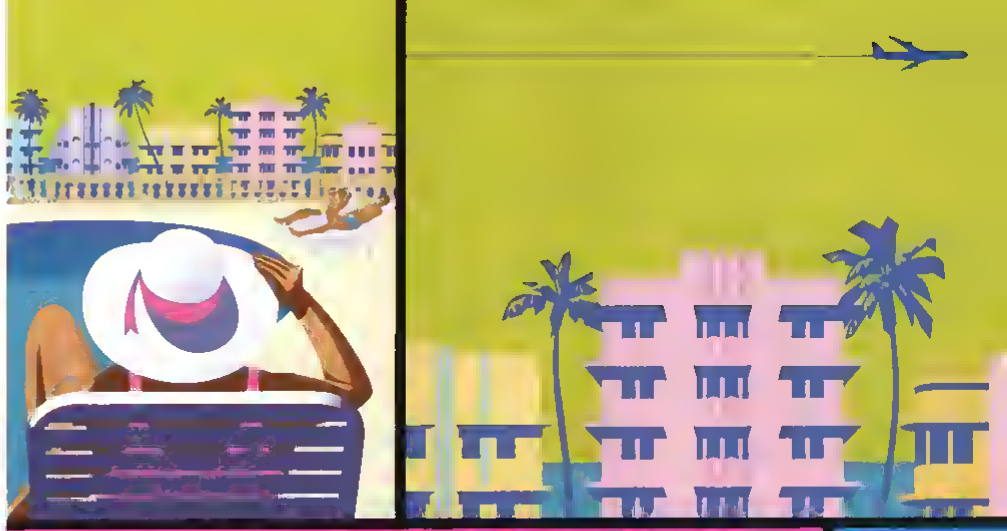








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The Industry

[*continued from page 32*] di Bonaventura dealt with an older, darker Superman.

It's not clear how big a role that dispute played in pushing di Bonaventura to revolt. But a mere two months after he took over the marketing department, di Bonaventura went to New York and apparently took his case against Horn's decision-making to the newly anointed head of AOL Time Warner's entertainment group, Jeff Bewkes. When di Bonaventura got back to the studio, bad news from Horn awaited. "It was, 'Come to the office at nine o'clock,' and *boom*!—the old two-by-four in the face," says one prominent producer.

Di Bonaventura declined to comment for this article. But he was apparently blindsided by Horn's decision. Under his contract, he got a production deal at the studio. He quickly set about attempting to mend his relationships with various associates; life as a seller can be far more challenging than life as a buyer. One producer close to the studio says that di Bonaventura will have a hard time. "He's not Barry Diller," the producer says. "It will be hard to reemerge. You know the scorpion and the frog? That's his story. He bites."

Most in Hollywood think di Bonaventura got what he deserved, some who found him arrogant and abrasive were actually gleeful. His act of disloyalty was particularly inappropriate while Warner's parent company was facing a management and financial crisis. "They got enough problems," says a top industry executive. "They can hire other people to read scripts and say yes to Wolfgang Petersen. It's not that hard."

But in fact, it is that hard. It's really hard—as this past year has abundantly demonstrated—to make movies that aren't bad. And it's even harder to make movies that aren't bad and make money at the same time.

It's fair to say that in a town where people feign sincerity, the story of what happened between di Bonaventura and Horn makes people genuinely sad. "They're both right," says a former studio chairman. "They're neither of them right."

In the meantime, Warner is going ahead with Rob Reiner's latest effort. It will be produced by Elie Samaha and paid for at least mostly, with other people's money.



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The Screen | BY TOM CARSON >>>>

This Land Is His Land



SINCE I COULDN'T score an early preview, I can't tell you if *8 Mile* will be the booster rocket Eminem could use on his continuing drive to [illegible], maybe not world conquest. My guess is that, oh, national inevitability would suit him just fine. Even if this fictionalization of his early struggles turns out to be the *Saturday Night Fever* of hip-hop which is what producer Brian Grazer is hoping for, it definitely won't transform the former Marshall Mathers III into anything so banal as a "movie star," any more than "white rapper" describes his story up to now. Whatever else you make of him—which ain't much if you're his nemesis Lynne Cheney—we're dealing with uniqueness, something America's more perceptive mall rats figured out so long ago that it's taken a cartload of aggressive genius on Marshall's part to keep them excited about it.

This year's *The Eminem Show* was his fourth and most ambitious attempt to make the spotlight double as a bull's-eye. But even if "'Cause it feels so empty without me" was the pop catchphrase of 2002, the very catchy song it's from turned out to be more holding action than breakthrough. Even dressing up as

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I'm sorry, but COBAIN, SCHMOBAIN. Not only does Eminem match Saint Kurt as an artist, he tops him as an event.

The Screen >>>>

Osama, stomping himself-as-Moby, and electroshocking a stand-in for Mrs Cheney's husband the vice-president into heart failure—all in the very funny video for "Without Me," a tribute to/goof on his own ubiquity—just got received, by a surprisingly indulgent public, as Our Boy up to his usual pranks. Which ought to leave us marveling at what he's gotten us accustomed to.

To be honest, the movie reviewer in me could care less about finding out if Eminem can act—an issue that's kind of a nonstarter if you've ever seen him on MTV, where his ability to make himself riveting is in no doubt. (That's assuming he didn't drive *8 Mile* director Curtis Hanson to despair by disappearing into the stony-eyed intractability that's his portable Fortress of Solitude.) But the culture-watcher in me is rooting for this phenomenon to go right on making things feel empty without him, and the ex–rock critic in me hasn't perked up so much since Madonna gave me religion. I'm sorry, but Cobain, schmobain. Not only does Eminem match Saint Kurt of Nirvana as an artist, he tops him as an event.

Of course, plenty of Nirvanaphiles—let alone the zombies still waiting for the Rolling Stones to finally come out with an album called *Sexagenarian*—won't ever budge from their conviction that what Eminem does isn't music, let alone art. One reason I felt more at home with "Smells Like Teen Spirit" myself is that on his chosen musical turf—and no matter how unprecedented his version of it was in popular impact—Kurt Cobain was as proudly hidebound a traditionalist as John Fogerty. That's why *Nevermind* now sounds like punk's formal summation, not the start of anything new—which, you may recall, it wasn't. Eminem is.

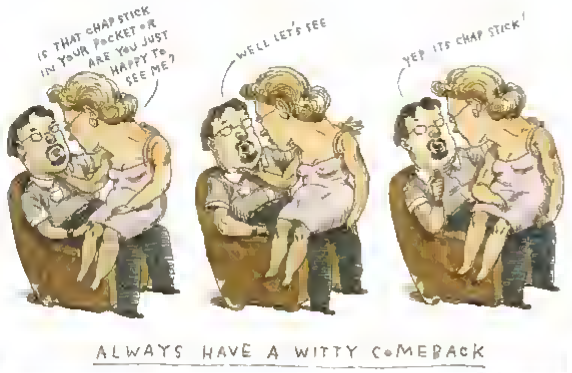
From my own smells-like-Old-Spice vantage point, I'm more kibitzer than fan mainly because a real fan would play his stuff for pleasure more often than I ever will. Even so, my ears haven't gone completely on the blink, and that's how I know my peers' allergic reaction isn't due—or not entirely, anyhow—to his racket's alleged harshness or monotony. They can't hear the talent because deciphering some landscapes this complex takes too damn much concentration, that's why—from the beats that seemingly define backing tracks surreptitiously goaded by their near-subliminal (but persistent) melodic sinuosities to the frontman's array of left-field punch lines tossed-in overheards and quick-witted shifts of nuance, stance, and emphasis. Never kid yourself that today's teens are lazy scholars. They just need to get interested first.

The question that traditionally interests them most is "Who am I?" and the thrill of Eminem is in the way he reconceives it as both circus routine and taunt. So obsessed with identity that he's got three of them, he uses his alter egos' turf fights to create an arresting conundrum perspective without distance. Juggling scenarios to flash on not only his reactions but his perceptions about his reactions, even as he baits you about *your* reactions, he analyzes himself by dramatizing himself, and the effect is prismatic because nothing is ever resolved. At one level, a line like "How the fuck can I be white? I don't even exist."—from "Role Model," on 1999's *Slim Shady LP*—is just another deft reminder that "Eminem" is a persona. But when it comes sideswiping out of the racket, it can sound downright, um, existential—an inversion of the central conceit of Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*.

That kind of suggestiveness also goes right to the heart of why he sets off alarm bells in the jumpier precincts of "White America"—an *Eminem Show* title, in case you don't know. As white hip-hop stars go, Vanilla Ice never graduated from novelty status mainly because Vanilla Ice was a dork, and the Beastie Boys were always too genial to sound threatening. But Eminem, despite being such an indifferent product of America's education system that he seldom even remembers to include school in his rundowns of his misspent youth's hassles, has a Ph.D. in getting under people's skins—including his own where Slim Shady, Marshall Mathers, and Em himself all jostle for elbow room.

On top of that, no Caucasian performer has put black rhythms to uses so miscegenatory—an old-fashioned word that you bet I'm using deliberately—since what's-his-name, Elvis, himself. Because so much white antagonism to hip-hop is unconsciously or even consciously racist, most white rappers deracinate it, keeping the beats but redefining the attitude as frat-boy acting out. What makes Eminem more challenging is that he's audibly assimilated hip-hop as *culture*. His nasal pugnacity is unmistakably the sound of a white kid for whom this music was so formative that he never heard it as someone else's property, and, damn—why

Damn Good Advice By John Cuneo





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Canon KNOW HOW™

(The Index)

10 Things You Should Know

Julianne Moore keeping up appearances in *Far from Heaven*

MOVIES

A SPANISH FILM TO SEE Who says Pedro Almodovar is interested only in female characters? *Live Flesh* was a "testicular story," the director has noted, and the two lead roles in his clever *Talk to Her*, out November 22, also have balls. The best scene, however, takes place inside a vagina. Discuss.

THE BEST-LOOKING MOVIE OF THE MONTH *Far from Heaven* is a visually stunning film about the secret desires simmering beneath the surface of American life circa 1957. The story's not as thought-provoking as it thinks it is, but Edward Lachman's cinematography more than justifies the price of your ticket. In theaters now.



LAUGHING

A BOOK BY BARKLEY Charles to the deeply pious A. C. Green: "If God's so good, how come he didn't give you a jump shot?" This and other classic moments—plus Chuck's thoughts on role models and race—in *I May Be Wrong But I Doubt It* (Random House, $23). In stores now.

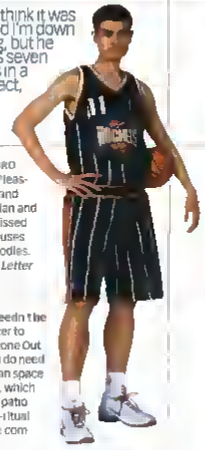


THE ANGRIEST MAN IN AMERICA We've been scaring people on the subway. That's because we can't stop cackling maniacally at the stream of bile spewed by David Cross on *Shut Up You Fucking Baby!* The funniest stand-up record since well... we can't remember ever. Listening to one before. In stores now.

SPORTS

TENNIS BACK WHEN TENNIS WAS GOOD It's become fashionable to lament the state of professional fuzzyball. And why not? We do love the Williams sisters, but their matches are a snore. Relief is here in the form of the Tennis Channel, which plans its debut this month. In addition to coverage of tournaments the world over, TTC promises to show those classic matches we usually get to enjoy only during rain delays.

The Battle of the Seven-Foot Imports A wise man (I think it was Sir Mix-a-Lot) once intoned, "I'm long and I'm strong and I'm down to get the friction on." He wasn't talking about Yao Ming, but he could've been. Sure, the rookie's got mad height—he's seven six—but it's his fundamentals that have Bill Walton's panties in a bunch. Assuming Chinese officials sign off on his NBA contract, Yao and the Rockets take on the Mavs (whose own international all-star, Dirk Nowitzki, measures a respectable seven feet) November 21 at 7:30 P.M. EST on TNT.



MUSIC



AN ENDEARING STORY ABOUT BADLY DRAWN BOY When he won the Mercury Music Prize (Britain's Grammy) two years ago for his debut album *The Hour of Bewilderbeast*, Badly Drawn Boy (also known as Damon Gough) made a teary acceptance speech and promptly lost the $28,000 award check. His charming, off-kilter new album, *Have You Fed the Fish?*, oughta earn that money back. In stores now.

A PERFECT POP RECORD With song titles like "Pleasantville" and "Health and Happiness," Jakob Dylan and the Wallflowers are blissed out on anthemic choruses and effervescent melodies. Is that so wrong? *Red Letter Days* is in stores now.

THE OUTDOORS

A Board to Buy The newest form of dumb fun? Riverboarding. The wave-riding pioneers at Morey are behind this virtually rockproof version of their basic Boogie board. Grab the "holy-shit handles" and shoot headfirst down any rapid you're willing to run. $199; moreybodyboards.com



FRIENDLY FIRE You needn't be a Latvian bonfire dancer to groove on the Brookstone Outdoor Firepit. What you do need is a tiny swatch of urban space to use this copper tub, which turns any backyard or patio into a potential pagan-ritual site. $250. Brookstone.com

The Screen

>>>>

couldn't he have settled for just digging *The Cosby Show*?

Maybe because the Huxtables' brownstone looked as much like Mars to him as it undoubtedly did to the African-American kids on the other side of 8 Mile, the borderline of Detroit's black inner city and the place where Marshall Mathers grew up. Even if he didn't keep reminding us of it, the fact would still be significant. Elsewhere in pop culture, white America largely means *affluent* white America, from yups to suburbanites—a happy land where even the Simpsons own their own home. As a result, any eruptions from white America's sizable loser underclass now have not only a hint of threat but a certain tingle of exoticism, one as alluring to suburban teens as it is profoundly unsettling to their parents.

A white performer who relates to rap because it's music for have-nots would be provocative even if he weren't also phenomenally smart, which Eminem is. Just turning nice kids on to the gonzo highs of trailer-park scurrility is a job for his simpler-minded crony Kid Rock, and I could listen to "Cowboy" until the cows come home. But getting all *brainy* about low life breaks the rules of America's unwritten class system. Right now, dissing his would-be censors aside, our hero's political acumen is roughly on a par with Daffy Duck's. But with his flair for topicality, a few more skids in the Dow could turn him as belligerent as Public Enemy's Chuck D, and wouldn't *that* be interesting? (Suggested title for his first post-crash CD: *This F@#*ing*

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Even if *8 MILE* is great, it won't make Eminem anything so banal as a movie star.

The Screen

*Land Is Your F@#*ing Land*)

In the meantime, it's obviously going to take a lot more than casting himself as the dippy Robin to mentor and producer Dr Dre's suave Batman to make him look safe for white liberals, and not just because Dre scares them too I have gay friends who will always loathe Eminem for how venomously—and often—he spits out the word *faggot*, and plenty of women are equally unforgiving of "Kim," his fantasy about murdering his now, wonder why, ex-wife Me, I've listened to "Kim" once and have no plans to try again, it's nightmarish But given the subject, shouldn't it be?

Mind, I think the standard cop-out—you know, that extreme rappers are just describing life as they find it, even as they ho-ho-ho their way to the bank—usually deserves to be taken with enough salt to leave your boom box looking like the Matterborn But descriptions are one thing, insights another, and Eminem's MO makes it all but inevitable that he'll generate plenty of the latter just by tackling whatever topic sets him off I don't doubt that he *is* homophobic—most straight guys from his background are. But since he's also astute (and self-obsessed) enough to intuit that hating "faggots" says something revealing about him, which it does, his delivery can't help giving you an earful about homophobia's roots in adolescent insecurity and aggression.

Whatever he feels and thinks, he's also always observing himself thinking and feeling it, and he doesn t miss many of its potential meanings. He knows his lurid daydream about driving with baby daughter Hathe to dump bad Mommy's body in the lake in "97 Bonnie & Clyde" is pure sublimation, and that's why it's hysterically funny But "Kim" doesn't sublimate squat, and it's the scariest song ever written about domestic violence for the same reason "Heroin" is the scariest one ever written about drug addiction. It's an inside job.

In itself, though, just laying taboo feelings bare—even this incisively—only makes him a smart aleck with depth. So far the only way he's found to keep his lock on our attention is by making ever larger claims for his own stardom's significance—which almost does *The Eminem Show* in, not because he's overrating his own impact but because he audibly hasn't figured out yet what it's good for. However uproarious and/or outrageous they are as songs of himself, even keepers like "White America" and "Without Me" fall short as statements of purpose, which he evidently wants them to be. And even his critical champions felt obliged to note the loss of sprightliness—the goofball side of him that doesn't just make like the return of the repressed but like the bastard son of Jerry Mathers as the Beav.

But even supposing that *8 Mile* succeeds in endearing him to Middle America by showing his vulnerable streak, it'll just buy him elbow room to plan his next explosion. Which may or may not be the one where he turns out to be Springsteen with a Nike cap and a mouth like a men's-room wall, but one reason I'm optimistic is that I already know he's smarter than Lynne Cheney So are a whole lot of mall rats ■

By Jimmy Sackel and Adam Green



INTRODUCING THE Ford 007 Thunderbird

As seen in Die Another Day In Theaters 11/22/02

A heartwarming tale of Christmas in a foreign land where, if you've been naughty, SAINT NICK and his friends give you an ass-whuppin'

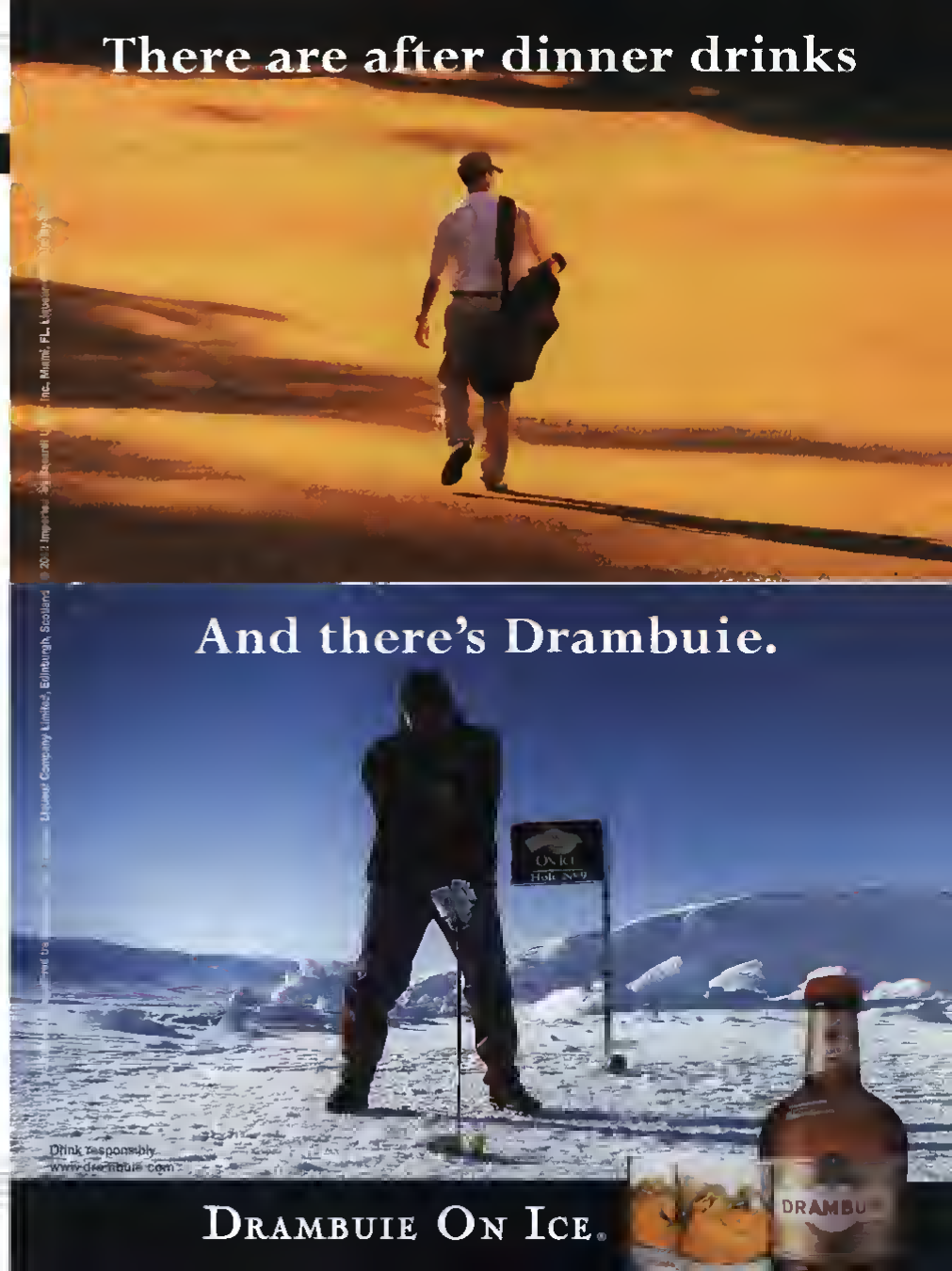


Six to Eight Black Men

I'VE NEVER BEEN MUCH for guidebooks, so when trying to get my bearings in a strange American city, I normally start by asking the cabdriver or hotel clerk some silly question regarding the latest census figures. I say silly because I don't really *care* how many people live in Olympia, Washington, or Columbus, Ohio. They're nice enough places, but the numbers mean nothing to me. My second question might have to do with average annual rainfall, which, again, doesn't tell me anything about the people who have chosen to call this place home.

What really interests me are the local gun laws. Can I carry a concealed weapon, and if so, under what circumstances? What's the waiting period for a tommy gun? Could I buy a Glock 17 if I were recently divorced or fired from my job? I've learned from experience that it's best to lead into this subject as delicately as possible, especially if you and the local citizen are alone and enclosed in a relatively small space. Bide your time, though, and you can walk away with some excellent stories. I've heard, for example, that the blind can legally hunt in both Texas and Michigan. They must be accompanied by a sighted companion, but still, it seems a bit risky. You

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY BRAVERMAN



Unlike our Santa, SAINT NICHOLAS is painfully thin, dresses like the pope, and tops off his robes with a tall hat resembling a tea cozy.

wouldn't want a blind person driving a car or piloting a plane, so why hand him a rifle? What sense does that make? I ask about guns not because I want one of my own but because the answers vary so widely from state to state. In a country that's become so homogenous, I'm reassured by these last touches of regionalism.

Guns aren't really an issue in Europe, so when I'm traveling abroad, my first question usually relates to barnyard animals. "What do your roosters say?" is a good icebreaker, as every country has its own unique interpretation. In Germany, where dogs bark "vow vow" and both the frog and the duck say "quack," the rooster greets the dawn with a hearty "kik-a-riki." Greek roosters crow "kiri-a-kee," and in France they scream "coco-rico," which sounds like one of those horrible premixed cocktails with a pirate on the label. When told that an American rooster says "cock-a-doodle-doo," my hosts look at me with disbelief and pity.

"When do you open your Christmas presents?" is another good conversation starter, as it explains a lot about national character. People who traditionally open gifts on Christmas Eve seem a bit more pious and family oriented than those who wait until Christmas morning. They go to mass, open presents, eat a late meal, return to church the following morning, and devote the rest of the day to eating another big meal. Gifts are generally reserved for children, and the parents tend not to go overboard. It's nothing I'd want for myself, but I suppose it's fine for those who prefer food and family to things of real value.

In France and Germany, gifts are exchanged on Christmas Eve, while in Holland the children receive presents on December 5, in celebration of Saint Nicholas Day. It sounded sort of quaint until I spoke to a man named Oscar, who filled me in on a few of the details as we walked from my hotel to the Amsterdam train station.

Unlike the jolly, obese American Santa, Saint Nicholas is painfully thin and dresses not unlike the pope, topping his robes with a tall hat resembling an embroidered tea cozy. The outfit, I was told, is a carryover from his former career, when he served as a bishop in Turkey.

One doesn't want to be too much of a cultural chauvinist, but this seemed completely wrong to me. For starters, Santa didn't *use to do* anything. He's not retired, and, more important, he has nothing to do with Turkey. The climate's all wrong, and people wouldn't appreciate him. When asked how he got from Turkey to the North Pole, Oscar told me with complete conviction that Saint Nicholas currently resides in Spain, which again is simply not true. While he could probably live wherever he wanted, Santa chose the North Pole specifically because it is harsh and isolated. No one can spy on him, and he doesn't have to worry about people coming to the door. Anyone can come to the door in Spain, and in that outfit, he'd most certainly be recognized. On top of that, aside from a few pleasantries, Santa doesn't speak Spanish. He knows enough to get by, but he's not fluent, and he certainly doesn't eat tapas.

While our Santa flies on a sled, Saint Nicholas arrives by boat and then transfers to a white horse. The event is televised, and great crowds gather at the waterfront to greet him. I'm not sure if there's a set date, but he generally docks in late November and spends a few weeks hanging out and asking people what they want.

"Is it just him alone?" I asked. "Or does he come with some backup?"

Oscar's English was close to perfect, but he seemed thrown by a term normally reserved for police reinforcement.

"Helpers," I said. "Does he have any elves?"

Maybe I'm just overly sensitive, but I couldn't help but feel personally insulted when Oscar denounced the very idea as grotesque and unrealistic. "Elves," he said. "They're just so silly."

The words *silly* and *unrealistic* were redefined when I learned that Saint Nicholas travels with what was consistently described as "six to eight black men." I asked several Dutch people to narrow it down, but none of them could give me an exact number. It was always "six to eight," which seems strange, seeing as they've had hundreds of years to get a decent count.

The six to eight black men were characterized as personal slaves until the mid-fifties, when the political climate changed and it was decided that instead of being slaves they were just good friends. I think history has proven that something usually comes *between* slavery and friendship, a period of time marked not by cookies and quiet times beside the fire but by bloodshed and mutual hostility. They have such violence in Holland, but rather than duking it out among themselves, Santa and his former slaves decided to take it out on the public. In the early years, if a child was naughty, Saint Nicholas and the six to eight black men would beat him with what Oscar described as "the small branch of a tree."

"A switch?"

"Yes," he said. "That's it. They'd kick him and beat him with a switch. Then, if the youngster was really bad, they'd put him in a sack and take him back to Spain."

"Saint Nicholas would *kick* you?"

"Well, not anymore," Oscar said. "Now he just *pretends* to kick you."

"And the six to eight black men?"

"Them, too."

He considered this to be progressive, but in a way I think it's almost more perverse than the original punishment. "I'm going to hurt you, but not really." How many times have we fallen for that line? The fake slap invariably makes contact, adding the elements of shock and betrayal to what had previously been

By Callahan





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ABKCO's The Rolling Stones Remastered Series

In addition to a great Christmas story, THE DUTCH have thrown in legalized drugs and prostitution. What's not to love about that?

Lives of Men

plain, old-fashioned fear. What kind of Santa spends his time pretending to kick people before stuffing them into a canvas sack? Then, of course, you've got the six to eight former slaves who could potentially go off at any moment. This, I think, is the greatest difference between us and the Dutch. While a certain segment of our population might be perfectly happy with the arrangement if you told the average white American that six to eight nameless black men would be sneaking into his house in the middle of the night, he would barricade the doors and arm himself with whatever he could get his hands on.

"*Six to eight*, did you say?"

In the years before central heating, Dutch children would leave their shoes by the fireplace, the promise being that unless they planned to beat you, kick you, or stuff you into a sack, Saint Nicholas and the six to eight black men would fill your clogs with presents. Aside from the threats of violence and kidnapping, it's not much different from hanging your stockings from the mantel. Now that so few people have a working fireplace, Dutch children are instructed to leave their shoes beside the radiator, furnace, or space heater. Saint Nicholas and the six to eight black men arrive on horses, which jump from the yard onto the roof. At this point, I guess they either jump back down and use the door, or they stay put and vaporize through the pipes and electrical wires. Oscar wasn't too clear about the particulars, but really, who can blame him? We have the same problem with our Santa. He's supposed to use the chimney, but if you don't have one, he still manages to come through. It's best not to think about it too hard.

While eight flying reindeer are a hard pill to swallow, our Christmas story remains relatively simple. Santa lives with his wife in a remote polar village and spends one night a year traveling around the world. If you're bad, he leaves you coal. If you're good and live in America, he'll give you just about anything you want. We tell our children to be good and send them off to bed, where they lie awake, anticipating their great bounty. A Dutch parent has a decidedly harsher story to relate, telling his children, "Listen, you might want to pack a few of your things together before you go to bed. The former bishop from Turkey will be coming along with six to eight black men. They might put some candy in your shoes, they might stuff you in a sack and take you to Spain, or they might just pretend to kick you. We don't know for sure, but we want you to be prepared."

This is the reward for living in Holland. As a child you get to hear this story, and as an adult you get to turn around and repeat it. As an added bonus, the government has thrown in legalized drugs and prostitution—so what's *not* to love about being Dutch?

Oscar finished his story just as we arrived at the station. He was a polite and interesting guy—very good company—but when he offered to wait until my train arrived, I begged off, saying I had some calls to make. Sitting alone in the vast terminal, surrounded by other polite, seemingly interesting Dutch people, I couldn't help but feel second-rate. Yes, it was a small country, but it had six to eight black men and a really good bedtime story. Being a fairly competitive person, I felt jealous, then bitter, and was edging toward hostile when I remembered the blind hunter tramping off into the Michigan forest. He might bag a deer, or he might happily shoot his sighted companion in the stomach. He may find his way back to the car, or he may wander around for a week or two before stumbling through your front door. We don't know for sure, but in pinning that license to his chest, he inspires the sort of narrative that ultimately makes me proud to be an American. ■

By Buddy Hickerson



Something in the way she moved affected Ralph like no other lover.

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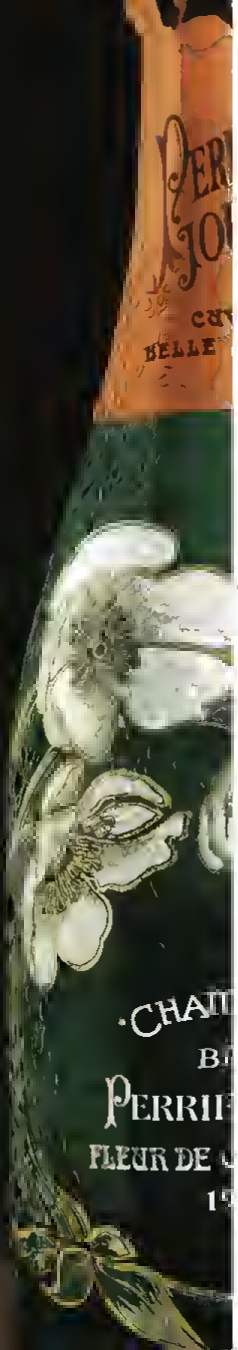


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Everything you need to know to give* good gift this holiday season

*and get



The Esquire Gift Guide

THE LEXUS GS 430



VVT-i. OR WHY PADDED HEADRESTS ARE A REALLY GOOD IDEA.

You step on the gas and go. It's a simple enough principle, yet the majority of automobiles aren't designed to do it efficiently. That's why we've developed a technology that we call VVT-i, or Variable Valve Timing with intelligence.

Perhaps a more common name for it would be instant gratification.

Let's say you're behind the wheel of your Lexus GS 300, or the more powerful GS 430, on the approach to a freeway. You step on the accelerator. The computer (or what we at Lexus like to refer to as the intelligence) detects that you've just floored it. Almost instantly, the valve timing is adjusted, so that both the intake and exhaust valves work together to achieve the maximum amount of torque.

The force of immediate acceleration feels like the palm of an invisible hand is pressing against your forehead. Which brings us to that padded headrest we spoke of earlier. (Naturally, it's been trimmed in fine leather,* as is the rest of the passenger cabin.)

Even more amazing than how quickly you are brought up to speed is how smoothly it all happens. A glance at the speedometer is more than likely to result in mild astonishment.

At cruising speeds, VVT-i continuously adjusts the intake valve timing for optimum fuel efficiency and reduced emissions.

Refined behavior is also evident in the smooth ride and uncanny roadholding ability imparted by the double-wishbone suspension. After all, the way we look at it, performance should be gratifying at any speed.

Can an automobile delight, comfort, fascinate and energize you? Take lexus.com for a test drive. The Passionate Pursuit of Perfection

LEXUS

*Standard on GS 430. Available on GS 300. ©2001 Lexus, a Division of Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Lexus recommends you to wear seatbelts, secure children in rear seat, obey all speed laws and drive responsibly. For more information, call 800 USA-LEXUS (800 872-5398).

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TOM HANKS AND STEVEN SPIELBERG PRESENT
BAND OF BROTHERS

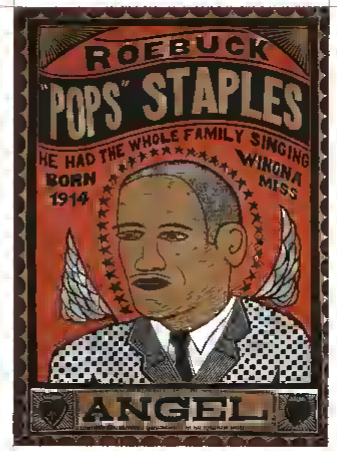
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The Worldwide Gift Guide

2002 GIFT GUIDE

Welcome back to December. You've been here before; you know what's expected of you. So why do we insist on sticking our noses in and making suggestions? We don't even know you! You've got it all wrong. We're not trying to tell you how to live your life. We just have some solid strategies for avoiding the sweater syndrome. (Gifts are a chance to tell people what you think of them, and if you buy them knitwear, you're not saying much.) So here are a few gentle suggestions from around the globe. From fancy to funky, extravagant to downright cheap, they are all stylish and original and will speak volumes to the recipient. Happy holidays.



» Knoxville, Tennessee
Bluegrass great Bill Monroe and country crooner Hank Williams are some of the musical icons in the colorful folk art–style prints of Yee-Haw Industries, a letterpress and design company out of Knoxville. The numbered, hand-signed wood-block prints, which cost $50 to $250, make great gifts for music— and art—lovers. yeehawindustries.com
—REBECCA ROTHBAUM

» Paris
"The YSL woman might tie her boyfriend up and drip hot wax on him before they have sex." Yves Saint Laurent creative director Tom Ford once told British *Vogue* by way of explaining the lascivious subtext of his creations. Sounds like a nice way to spend Christmas Eve. But you might ask to remove your gorgeous new stainless-steel timepiece first. Picking wax out of that braided leather band is no way to spend Christmas Day. $2,200. 800-832-3485. —MICHAEL KESSLER





« Birsfelden, Switzerland
This is not your grandpa's La-Z-Boy. Sorry to diss those comfy creations, but they're all function, no form. Instead consider the Cite armchair, which Jean Prouvé created in 1931—meaning Hemingway could have conceivably written about bullfighting while sitting in this very design. And luckily for you, there's no sacrificing comfort for cool. Steel and leather never felt this good. (Hush those naughty thoughts.) $2125. vitra.com
—SARA STILLMAN



« Sacramento

Nothing worse than biting down on a mother-of-pearl spoon of expensive caviar to find a pile of not so fresh, flavorless eggs. Thanks to overfishing in the Caspian, this is happening with more and more frequency. Solution: Buy domestic. Restaurants all over the country have gone local, including San Francisco's magnificent Jardinière. Director of operations Larry Blaine recommends Osetra-style Sterling Classic. The price is close to Caspian caviar, but that's because it's "exactly as flavorful as Caspian when it's at its best," says Blaine. "And so 70 percent of the time, it's a better product." $35 per ounce; sterlingcaviar.com —NOAH ROTHBAUM

» New York/Raleigh



Free T-shirts are cool, but some logos are worth a few bucks. For $16, I picked up an Esquire tee with my favorite rule ("A man in a minivan is half a man") printed on the back. And I happily shelled out $15 for this "You Can't Kill the Rooster" shirt at YouCantKilltheRooster.com, which is operated by Paul Sedaris (aka the Rooster), brother of David, the humorist whose stories you've read in Esquire. —BRENDAN VAUGHAN



« Bombay

Bollywood is big, making *Bombay the Hard Way: Guns, Cars & Sitars* required listening for anyone with style and a sense of humor. The Motel Records albums collect and remix scores written for India's "Brownsploitation" flicks, which, like their American inspirations, are full of screeching car chases, miniskirted seductresses, and lush tracks. The album's punny with titles like "The Good, the Bad and the Chutney" and "Sexy Mother Fakir" and comes in mod packaging. motelrecords.com. —R.R.



Milan

Toothpaste goo and woven leather are a cringeful couple. That's why the $700 Bottega Veneta Dopp kit is best for jet setters who remember to replace the cap, while the cheaper $380 canvas version is a good option for men who'd just rather not spend their vacation worrying about shaving-cream explosions. Available at Bottega Veneta boutiques; 877-362-1715. —S.S.

« Atlanta

I was still playing old-school persimmon woods in the early 1990s when every other Tom, Dick and Fuzzy was using metal woods with heads the size of cantaloupes. Now I say give me the new Magnetix driver from Next Technology Golf, which features a magnet in its head that pushes against the face of the club and decreases the amount of vertical and lateral spin. (Read: Your ball goes longer and straighter.) Sounds gimmicky, but the USGA says it's legal. Take the technology, $400, 800-400-6861. —BRAD REAGAN





« Bagnolet, France

Perhaps at times we're too hard on the French. After all, they did invent Foosball, and they still make the best tables, thanks to a company called Bonzini. Featuring hand-painted metal figures and unparalleled ball control, they just might make you want to cut the snobs some slack. Or you can order a custom table that pits France against Senegal and re-create the former champs' 2002 World Cup upset over and over again. $1,695; bonzimusa.com. BRADLEY RIFE

SHIRTS: CLUB; DOPP KIT: SVEND LINDBAEK

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AGED 15 YEARS



« Amherst, New Hampshire

No mere skier you. You're a "freerider," ducking into the trees to float through the virgin stuff, hiking a ridge to huck that wide-open bowl. To track the run tapped, you need a pair of Atomic Sugar Daddies (left). With a 99mm waist, these boards are more than ample for carving deep, feminine curves into the freshly fallen powder. Want something a little wider? The Big Daddies, with their almost a snowboard 107mm waist, are designed exclusively for the imposing likes of Valdez and Chamonix, where the riding, like these skis, is anything but free. $795 to $875. 800 258 5020. atomic snow.com

—M. K.



« Berlin

From Berlin's happening Mitte district come Ic! Berlin glasses, made with stainless steel so bendable that you can step on them and they'll spring back, and a patented hinge that works without the use of screws so lenses can be changed within seconds. And the glasses, like the Berliners wearing them, are of course hip to the gills. Starting at about $230, ic-berlin.de.

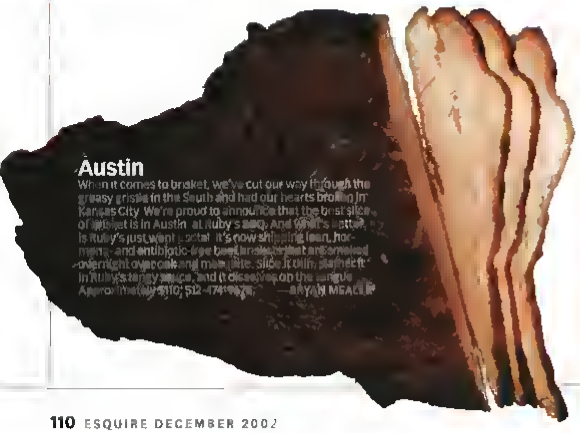
—RYAN NERZ

» Modena, Italy

There's nothing quite like a speedy Italian convertible—say, the Maserati Spyder, for example—to make the rest of the world seem irrelevant. Not only is the Spyder ridiculously fast (pushing 176 miles per hour), but it's also classically elegant. When the top folds seamlessly into the trunk, you and the missus can relax in fine leather, hair blowing in the wind, feeling like Richard Burton and Liz Taylor and not even fighting over directions. She won't even notice you're doing 90. $90,000. maseratiusa.com.

—CHRISTOPHER BERENO





Austin

When it comes to brisket, we've cut our way through the greasy grisly in the South and had our hearts broken in Kansas City. We're proud to announce that the best slice of brisket is in Austin, at Ruby's BBQ. And what's better is Ruby's just went postal: it's now shipping lean, hormone- and antibiotic-free beef brisket that arrives overnight, overcooked and marinated. Slice it thin, slather it in Ruby's tangy sauce, and it dissolves on the tongue. Approximately $110; 512-474-9776.

—ARYN MEALER

WHAT WOMEN WANT

Foolproof gift ideas for the lady in your life, from the ladies in our office.

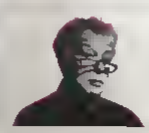
Cooking classes for two, preferably in an exotic European locale (Slaving over a hot stove at home isn't fun, slaving over a hot stove in Tuscany is.) cookitaly.com >> A haircut by the man, Edward Tricomi, at the Warren-Tricomi Salon in New York City. $201, 212-262-8899 >> A weekend at the Point in Saranac Lake, New York, where rates start at $1,200 a night. (But that's for both of us, plus three square meals!) thepointresort.com >> A puppy >> Dinner at Nobu, any Nobu: London, Aspen, New York, Paris, Tokyo, Vegas, Malibu, Miami—we're not picky. nobumatsuhisa.com >> Compliments >> A Mini Cooper S in our favorite color. Starting at $20,250, miniusa.com >> For you to dress more like Pierce Brosnan >> For you to act more like John Cusack >> A subscription to Film Movement and for you to watch the indie movies with us. Even the ones in French. $189. thefilmmovement.com >> Marc Jacobs perfume. The uses are endless, and we'll make it worth your while. $60, 212-931-2639 >> The 20-gigabyte iPod ($499). For another $49 you can have it engraved, which we'll think is so romantic. apple.com >> Cinnamon toast and coffee in bed >> Lobster dinner for two, FedExed from Maine. mainelobsterdirect.com >> A case of our favorite champagne. You know, the one with the yellow label? cliquot.com >> More compliments >> Trivial Pursuit Genus V, so we can whoop the pants off you, especially in Arts and Leisure >> A king size Dux bed. Starting at $4,200, duxbed.com >> Your baby (scared you) >> There's no such thing as too many compliments >> And, if you must, lingerie from La Perla, or some similarly classy place, *might* not inspire wincing upon its unwrapping.

BEISKET: SVEND LINDBAEK

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It measures just 10.5"H × 18"W × 7.5"D and fits on an end table. But turn it on, and you'll hear rich, life-like, room-filling sound. In fact, the *Chicago Tribune* said the Acoustic Wave® music system produces "big, bold sound" that places it "at the forefront of compact music systems." No other system this size produces the same deep lows and natural sound.

The key to this sound is our patented waveguide speaker technology. Just as a flute strengthens a breath of air to fill a concert hall, the waveguide produces room-filling sound from a small enclosure. It's no wonder the waveguide won its team of Bose engineers the prestigious "Inventor of the Year" award.



Folded inside our patented seven-foot waveguide enriches sound.

Easy-to-use features.

As small as it is, the Acoustic Wave® music system is big on features. A handy credit card-sized remote gives you control from your favorite chair. Plus, the CD player, AM/FM radio and three speakers are all built in, so you'll have no confusing wires or external speakers to hook up. The Acoustic Wave® music system even allows you to bring rich Bose sound to your favorite TV shows and movies by easily connecting to your TV, VCR or DVD player. And with a choice of colors – Platinum White or Graphite Gray – it fits almost any décor.

Call to learn about our 30-day in-home trial.

The Acoustic Wave® music system is available directly from Bose, the most respected name in sound. Call today and listen to the system in your home for 30 days, satisfaction guaranteed. If you're not completely satisfied, simply return it for a full refund of the purchase price. Be sure to ask about our **12-month interest-free payment plan*** and **free shipping** offer. Order by December 31, 2002 and



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The Acoustic Wave® music system may look small, but just wait until you turn it on.

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Sock Options (THE STOCKING STUFFER RECONSIDERED)



Black pepper body wash ($23) by Molton Brown. No. 1 cologne ($1,800) by Clive Christian. Shaving soap ($20) and shaving cream ($35) by Penhaligon's. Mach 3 Solingen razor and stand ($99) by Erbe. Toothpaste ($9) by Marvis. Toothbrush ($6) by Lafolie. Silver-tipped shaving brush ($239) by Bigelow. Alligator tooth brush holder ($250) by Tardini. Sable stocking ($1,000) by Bergdorf Goodman



Silver picture frame ($495), silver pencils ($95 each), silver and enamel corkscrew ($1,000), silver key chain ($150), silver money clip ($125), silver tape measure ($185), magnifying glass ($295), silver tie clip ($225), silver collar stays ($95), and silver cuff links ($225) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label. Mink stocking ($750) by Bergdorf Goodman

Cashmere henley ($550) by Calvin Klein Black Label. Cashmere-and-silk boxers ($175) by Avon Celli. Leather-and-cashmere moccasins ($230) by Malo. Cashmere socks ($28) by Tommy Hilfiger. Cashmere-and-mink ties ($225 each). Estate by Robert Talbott. Mink stocking ($750) by Bergdorf Goodman



Leather travel backgammon set ($830), flashlight ($442), travel pick-up sticks game ($330), yo-yo with nylon case ($184), and playing cards ($42) by Prada. V70 cell phone ($250) by Motorola. Mink stocking ($550) by Bergdorf Goodman





The Hard Stuff (AMBITIOUS GIFT IDEAS FOR WHEN A SWEATER JUST WON'T CUT IT)

2002 GIFT GUIDE BY SAM GROSART



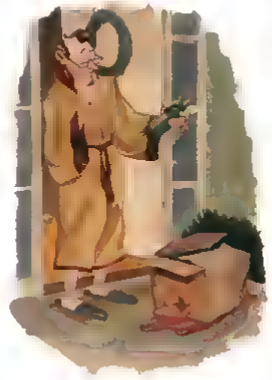


velte SS may be out of your budget range but a Malibu is more affordable and shares many components with its more famous stablemate."
>> If your state offers them and your car is old enough (usually more than twenty five years) get the car fitted with historic plates Annual insurance premiums can drop from $1 100 to $100 with such tags since they impose restrictions on mileage and usage

HOW TO GIVE

A CASE OF WINE

If you just want to get them drunk, double the rum in the eggnog But if you care more than that—if you care enough to enter the world of fine wine, with its attendant pitfalls snobbery, and inflated prices—then read on It doesn't have to be that hard or even that expensive
>> A decent case of wine can be had for t25 bucks The good stuff will run you around $250 The great stuff? Anywhere from $300 up to the GNP of Suriname But heed this advice from our resident expert Andrea Immer "Beyond fifty dollars per bottle you're getting into a range of diminishing returns" *Salute*
>> Consider the mixed case A twelve pack of blue-chip Bordeaux makes a good impression—albeit a traditional by-the books one More thoughtful gifts can include a selection of wines from hot regions (New Zealand Argentina South Africa et cetera) organic wines or wines made by women winemakers
>> Shipping wine isn t always easy The laws are wildly inconsistent from state to state (wine institute org provides a rundown) so make sure it's legal to ship to your destination *before* spending an hour assembling your mixed case Expect out of state shipping costs to run about fifty dollars for a case.





HOW TO GIVE

A SIGNED FIRST EDITION

Here s something we hope you never say "Happy holidays! I found you a copy of the *Simon & Simon* pilot, and—check this out—it s on Beta " No when it comes to giving vintage entertainment stick with books Here's how
>> Start your search at the Antiquarian Book sellers Association of America (abaa org) This independent association has hundreds of reputable dealers indexed by specialty
>> There's a huge difference between a first edition and a first printing of that edition Only the first printing of a first edition has any special value.
>> A book s value skyrockets when it has been signed nscribed or somehow made unique in a beneficial way *The Godfather* may cost $3 000 with Mario Puzo s signature but only $1 000 without
>> Modern books (post 1920) should have their dust jackets preferably in very good condition The presence (and condition) of the dust jacket can account for up to 90 percent of the value of an antique book
>> Consider secondary works of famous authors. While *The Great Gatsby* would set you back $75 000 a lesser known Fitzgerald like *The Crack Up* can be had for about $425

HOW TO GIVE

A VACATION

You could send them on a trip You could also send them to the Hope diamond—it's about that easy You don t even know when they'd be able to go so how would you put together an itinerary? You wouldn t. You d work with a travel agent.
>> Try the Virtuoso Travel Network (800-401-4274 www virtuoso com) a consortium of more than 250 agencies Good agents have a lot of juice with airlines and hotels and can often score deals that you wouldn t be able to get on your own
>> Gift certificates might seem more prudent and flexible but they re also lame "Here s exactly how much money I wanted to spend on your gift, but I didn t want to think too hard about what you might enjoy I love you" And if your recipient hates the destination, you ve already bought the gift certificate—and you re stuck with it
>> Don t worry too much about the dates A good agent can plan a dateless itinerary and give you a sense of what it will cost depending on what time of year your recipient travels which can affect the cost significantly Everyone wants to be in Tuscany in June and prices gleefully reflect that.

HOW TO GIVE

A VINTAGE CAR

First of all no flow A simple flip of the keys, ZZ Top–style is all that s required And no need for extravagance A timelessly hip 1967 Lincoln Continental can be hers for something like six grand But first comes the research
>> Start at hemmings com The bible for collectible-car prices, and then visit sportscarmarket com which has excellent auction info and price guides.
>> If you re looking for a classic American car consider keeping it in the family Most muscle cars cost more than $10 000 these days but less powerful versions of the same car can go for thousands less Advises Richard Lentinello executive editor of *Hemmings Motor News*, "A Che

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RESERVOIR DOGS. MR. BROWN VERSION

UNDER $20 SRP



BASIC INSTINCT R
THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER R
TOTAL RECALL R
FIRST BLOOD R
RAMBO: FIRST BLOOD PART II R
RAMBO III R

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Gratuitous Technology

2002 GIFT GUIDE

BY JOHN R. QUAIN

YOU'D NEVER BUY THIS STUFF FOR YOURSELF BECAUSE, HONESTLY, YOU CAN LIVE WITHOUT IT. BUT SINCE THEY'RE BUYING . . .



The Data Egg

Think of the **Ambient Orb** as the mood ring of the market. This illuminated sphere is an Internet oracle that wirelessly tracks your online portfolio and then glows green (you're in the money), yellow (status quo), or red (just another day on Wall Street, circa 2002). $299 plus $6 a month for service; ambientdevices.com.

The Infrared Monocular

Want to do your civic duty for homeland security? The **Bushnell Night Vision Monocular with Audio** lets you cut through darkness to spy on your neighbors and also has a directional mike that you can use to simultaneously eavesdrop on conversations up to 275 feet away. $434. bushnell.com.





The Digital Pen

I've learned the hard way that tapping out phone numbers on your PDA is no way to pick up women. But the **Logitech io personal digital pen** lets you hide your inner geek. Jot down numbers, ersatz business plans, or sudden epiphanies on the supplied paper with the io pen, then download your scribbles in digital form to your PC when you get home. I suggest doing this after she leaves. $199. logitech.com



The Micro Stereo

The **Philips Streamium MC-i200 Internet-Audio Micro System** not only plays CDs but, with a high-speed Internet connection, it will pick up radio stations from around the world. Sri Lankan hip-hop, anyone? It can also handle the much improved MP3Pro digital audio format and plug in to your PC, letting you blast all those tunes you stole via Napster way back when. $399. audio.philips.com



The Museum-Quality MP3 Player

Shiny metal objects always turn my head, but the burnished stainless steel encased **BeoSound 2** gave me whiplash. The saucer-shaped device is the first portable MP3 player from Danish design mavens Bang & Olufsen. It's short on storage—just 128 MB, about four hours worth of music—but it's okay to sacrifice a little substance for this much style. $695. bang-olufsen.com



Introducing the Zippo Multi-Purpose Lighter. True to its name, the Zippo MPL™ is tough, dependable and guaranteed for life. It's also easy to refill, features an adjustable flame and comes with a fuel indicator that tells you when it's getting low. Use it to light candles, fireplaces, grills and more. The new Zippo MPL in silver or black. Reach for one today by visiting Things Remembered, 800-274-7367, Chesapeake Knife & Tool, 800-531-1168 or Remington Retail, 800-736-4648.

Zippo



Spin the Bottle

ESQUIRE'S QUICK GUIDE TO LIQUID GIFT GIVING

PEOPLE WILL ALWAYS throw holiday parties. Why? Because it's the holidays. And you, friend, will attend, armed with some conquest from your local liquor store, because the only good reason to show up without a gift for the host in your arms is if you don't have any. (Arms.) Here, Esquire offers a foolproof guide to the best bottles to bring to the party this season, based on what you know about the host. Cheers.

(FOR THE HIPSTER) Everyone is either a documentary filmmaker or a deejay, so your only shot at impressing this crowd is with Redbreast twelve-year-old Irish whiskey, which is very cool for two reasons. One: it's excellent stuff that has been dumped down discriminating Irish gullets for 150 years, two: it's finally available in the States, so nobody really knows about it except the insiders. Which is just how the horn-rims want it.

(FOR THE ENTITLED) The only thing Wasps like better than their booze is a brand name. Rather than be creative for this one (they rarely are, after all), you'll want to go with a standby that's good, but not so good that you have to remortgage your one-bedroom apartment. Enter a bottle of Fonseca twenty-year-old port. Experts point to the two-decader as a solid swig at a great value (in this case, around $50).

(FOR THE ARTISTE) In her studio loft, you'll find dark women saying dark things and wearing dark clothing (and, for your sake, hopefully not much of it). Your gift: 2002 Bonny Doon Vineyard's Heart of Darkness Madiran. They'll love the creepily beautiful, slightly gory label by artist Ralph Steadman, not to mention the bloodred wine that's brooding but never heavy—just like them.

(FOR THE FASHIONISTA) With the recent movement toward stability and away from urgent social climbing, urban America is at a loss for an of-the-moment cocktail. (Anyone who tells you it's the caipirinha relies on Garrison Keillor for his trend-spotting news.) So the classic martini reigns, vodka or gin. There *is* a vodka au moment, though—Pearl, the latest premium name to be bellowed over the ambient soundtrack at tastemaking bars across the country.

(FOR THE LITERATI) For the host who started writing because of Twain, fishing because of Hemingway, and drinking because of Fitzgerald, your best bet is bourbon, since all those romantically self-destructive scribes praised its virtues. Grab a bottle of Wild Turkey Kentucky Spirit Single Barrel Straight Bourbon, a very smooth version of the classic Kentucky brand. Warning: Drink too much of this yourself and Jonathan Franzen will start to seem dashing, Dave Eggers modest.

(FOR THE RICH AND STYLISH) For this crowd, go for champagne, which comes from a place we like to call Champagne. If the party's worth it, Veuve Clicquot La Grande Dame ($120) is an excellent sparkler named after a fine lady—an especially fitting gift if the host is a sparkling grand dame herself.

(FOR THE ACTIVIST) If they're prone to preaching or, God forbid, teetotalers, may we suggest you send a hardy ficus in lieu of attending. If we're talking about nonjudgmental, reform-minded pragmatists, then, by all means, a bottle of Frog's Leap—still a leading name in organic viticulture. This stuff will show that you appreciate what they're doing for the world, even if you're usually too much of a selfish bastard to participate.

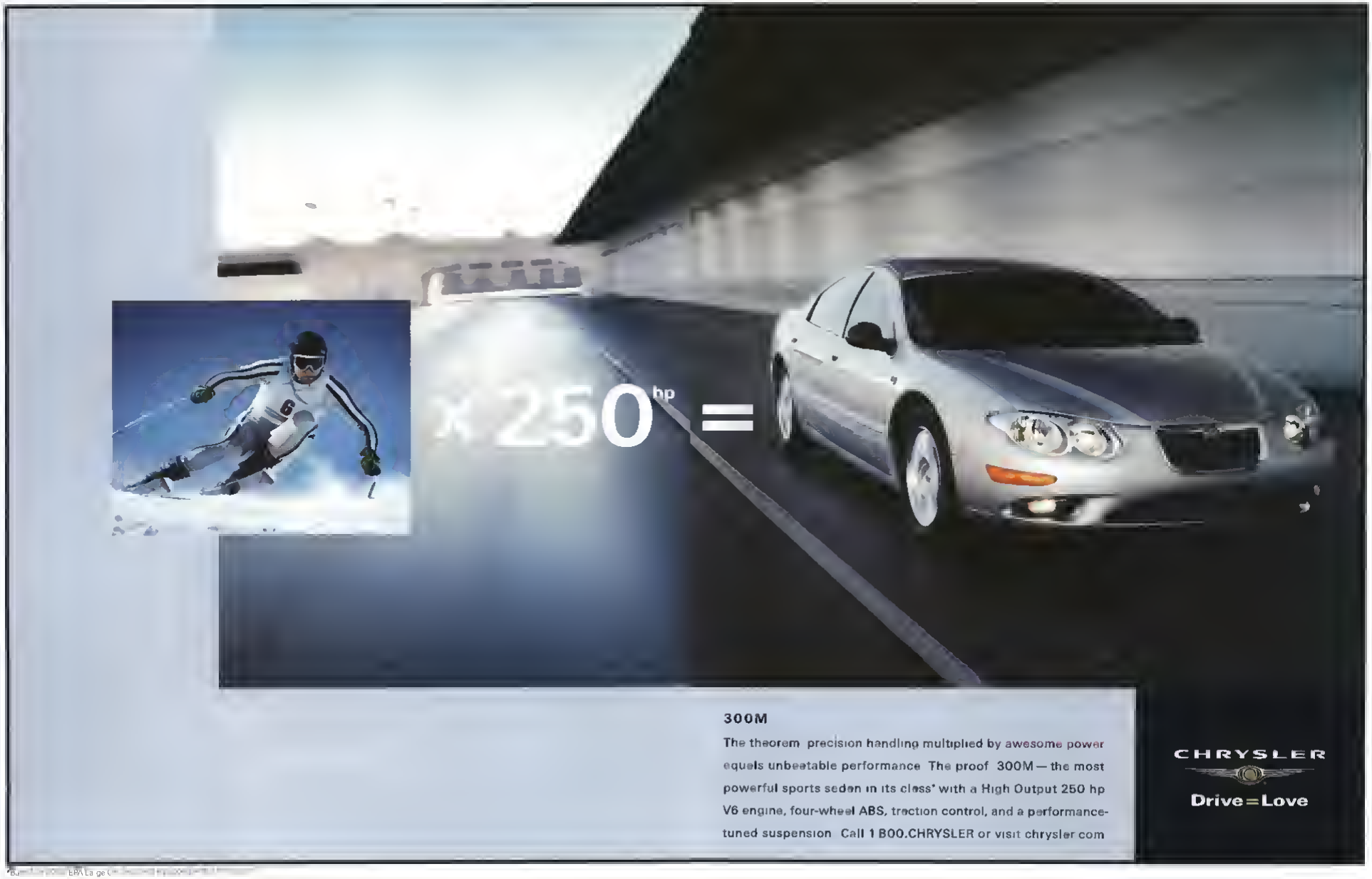
PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK HOOPER

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BRIGHT IDEAS

in honor of the Best and Brightest, we highlight four big notions that are crossing disciplines and proving that the greatest ideas know no boundaries

PORTRAITS BY MATT JONES STILL LIFES BY NIGEL COX



Glam

Curves take over on the highway and the runway ■

The designers at Mercedes bent steel and aluminum to comply with their vision of elegance and the result is the 2003 SL55 AMG, a brilliant combination of heavy metal and high design—and the most powerful Mercedes on the road. The 493 horsepower engine can climb to sixty in 4.5 seconds, and the steering is so tight it handles curves as well as Zac Posen's dresses (see opposite page).



■ Breitschwantz-lined wool-and-mohair tailcoat, worn inside out ($15,900); wool-and-mohair trousers ($440) and silk bow tie ($90) by Tom Ford for Gucci; silk shirt ($160) by Thierry Mugler. Her dress, with tails, by Zac Posen; shoes by Manolo Blahnik.

Zac Posen, clothing designer, is a prodigy and a throwback. The twenty-two-year-old, seen here with his stylist/muse/model/friend Stella Schnabel (daughter of artist Julian), got his first big show this year. His success lies in being ahead of his time, even if that means reminding us of the glamour of a tuxedo and tails and the drama of deeply dipping a woman in a black dress.

The appeal of artist Tony Oursler's work is plain. He takes raw human emotion and filters it through the technology of video screens. The effect has been known to cause audiences to be scared when Oursler's subjects are laughing and to laugh when they're crying. A pioneer of video art, he has shown his stuff at the Centre Pompidou, MoMA and galleries around the world.

The Rolex Oyster Daytona perpetual cosmograph is a ticking work of art and a technological wonder. One of Rolex's most collectible models, the Daytona has all the typical Rolex bells and whistles and a few tricks of its very own, including a state-of-the-art movement that can run for seventy-two hours on power reserve and a face that came hurtling at Earth from outer space. It's made from a meteorite.



Two-button single-breasted cashmere coat ($1,490), cashmere sweater ($670), cotton shirt ($355), wool pin-stripe trousers ($670) and leather shoes ($480) by Prada.



- From art collection to a collect[illegible]g technology to move ahead.

Forward

Industrial designer Jeffrey Bernett's creed we don t try to complicate things This is evident in his latest project Landscape (below) the essentials only lounge chair that walks in the giant footsteps of Mies van der Rohe and Le Corfiusier Bernett s ambition has met with great success and his confidence in the simplicity of things has made him the most promising Amer can furniture maker in decades

Simple flavors abound at Esca n New York where part owner David Posternack (with Mario Batali and Joe Bastianich) serves up sushi-grade seafood prepared with only the basic necessary ingredients like bluefin tuna with sea salt and sockeye salmon dressed only in olive oil and peppercorns (both below) Esca calls it *crudo* (raw") and it has effectively spawned a tuna carpaccio rage across a sushi addicted city



simple

Three-button single-breasted wool jacket (part of suit $428) cotton shirt ($50) and denim jeans ($98) by Tommy Hilfiger suede shoes by Clarks



At the kitchen table and the drafting table, less is so much more.

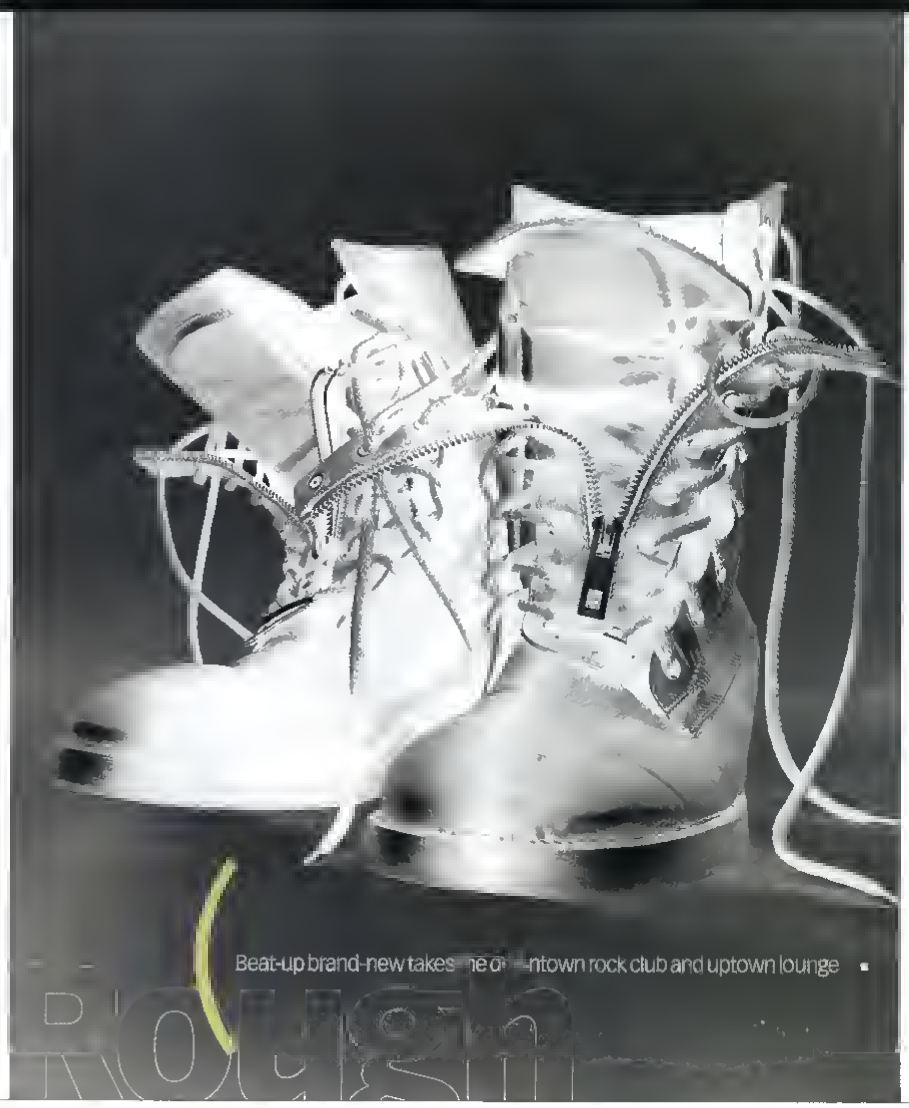
Singer Pete Yorn doesn t worry about image preferring instead to focus his energy on writing songs singing and playing guitar drums and keyboards The result is a dishevele appearance and totally self made driving rock songs that mix smart lyrics and scratchy vocals with catchy guitar riffs that straddle Brit pop and roots rock His new album *The Day I Forgot* out next month proves that the future of music is this guy—someone whose sound can send us into orbit someone who does all the dirty work himself

It looks more dangerous than it is. In creating this beat up double laced take on the army boot designer Marc Jacobs took inspiration from the French army as well as avant garde artists like German sculptor Joseph Beuys and punkish eighties American painter Jean-Michel Basquiat If this sounds a bit precious for footwear fine at least you can appreciate the quality of an exceptionally well made boot in supple calf leather and the knowledge that in it you too look a lot tougher than you are



Three-button single-breasted wool suit ($1,540) and cotton shirt ($340) by Gucci leather boots ($575) by Louis Vuitton

A note on the suit: Yorn is wearing a suit from Gucci s inaugural made-to-measure program which offers of-the-moment suits (unusual for MTM lines, which are usually limited to the classics) Now available in stores.



Beat-up brand-new takes he o ntown rock club and uptown lounge

( ) see page 195 Update your look w th the , e Profiler available at esquire.com/style



SIBLING RIVALRY

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The 345-hp Escalade and Escalade EXT. The world's most powerful sport utilities

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Nearly twenty years ago, in December 1984, Esquire published its first Esquire Register, an issue devoted to the "Best of the New Generation." It was an exciting concept and offered Americans an important chance to learn about the young people and new ideas that were reshaping our nation—in more ways than I think we knew at the time. Hillary and I were surprised and pleased to be included in the list.

I remember feeling immense pride that our education and other reforms in Arkansas seemed newsworthy to a magazine of national prominence. Local government isn't always the fastest-breaking news in the world, but when it works right, it can change a lot of lives for the better. That's why we need to keep finding new voices at the grass roots, and why Esquire and other media should keep bringing those voices to the national stage.

The path to leadership, after all, is not a certain one. And back in 1984, few outside of Arkansas had heard of us or what we were doing. But the exciting ideas in education, health care, economic development, and the environment that Hillary and I were working with at the state level proved to be durable ones. They formed the basis for much of what we advocated in 1992 and tried to do for America afterward.

In 1984, we were where the exceptional honorees in this Best and Brightest issue are now. They have accomplished much already, but their work has just begun.

And this fact is incredibly heartening. In our history, when we have needed it most, when our course has been uncertain and the future unclear, the American capacity for leadership has not failed us. We have always been renewed. Many things large and small make this so, but none greater than our shared faith in the continuing idea of America. This issue reminds us that there is a deep well of greatness here, and we have but to tap it.

It's hard to believe sometimes that nearly two decades have passed since Hillary and I made the Esquire Register. But I've got the gray hair to prove it. Now that Hillary's serving in the Senate and I'm out of elective politics, I try to spend a good amount of my time meeting with and encouraging today's young leaders, who will shape America and the rest of the world in the twenty-first century. And I'm also working on issues critical to their future: economic opportunity for the world's poor, combating HIV/AIDS, promoting racial and religious reconciliation, building democracies, and advocating citizen service.

I'm glad Esquire is continuing to profile young leaders in many fields. While they are a diverse group, they share the ability to imagine a better future and draw others to their vision. And the power of their example teaches us all that no matter where we are, no matter what we do, all of us can find some opportunity to lead and to serve.

Please join me in recognizing some of the most exciting leaders of a new generation.

Bill Clinton

BILL CLINTON



ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN BLACKFORD

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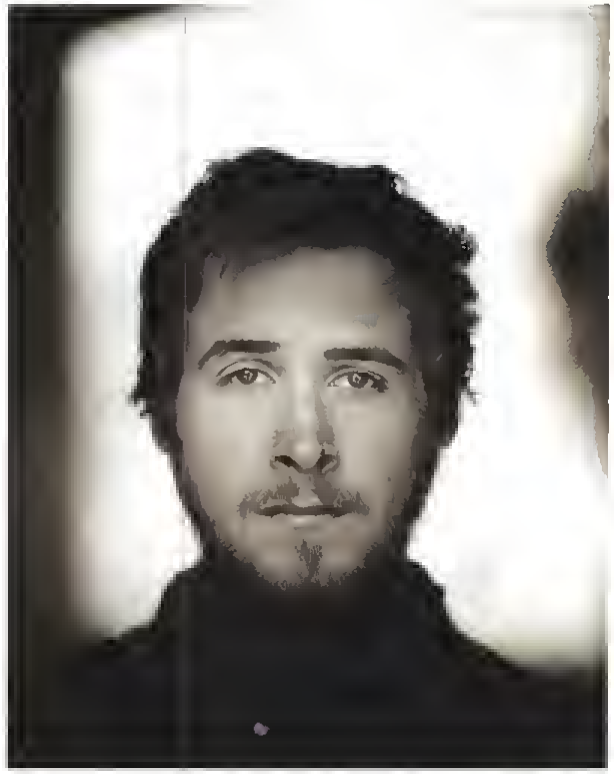

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The Neptunes


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Samantha Morton

[ ]

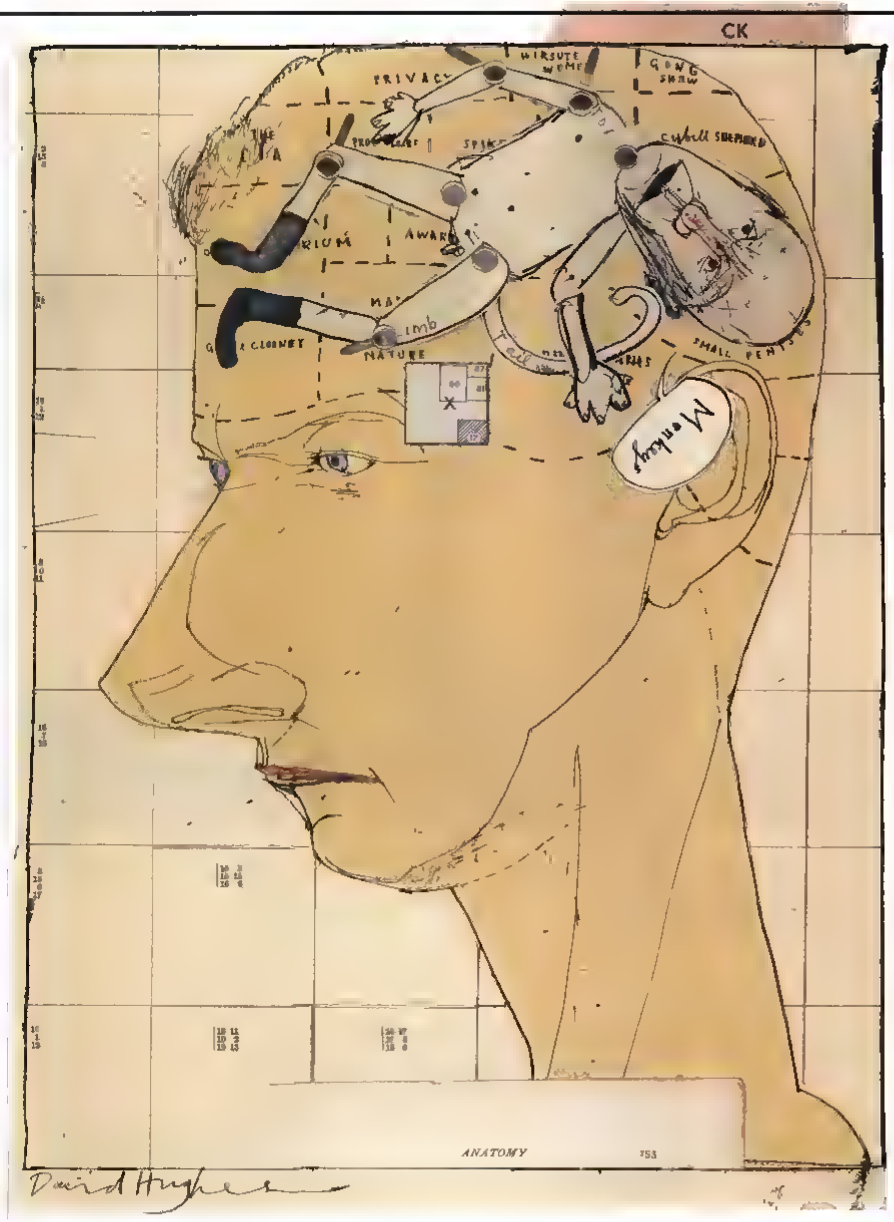


RYAN GOSLING There's nothing worst[illegible] listening to a[illegible] twenty two year old actor "It's like magicians talking about their tricks The trick is always more interesting then anything they have to say about it " Fair enough Then we'll talk about it for him Gosling is perhaps the most ferociously talented actor of his generation In his breakout performance as a Jewish neo Nazi in *The Believer* he managed a frighteningly effective combination of intimidation and empathy, of contorted-face rage and boyish innocence Gosling followed that with another disturbing performance as a nihilistic predatory high schooler in *Murder by Numbers* which castars Sandra Bullock Look for him next as Leland in the upcoming *The United States of Leland* alongside costars Kevin Spacey and Don Cheadle due out next year Gosling talked to us—even about his dreaded "craft"

—DEREK FAGERSTROM

Esq In your next film you play a killer That's three in a row right? RG I have to choose my words carefully—I play a confused young man Esq But when you're playing the confused young man he tends to *kill* people RG Yeah I guess but that's just the conflict of the movie It's not that I necessarily want to play dark people I just want to be involved with filmmakers that I like and writing that's good and the dark side is where it seems to be right now Esq Speaking of the dark side you're a former Mouseketeer Shouldn't you be in a boy band right about now? RG Oh, no Even if I wanted to I couldn't pull it off I don't got the chops! Even if I had Justin dress me Britney teach me how to sing and studied dance grooves every day for the next five years I still couldn't be a pop star Esq Were you concerned that in your first big movie *The Believer* you played such an aggressively controversial character? RG When I read the script it moved me I thought it was a really beautiful story about love and I didn't know how to reconcile that with the subject matter (about neo-Nazis) They seemed so different but to me they were the same I was just trying to marry the two That took up every second of my thought process You can't think about the consequences or if it will offend people that will effect your choices and then you're fucked

GOSLING DAN WINTERS



[THE SCREENWRITER]

The oddest, most innovative mind in Hollywood belongs to a hirsute recluse named **Charlie Kaufman.** You thought his *Being John Malkovich* was weird? Go see his two new ones.

BY MIKE SAGER

THIS MUCH IS KNOWN about Charlie Kaufman. He doesn't want to be known.

He refuses to be photographed; he won't talk about his personal life. He has, on several occasions, hired an actor to stand in his stead. People who have actually seen him say he is five foot four and hairy, Hobbitlike, with a mop of thick curls and a dark thatch of beard, the type of beard that tends to grow together with the chest hair if the border is not vigilantly maintained. Having seen him at the Sundance Film Festival, one woman, a credible observer of celebrities, described him thus: "From across the room, from behind, I thought he was a child."

I have seen Charlie Kaufman. I have lunched with him on the terrace of Asia de Cuba, at the Mondrian hotel, on the glamorous and fabled Sunset Strip in Los Angeles. But I am still not quite sure what he looks like. Throughout the meal, he wore wraparound sunglasses, black Oakleys, completely opaque. "I've just been to the eye doctor," he explained, but it didn't ring true, and he knew it the instant he said it, you could tell. His hands fluttered at his sides. He aimed his hairy goggled head this way and that, nervous and jerky like a bird, eyeing, presumably, the many tan and beautiful people who surrounded us, with their wonderfully bare midriffs, so downy, their expressions of utmost importance, cell phones pressed to their ears. Who could know what he was looking at? If the eyes are the windows to the soul, his were completely shuttered.

He sat with his back to a glass wall in the restaurant, beside a huge clay flowerpot, one of many on the terrace, Brobdingnagian in proportion—five feet high, three and a half feet in diameter—a size perhaps intended to dwarf the egos of the clientele. Kaufman fidgeted with his napkin, his silverware. He was worried that the waitress would see my tape recorder on the table. The lavalier microphone leashed to his collar made him feel "observed." Spike Lee walked by. He wore a vintage football jersey, brown and white, number 32. Daisy Fuentes tanned near the pool. Her bikini brought to mind the new overstuffed-burrito offering at Taco Bell. Kaufman apologized in advance for not eating the lunch he'd ordered. "The thought of getting food stuck in my beard is nearly unbearable," he explained.

Not since Woody Allen has an American filmmaker seemed so self-consciously uncomfortable in the spotlight, nor produced such bizarre and original work. His first screenplay, for the film *Being John Malkovich*, brought us the story of a down-cast puppeteer who discovers a membranous portal into the brain of the actor John Malkovich. His second, *Human Nature*, featured a man raised in the wild by primates, an unusually hirsute woman, and a psychologist with a tiny penis. Self-absorbed yet modest, ironic yet sincere, antically contrarian yet movingly substantive, Kaufman weaves compelling tales driven by universal themes.

Unfortunately, this means people want to interview him.

According to published reports, Kaufman was born on Long Island, New York, between three and five decades ago. He was raised in a place "like Levittown" with "post-World War II values." He lives now in Pasadena, not far from the Rose Bowl, in a house that has a mortgage. It may or may not be a vintage Craftsman house. He likes Pasadena because "there's no sense of people looking at you to see who you are."

Kaufman made super 8 movies when he was a kid and went on to study film at New York University. He worked in the circulation department of the Minneapolis *Star Tribune*, taking missed-newspaper calls. He also worked for a time at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, he has admitted. "I was the person who announced, 'The museum will be closing in fifteen minutes' over the loudspeaker."

After some success collaborating with a partner, writing stage plays and several pieces for *National Lampoon*, Kaufman came to Los Angeles in 1991, driving cross-country in an eleven-year-old Volkswagen Jetta. He may or may not have brought his wife, who may or may not be named Denise. Kaufman will neither confirm nor deny the fact of his marriage. He begs us to understand. He also wrote for *Ned and Stacey* and *The Dana Carvey Show*. Along the way, he bought a 1991 Honda, pitched several television pilots of his own. "When I'd get done, they'd always have this funny look on their faces," he said. The screenplay for *Malkovich* was produced as a writing sample. He never thought it would get made. When Malkovich first read it, he said, "Why does this guy hate me? Did I fuck his girlfriend?" For the record, Malkovich was chosen because Kaufman thought his name sounded funny when you repeated it over and over again. The screenplay was nominated for an Oscar, a Golden Globe, a Writers Guild award, several others. Kaufman said he was relieved he didn't win. "An acceptance speech—" he said elliptically. He shrugged, a sort of body-language equivalent of *oy vey*.

Kaufman has two movies coming soon to theaters. *Adaptation* is the adaptation of *The Orchid Thief*, *New Yorker* writer Susan Orlean's best-selling nonfiction book about larcenous collectors in the Florida Everglades and the beautiful and rare wild orchids that obsess them. Directed by Spike Jonze (who also directed *Malkovich*), the movie stars Meryl Streep as Orlean and Nicolas Cage in dual roles as Charlie Kaufman—"a shlubby, heavy, balding version of myself," according to Kaufman—and Charlie Kaufman's twin brother, Donald Kaufman, a slightly better looking and better adjusted guy (if the story line is to be believed) who shares writing credit for the screenplay. Asked directly if he has a twin brother, Kaufman said this: "It's kind of hard to talk about now, because I'm realizing everything I'm saying is being recorded. But, I mean, this is the kind of thing we're trying to figure out. It's like, I'm in the movie, Susan Orlean is in the movie, several other real people are in the movie. And the thing that interests me is to sort of leave it up in the air as to what is true, what actually happened. We were just sort of hoping that we could leave it vague or not make a point about it."

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID HUGHES

When further pressed about the existence of a Donald Kaufman, Charlie Kaufman wrote, via instant message: "The party line is there is a lot of truth and some nontruth in this movie, and the fun of it is for the audience to wonder about it. I don't mean to be difficult. But if we go on record with a checklist, it spoils it."

The second film, *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*, the biopic of *Gong Show* host and self-professed CIA hit man Chuck Barris, is a much ballyhooed film directed by George Clooney. "One of these days, the term *Kaufmanesque* will be just as familiar in Hollywood as *Mametspeak*," Clooney has said. Said Kaufman: "I don't know what to say."

Okay. . . . Fine. I saw *Adaptation*. It's an odd film but it works, it's very good. Different. Entertaining. I liked what it was trying to do, the spirit of it, the execution. I'm okay with the fact v fiction issues. Personally, I like not knowing whether Donald really exists. I can handle not knowing, you know? It's entertainment. It's all about suspending disbelief, right?

But still, I have to ask one question. Why does a person so, well, ticklish about the spotlight, so exceedingly shy, so anxious and insecure . . . why does this person choose to write himself into a movie?

"I had no choice," Kaufman said. He pulled up his ankle and crossed it over his thigh. He rocked back and forth a bit. He wrung his hands. "I loved the book, but I was really struggling for months to write the screenplay. I was getting nothing done. I was going out of my mind. And then I came up with this idea to include myself in the story because it seemed that my energy was in the paralysis of not being able to write. But I didn't want to tell anybody my idea because I thought they would say no. And I didn't have any other ideas. None. Zip. So I went with it and I started to see connections. The book is about natural selection and adaptation with orchids, and here I was. I was adapting my ideas, and I was adapting this other person's work, and I was changing. I liked the way it all seemed very risky. I like to kind of explode the structure and put something in that people will feel like, What? Wait a minute! What is this guy doing in the movie that he's

[*continued on page 190*]

The Kaufman Sampler

Here, four memorable snippets from America's weirdest screenwriter.

BEING JOHN MALKOVICH
WAITER MALKOVICH Malkovich Malkovich Malkovich?
GIRL MALKOVICH Malkovich Malkovich Malkovich Malkovich
WAITER MALKOVICH Malkovich Malkovich *(He turns to Malkovich.)* Malkovich?
Malkovich looks down at the menu. Every item is "Malkovich."
MALKOVICH Malkovich!

HUMAN NATURE
LILA *(looking at a painting, in voice-over)* Mary Magdalene, perhaps the only sexualized female in all of Christian mythology, and here she was covered with hair. I guess that's where I got the idea maybe the Catholic church might applaud excessive hair growth in its women.

ADAPTATION
CHARLIE KAUFMAN *(the screen is black, we hear a voice-over)* I'm a walking cliché. . . . All I do is sit on my fat ass. If my ass wasn't fat, I'd be happier. I wouldn't have to wear these shirts with the tails out all the time. Like that's looking any one. Fat ass. I should start jogging again. Five miles a day. Really do it this time. Maybe rock climbing. I need to read more. Improve myself. What if I learned Russian or something. . . . I could speak Chinese. I'd be the screenwriter who speaks Chinese. . . . That would be cool. I should get my hair cut short. Stop trying to fool myself and everyone else into thinking that I have a full head of hair.

CONFESSIONS OF A DANGEROUS MIND
BARRIS Well, you might want to wait till I get to a can, Mr. Oliver, because your precious microfilm is up my ass.
OLIVER I see. Are you certain?
BARRIS If you had a fucking vial of microfilm up your ass, wouldn't you be certain?

[THE PHOTOGRAPHERS]

A handful of talented young women are producing the most compelling art photography in years. Witness the provocative staged portraiture of **Malerie Marder, Jenny Gage,** and **Anna Gaskell.**

IF YOU WANT TO VERIFY the existence of this movement, ask any aspiring art photographer why he or she isn't showing work in galleries. You'll get a glare like you're about to get a tripod thrown at your head, followed by: "It's because of these *Yale women*."

These Yale women are a group of MFA grads from the university who, in the past three years, have held sway over the art-photography world. While the aesthetics of these half dozen or so women are disparate, certain threads bind them—the most important being a tendency to stage their subjects, setting up cinematic, fantastical scenes. We talked to three of them about their work.

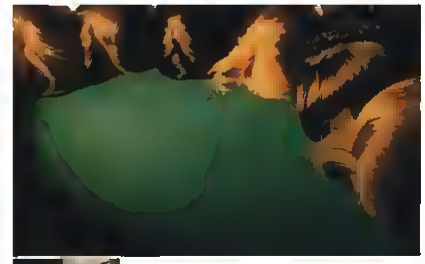
—DANIEL TORDAY





JENNY GAGE "I grew up on the beach, and women I shoot always end up in some sort of pool of water," says Gage, thirty-three. "Water symbolizes a lot of things to me—home, beauty, the continuous cycle. And the idea of reflection, reinvention—looking into a pool of water and seeing yourself and somebody else.

"This is a woman that I've been obsessed with for a long time, following and documenting. When I photograph women, I'm always looking at them, but I'm also examining myself at the same time. It's an artistic, narcissistic approach to making work." Gage also collaborates with her husband, Tom Betterton.





ANNA GASKELL "If anything, I'm more influenced by film and painting than photography. My works are elliptical narratives," says Gaskell, thirty-three. For this photo—part of a series called *resemblance* that is loosely based on *Frankenstein* and E.T.A. Hoffmann's tale "The Sandman"—Gaskell shot a group of six-year-old girls whose heads were practically small enough to disappear beneath their long hair. The image represents a laboratory visited by a group of young friends—or, as Gaskell calls them, "technicians"—trying to create a mother. They're building the perfect mother, Gaskell says, "so maybe they themselves would turn out a little closer to perfection."



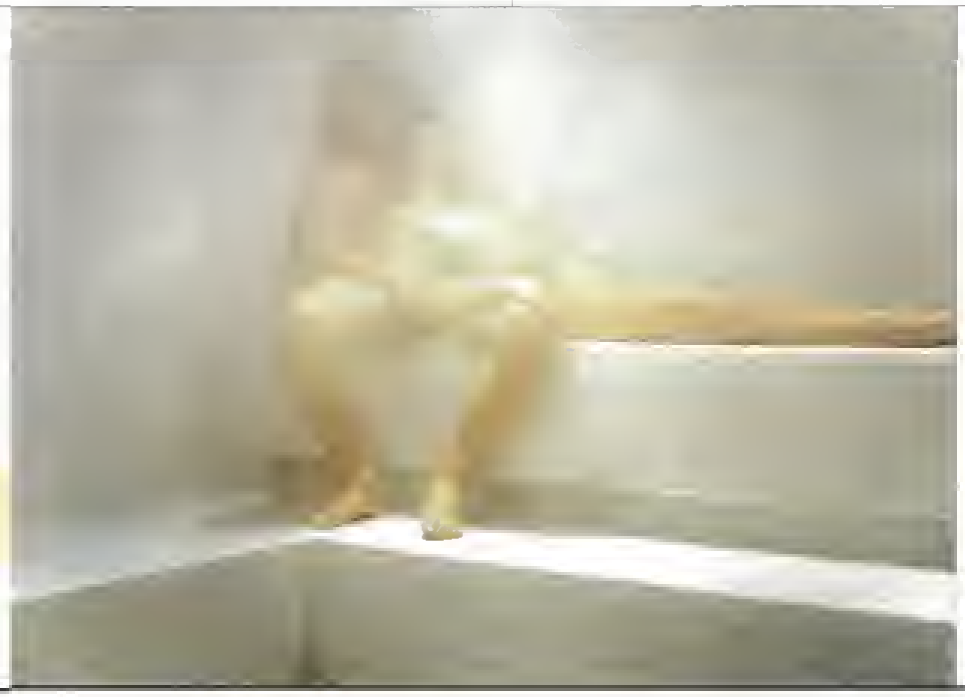
MALERIE MARDER "I never consciously said, 'Okay, now I'm staging a picture.' My more successful ones somehow overcome that and are less artificial," says Malerie Marder, thirty. The subjects of her posed nudes are generally herself, her friends, and her family, shot in cheap hotel rooms or suburban homes. They have a stilted, dreamlike quality, at once sexually charged and devoid of eroticism.

Here, Marder explains her photo:

"I think that clothing often gives too much information. I'm interested in my work having an economy of ideas. Nudity brings a more intense relationship to the subject, for myself and the viewer. It makes someone uneasy, which is a good dynamic. You're made privy to this unique moment because you don't see people walking around naked, and you don't want to.

"I conceived this photo before it happened. I wasn't thinking about a steam room—I wanted to take a photo where you had just a glimpse of something, an illusion, a symbol.

"It was shot at a hotel in L.A., and I was able to work the steam in a way that I could take the picture without fogging up my lens. I like the idea of seeing less and yet having a sense of something—more of a sensory experience. A lot of times, photographs illustrate something directly, and I think my pictures are much more complicated and also ambiguous when they're pointing to something but it's more open-ended."



[THE WRITERS]

John Updike may be "an old fart" (see below), but **Nicole Krauss** and **Jonathan Safran Foer** are bringing fresh life to the novel

The debut novels of Jonathan Safran Foer and Nicole Krauss were two of the most impressive books of 2002. His was Everything Is Illuminated, a startlingly innovative tale about a grammar-mangling Ukrainian tour guide; a wannabe novelist; a shtetl; and . . . well, you kind of have to read it. Hers was Man Walks Into a Room, a poetic book about an English professor with amnesia. (Krauss also wrote the short story "Future Emerging Ties" in last month's Esquire.) Both books gave us hope for the future of fiction. Both authors are absurdly young (he's twenty-five; she's twenty-eight). Here, the two close friends talk to Esquire.



Esquire started the interview by quoting John Updike on the death of the novel.

NK But John Updike is an old fart! It's John Updike's job—the job of people who are maybe toward the end of wherever they are in their lives—to say it's the death of this or it's the end of that, as if their death is the death of whatever it is they do. I like writing novels. But it seems to me that people are writing novels more than ever, people are reading, books get sold.

JSF My anecdotal impression that I haven't based on anything serious is that more people are writing more novels than ever before, and probably fewer people are reading novels than ever before. I think there are a lot of people who write more pages in a day than they read, which ends up creating a reflexive self-indulgent, confessional culture.

We asked about technology and novels.

NK I think that both of us really love the idea of books as physical objects. And I like what books smell like and feel like. Somebody told me how he read my book after finding it on an armchair in a cabin in the woods on Cape Cod. I love that. So the idea of a book being on the Web kind of feels weightless to me.

JSF I think I probably disagree. Books are probably two hundred years behind any other art form particularly visual arts. If we were to ask what's the difference between Michelangelo and Gerhard Richter, you know, it's breathtaking. If you ask what's the difference between Homer and someone like John Updike, the answer is really actually not that much.

We asked about the state of the world.

JSF I don't think there are going to be human beings in a hundred two hundred years. I think we're completely fucked, and it really scares me, an incredible amount.

NK Looking at the highlights of the paper, it's impossible to believe that it could be this bad, and then it gets a little bit worse.

JSF It's the saddest feeling, like we're dinosaurs. The dinosaurs didn't kill each other...they have an excuse for their extinction. We don't.

We asked what they hated in writing today.

JSF I hate the fakers. I feel they're everywhere, behind every corner. Nine-tenths of the people who publish books now are probably fakers. They're thinking, Will I seem like a smart person? That's why so many contemporary novels are crammed with useless information.

We asked how they liked writing schools.

NK I never took any fiction workshops. I took one poetry workshop when I was an undergraduate, and it was just a strange experience. I never wanted to do again.

JSF It's a shame writing is considered a craft. I think writing works best when you say, Okay, let's slow down and let me try to tell you exactly what I am feeling. The thing I hate most in the world is any sort of association of writing with professionalism. It's the most insincere thing I can imagine, and it's done a lot of damage to American letters. M.F.A. programs tend to encourage thinking about writing as a profession. You aren't doing what you should be doing, which is figuring things out for yourself.



[THE TV EXECUTIVE]

The kids love Ozzy. The kids love *Jackass*. The kids love MTV, the most inventive network on the dial. The kids should thank a forty-three-year-old man named **Van Toffler**.

I FIRST MET VAN TOFFLER in 1977 when he came into my frat house with his vainglorious disco-era coif, his shiny gold chain, and his impressive aptitude for air guitar. The vote was unanimous to give him a bid.

Two decades later, as president of MTV, Toffler presides over the biggest frat party on the planet, and under his stewardship the cable network has become known as the most innovative on TV—the network that has brought us such cultural phenomena as *Jackass*, *TRL*, and *The Osbournes*.

The key, says Toffler, is not to fear viewer fickleness but to accept it, embrace it, love it. "There's a tendency in our business—in all businesses—to stick with the known quantity. But twenty-one-year-olds are not going to watch what their parents or grandparents or even their older brothers liked. They're not even going to watch or listen to what last year's twenty-one-year-olds liked. They want something of their own," he says. "So we are constantly reinventing ourselves."

So what will be next? Perhaps this: Toffler has greenlighted an MTV2 antiawards show with no actual awards, just inappropriate drunken acceptance speeches and unpolished musical performances. Sounds just like Friday night at the frat house.

—MIKE SAGER



[THE DESIGNER]

America's products are becoming curvier, cooler, wittier, more fun. And that has a lot to do with the influence of **Jonathan Ive** and his team of designers at Apple.

IN A SUIT DESIGNED BY one of Jonathan Ive's good friends, London clothier Paul Smith, there's a delightful feature visible only to the dry cleaner: It's the lining: iridescent royal blue with embroidered pictures of Buckingham Palace, Big Ben—and the Paul Smith shop. What the hell does this have to do with Apple computers? Ive, who has been Apple's head designer for six years, is doing with computers what Smith does with clothes: finding relentless delight in bringing wit and beauty and innovation to every detail, turning ordinary consumers into devotees.

From their top secret studios in Cupertino, California, the thirty-five-year-old Ive and his talented crew have engineered the machinery of Apple's extraordinary surge from the brink: the gorgeous new iMac, the gorgeous original iMac, the iBook, and the iPod. Bold visions, to be sure (a flat screen that can move!), and the soft curves and juicy colors have influenced every aspect of the design world, from track shoes to ballpoint pens to barbecue grills. But the true key to Apple's brilliance is its fetishistic attendance to the fine points. Here, Ive reveals four of his favorites.

—TED ALLEN



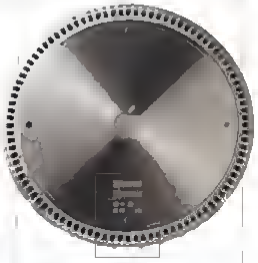
THE MONITOR CABLE Few aspects of computers are less elegant than the rat's nest of wires behind them. Ive's flat-screen monitors are connected to the CPU with a single cable that provides both power *and* the digital signal. "This was hard to do," says Ive. "But it makes setting up the system so much easier." Also, the braided wire inside the transparent exterior makes this the prettiest damn cable you'll ever see.



THE ADJUSTABLE MOUSE It can improve a Mac geek's quality of life hundreds of thousands of times a day, and most don't even know about it. On the underside of the Pro mouse that comes with the iMac and the G4, there is a ring that allows you to adjust the force required to make it click.



THE SLEEP INDICATOR Anybody else would have gone with a blinking light. Very machine-like, Ive notes, "and certainly addressing all the functional imperatives." But when he needed an external indicator for Apple's standby mode, he devised a more finicky behavior. The light pulses as if slowly drawing the gentle breaths of sleep.



THE ETCHED TRAPDOOR On the bottom of the new iMac is a trapdoor that an owner might open once or twice in the computer's lifetime—if he's installing extra memory, say. On most computers, such nether regions are plastered with bar-code stickers and FCC messages. Apple finds those tacky. Solution: All the data, including the serial number, is etched by laser in a 3-D font that approaches the beautiful.

OPPOSITE: PHOTOGRAPH BY SVEND LINDBAEK

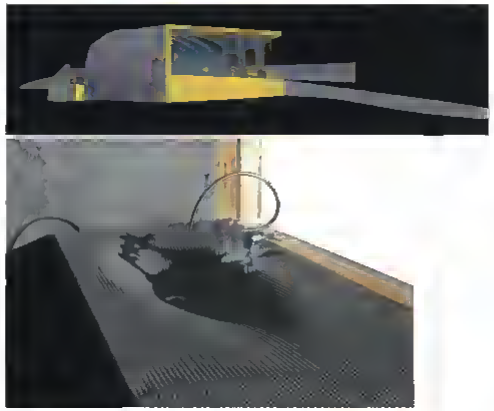


Yes, he creates amazing-looking structures. But he's also out to revolutionize the industry. If all goes according to plan, **William Massie** will be the Frank Gehry of prefab housing.

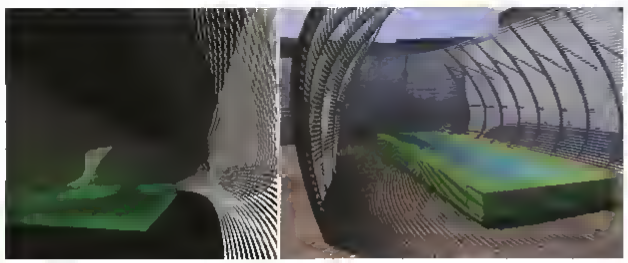
ILL MASSIE IS PART of a new generation of computer-jock designers who wield data the way older architects rolled pencils. And in Massie's hands, the results are astonishing: buildings with undulating roofs, flowing interiors, and surprising plays of light. But the shapes alone are not what set Bill Massie apart. His bona fide Big Idea is the way he *builds* his structures. The thirty-nine-year-old New York City resident has devised a new computer-driven building process that could finally make quality architecture affordable. A gorgeous house on every plot.

You see, the building industry relies on standardization to minimize costs. Architects, on the other hand, tailor each project to their clients' needs. Customization costs more than off-the-shelf. A lot more. The result: Architects design less than 10 percent of the houses in America, leaving most people to live in the cheaper, cookie-cutter world of suburbia.

Massie wants to change that. Call his system customized prefab housing. When Massie designs a house for you, he breaks it down into small chunks (like the sink pictured at right), many of which he manufactures *himself* on computer-driven laser cutting and milling machines. These parts—as few as six in the case of one small house—are then delivered to the site for the contractor to fit together like a giant puzzle. This direct connection between architect and building is something the profession has never had. No guesswork, less time. You save bucks with Massie's cheap manufacturing process and the reduction in labor—but you still get a unique home. Massie built the Big Sky house in Montana (see opposite page) for about $200,000 total—a bargain. "We can't yet compete with the price of the ordinary," says Massie. "But we've lowered the price on the extraordinary." Here, a closer look at some of his projects. —REED KROLOFF



THE BIG BELT HOUSE AND THE CONCRETE SINK This sink is no Home Depot special. Massie used a computer numerically-controlled, or CNC, milling machine to carve a precise mold of the sink out of Styrofoem, into which he poured concrete. After the concrete hardened, the mold was broken away, leaving the form you see here. The sink was then delivered to Massie's Big Belt house in Meagher County, Montana, and installed. Oh, yeah: the price for this sensuous, one-of-a-kind piece of kitchen sculpture? About forty dollars. The house itself is also notable. Massie designed it to fit naturally into the landscape—in his words, to create a "visual rhyme" of the topography.



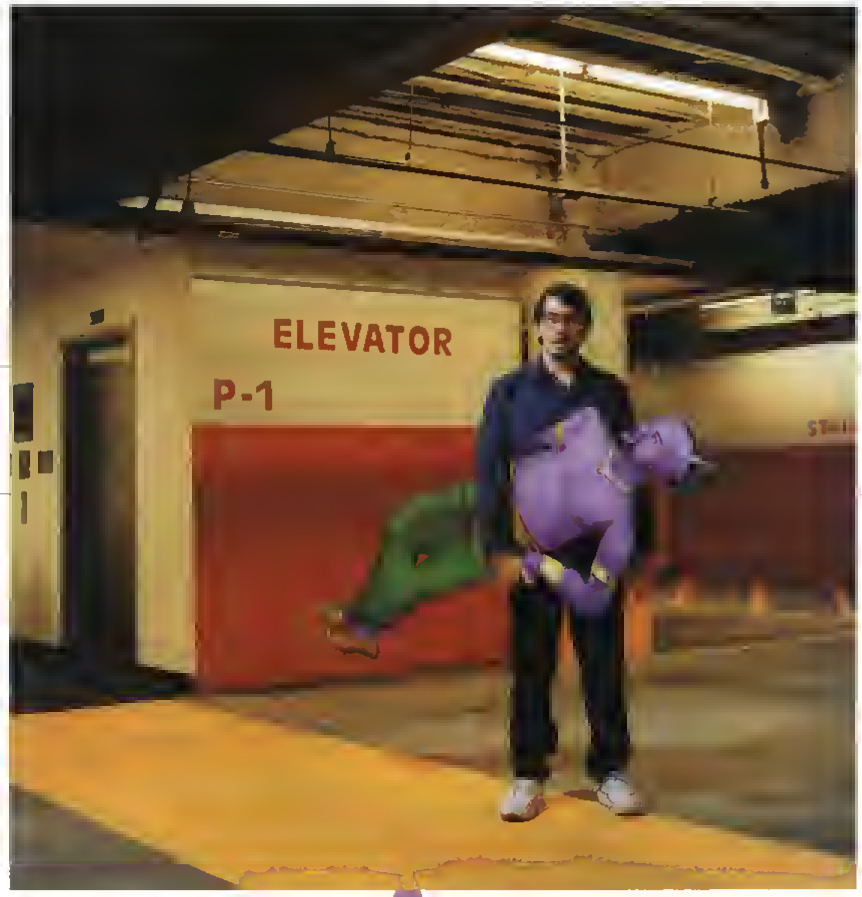
THE URBAN BEACH When was the last time you went to an art museum in your bathing suit? When the Museum of Modern Art/P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center in Queens, New York, designated Massie its third annual Young Architect last summer, he created this temporary "urban beach" in the entry courtyard. The steel ribs were laser-cut directly from Massie's computer instructions, then delivered to the site on a truck and assembled with the swirling "waves" of PVC pipe in a couple of days. The piping transformed the concrete-framed court into a lively pattern of light and shadow. And people really did swim in the three pools.







THE BIG SKY HOUSE The point of a stable house foundation is that it doesn't move. But Massie wanted to be able to maneuver his Big Sky house into precisely the right spot so it would appear to terminate the rural highway along which it sits. So he cut and assembled the foundation's plywood framework full size in his shop, then delivered it to the construction site and made the proper adjustments before pouring the concrete. The metal-clad exclamation point near White Sulphur Springs, Montana, is visible for miles along the lonely roadway: a silvery signpost set against the tawny grasses of the landscape. The computer rendering shows the cocoonlike interior.



[ ]

First, **Will Wright** reinvented computer games with The Sims. Now he's about to reinvent the world.

BY TED C. FISHMAN

AND WILL WRIGHT CREATED MAN "The first thing to do is make a Sim," he says at his computer terminal, scrolling through options for sex, skin color, and clothes. He bypasses togas, a Napoleon costume, and a few animal heads. His double is dressed techno prep: straight-cut jeans, a khaki shirt, and a solid mound of pink hair. And Will Wright saw that it was good.

It is one week before The Sims Online—Wright's new massive multiplayer online game—heads into its first large public test. Despite mounting pressure to deliver the still unfinished game on time, Wright, forty-one, greets his endless petitioners patiently. A few minutes ago, a test supervisor stopped in Wright's doorway to puzzle through how many simoleons, the Sim currency new players should have: five hundred or fifty thousand. It is not a trivial point. The amount influences how willingly the Sim characters will pool their resources with others or go it alone. The online world can stand a few loners, oddballs, and show-offs. Wright believes miscreants provide much of the glue for society; they give everyone else something to talk about. The tester was inclined to go with the high number to speed up the trial run. Wright, who has the rhythm of the game in his head, set the stake at thirty-five hundred simoleons: enough to move the test along quickly but not kill cooperation.

Wright brings up the map of one of several large landscapes Sims can settle in. It is a fully coastal expanse with islands and inlets. Commercial life in this world will usually begin with some home-based business. Build a house so beautiful that other Sims want to see it and you can collect simoleons every time someone enters. Or buy a pizza oven or turn your house into a bingo parlor. Wright settles on a choice waterfront lot in the hope that his land will appreciate as more people build near it. "A real estate market is going to develop and some people are going to make their living in the game speculating."

> Players can chat using the game's built-in instant messaging. Eventually, they might tender advice or Sim sex for a real fee, disbursed instantly, perhaps, over PayPal



Wright has spent the last decade conjuring a new world from the void of a blank screen. More than ten million players already experience his world at their computers. They encounter it one at a time, creating their own virtual people, buildings and cities. The point of the various versions of the games is to keep the people well fed and the cities viable. (Alternatively, you can fashion the world to foul spectacularly.) This fall, with the launch of The Sims Online, Wright's world goes social for real. Sims Online requires whole hordes of players, embodied by the cartoon stand-ins they've designed. You can remake yourself into anything you want, from mousy librarian to alien pizza jock.

Massively multiplayer online games are nothing new. A few fantasy games attract hardcore players to domains of dragons and warlocks. The Sims Online will be the first where success can be measured by the happiness of other people. The game is designed to bring players together to meet, love, quarrel, and poach one another's friends. It will be, in short, a kind of massive sociological experiment, the only game that re-creates society. (Sociologists have already asked to monitor the game's metrics.) And because players relax their real-life inhibitions, The Sims Online will also be the first game with a wildly unpredictable future. Maxis, Wright's game studio, expects up to one million people to buy the fifty-dollar game and pay ten dollars a month to keep playing it. Neither Wright nor the hundred other people working on the game know how such a mob will behave online. Ask its creator what The Sims Online will look like after a year and he smiles and shakes his head. "I have no idea."

Despite his week-old beard, buggy-screen-worn eyes, greasy aviator glasses, and tired hair, Wright is calm, quiet, meticulous. His desk and shelves are decorated with the miniature flying machines and bugs he assembles. There's also a giant case of Zoob, the plastic erector set inspired by the balls and sockets of bones. "The imagination is a modeling system," he says. "It is constantly modeling hypotheticals all around us." In Wright's world, models build on models ad infinitum.

The current piles of books in his office make the point. He's concurrently plowing through a history of theories of the mind, a treatise on the varied shapes of cities, another on the design of golf courses, a thick volume on how humans visually represent data (i.e., with maps), and a study of the social lives of ants. There are also volumes on one of Wright's core interests, utopian cities. "I am very interested in world's fairs and the Disney corporation," he says. "They combined the building of model communities with entertainment." Pride of place, however, goes to an advance copy of *The Nature of Order: The Phenomenon of Life*, by Christopher Alexander, the nearly mythic Berkeley architecture sage who famously declared that buildings ought to be designed not by aloof architects and their antihuman theories but by the people who use them. It was an earlier volume of Alexander's, *A Pattern Language*, that informed how Wright turned simulations into a new form of entertainment.

He made cities first. In 1989, he and a partner launched Maxis to market Wright's first simulation, SimCity. The game, now about to appear in its fourth edition, lets players act as mayor, city planner, architect, and sanitary engineer of a toy metropolis. It was the first in a long line of Wright games that were highly strategic but offered no real way to win. Playing one is less like chess or bridge than like futzing with model trains or dollhouses.

Letting players build their own cities made SimCity a best-seller. Letting them manage their own families made its successor, The Sims, a worldwide phenomenon. This year, The Sims moved past longtime sales champ Myst to become the best-selling game for PCs ever. Players don't just run lives and design households, they project entire social narratives onto the action. Cruise fan sites of The Sims on the Web and you'll find an endless number of users sharing their ideas for houses and people.

Wright fully expects that The Sims Online will reach out far more deeply to the real world. He predicts players' pretend businesses will sometimes grow into real ones with, for example, the Sims hawking merchandise their flesh-and-blood masters are selling on eBay. All that's needed is for a Sim to post a Web link. Unlike the characters in the offline version of The Sims, online characters can chat in any language, using the game's built-in instant messaging. Players might tender advice or Sim sex—in whatever form that comes to be—for a real fee, disbursed instantly perhaps over PayPal. McDonald's and Intel have already bet that the Sim world is ripe for real-world commerce. They have spent millions to place their products in the game for Sims to use.

Back at his computer, Wright begins to build his house. "I want three rooms, apple trees," he says, "and flamingos in the yard." He adds birdsong around his house, giving himself a personal soundtrack. He continues to lay in detail, building his own patch of ground in the universe he has created. Before his pink-haired boy can find friends and begin to make his way in the world, however, Wright is interrupted by another appointment. But that is the truth of this game. It is a world that will carry on, even when its creator has to turn away.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRYCE DUFFY

[THE CHEF]

You want comfort food? **Paul Liebrandt** is not your man. You want America's most challenging, daring cuisine, give him a call. And bring a blindfold.



THE INGREDIENTS—lime blossoms from Nice; hen from Spain; pig fed exclusively on acorns—are odd enough. The fusion of these ingredients—veal with watermelon; scallops with chocolate—is still more peculiar. But that's not even the end of it. That's not even to mention the bizarre ways chef Pani Liebrandt's bizarre food has been served. Diners have been blindfolded, fed dessert soup through the nipple of a baby bottle, ushered into a smoke-filled room to peel jelly from the back of a naked woman. Half of them didn't even realize it was a real woman until one guy poked her bum. "He says.

These days Liebrandt—a twenty-six-year-old Brit transplanted to New York—has renounced the flashier Bufuel-fan performance art. But it's still a good glimpse into his technique. He toys with stimuli, taste, and texture to create new responses to food. Sometimes his dishes are great; sometimes you'd rather eat nails. But his food is always fascinating and daring.

Liebrandt first turned heads at New York's Midtown standout Atlas, where he became a three-star chef at twenty-four years old, before moving downtown to Papillon. He recently left Papillon and will open his own place in New York next year, but until then, try this, the perfect dish for esquire men, he says. The Dover sole is a manly fish, yet elegant and stylish, the Sean Connery of fishes. —MATT CLAUS

Dover Sole with Vanilla and Black Truffle

By Paul Liebrandt

24 oz Dover sole (depending on size, either 2 small fillets or 1 large fillet)
2 cups duck fat
salt and pepper
2 tbsp sherry vinegar
1/4 cup truffle juice
2 tbsp heavy cream
1 vanilla bean
1 oz black truffles, chopped
2 tbsp chives, chopped
3 oz black truffles, sliced

» *Dice the sole into very small pieces. Warm the duck fat in a pan to 145 degrees, then add the sole. Turn off the heat, but let sit in the hot fat for 10 to 12 minutes. Then remove sole from duck fat and let sit on a paper towel to drain off excess fat. Keep warm and season with salt and pepper. Set aside.*

» *In a small pan on medium heat, reduce sherry vinegar and truffle juice by one third; add cream, and reduce to a coating consistency. Split vanilla bean and scrape out vanilla. Add vanilla and chopped truffles. Let sit off heat for 4 minutes to infuse flavor, then add chives.*

» *Arrange sole in the center of a large warm plate. Drizzle the sauce over and around the fish. Lay the black truffle slices on top. Serves 4*



[THE IMPRESARIOS]

There's a 43 percent chance you're listening to a song from the **Neptunes** right now. The pair produces everyone from No Doubt to Mary J. Blige—and makes them sparkle.

INTERVIEW NUMBER ONE with Pharrell Williams of ace pop-and-rap production duo the Neptunes is canceled because he is having a house party. Interview two lasts approximately ninety seconds, after which Williams says he has to go get some chicken and will call back from the road.

The return call comes two days later. This is interview three, and it lasts all of seventy-five seconds, ending with "Hold on one second" and a promise to call right back. Interview four is quite spectacular. "I want to do this fucking interview," he says. First question: "What are you working on right now?" First answer: "Right now— hold on. —Can I call you right back?"

The truth is, in the time it takes to do an interview, Williams and his partner, Chad Hugo, both twenty-nine, could have created a number-one single. If it is a fact that at any moment four people are being born in the world, then at any moment at least four hundred thousand people are listening to a Neptunes production. Everything these two middle-class suburbanites from Virginia Beach produce (and often write) seems to turn to platinum. Scan the dial yourself. You'll hear their trademark beats whether your station plays rock (they produced No Doubt), pop ('N Sync, Britney Spears), hip-hop (Jay Z, Nelly), or R&B (Mary J. Blige, Janet Jackson). Which only makes sense, for they are the product of a channel-flipping culture themselves.

The charm and grace of their output is that it is not the messy kitchen sink of postmodernism but the sparkling, clean chrome kitchen of hip-hop futurism. Nearly every song carries the Neptunes' brand-name sound: a syncopated bouncing beat, seductive keyboard chord progressions, and an unforgettable yet oddball hook. It's a sound that comes from a remarkably broad swath of influences, among them Steely Dan, Steppenwolf, Afrika Bambaataa, Tears for Fears, Stevie Wonder, Ben Folds Five, and Stereolab, the British electronic-pop act that wrote a song that Williams, left, describes, in his fifth and final interview, as the best fellatio music ever. Why? "It's the fucking chord changes, man." —NEIL STRAUSS



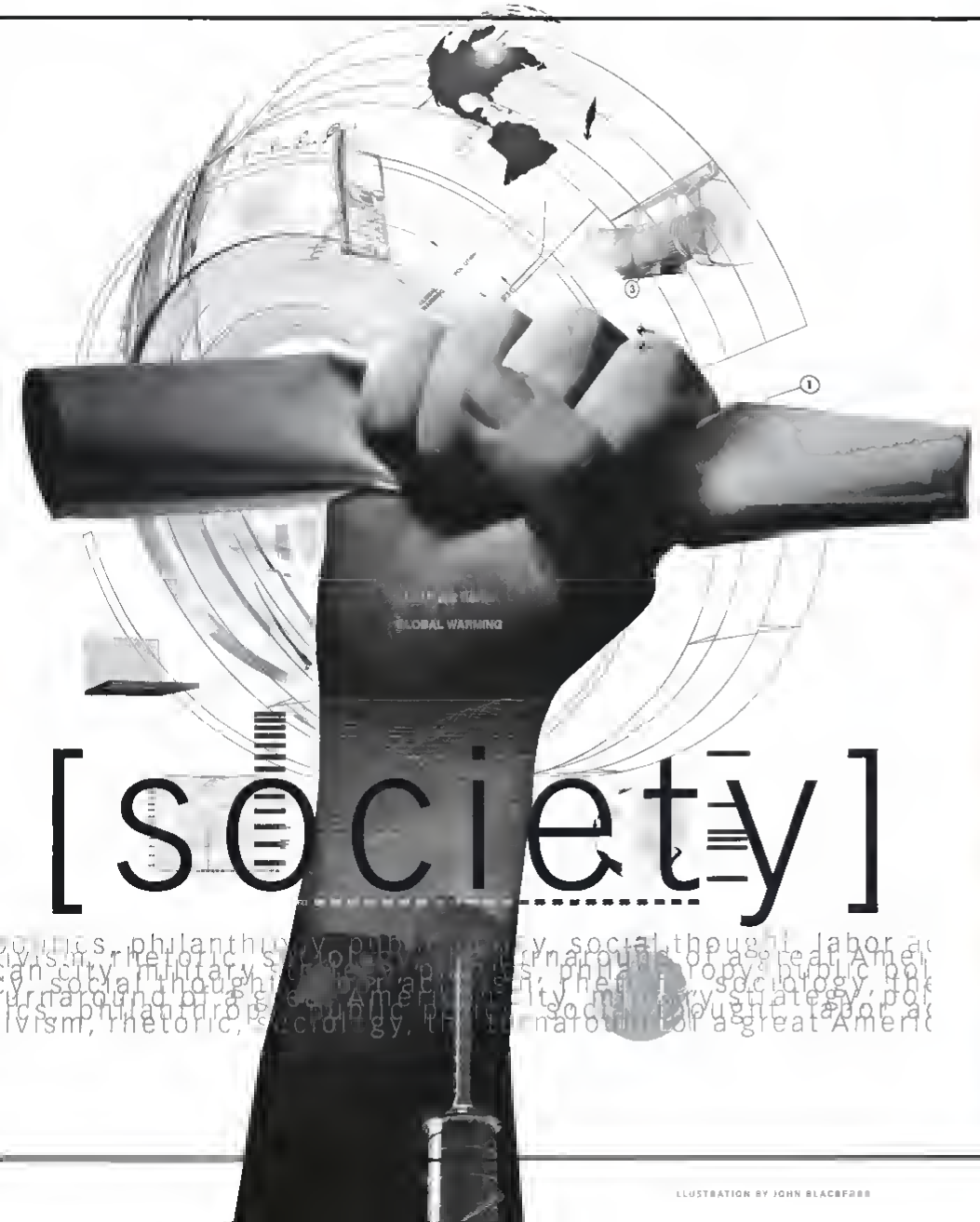
[THE BRITISH ACTOR]

SAMANTHA MORTON is an unlikely movie star. She lacks the long-stemmed, hollow-cheeked glamour that we tend to think of as standard equipment, and her downcast, almost timid presence belongs neither to the sex goddess nor to the girl next door. But partly by virtue of her physical oddness—that mixture of fragility and ferocity that flickers in her ever-widening eyes and ever-narrowing mouth—this young British actress commands the screen with an intimate authority that reminds you of Lillian Gish, Louise Brooks, and the other great, ghostly leading ladies of the silent era.

Which is no accident, since Morton has uttered fewer onscreen words than just about any other actress since the advent of sound. And nobody after Giulietta Masina (whose ageless, haunted-pixie mien foreshadows her own) can match Morton's ability to turn her plain, passive face into a theater of sometimes grand, sometimes ridiculous emotion. Morton, who was raised in foster homes and left school at thirteen, plays characters who tend to be marginal—misfits, wastrels, outright freaks—but she endows each one with a heartbreaking, comical humanity as well as dogged, uncompromising toughness. As the mute, music-loving laundress in Woody Allen's *Sweet and Lowdown*, a role that earned her an Oscar nomination for best supporting actress, she incarnated a character whose purpose in life was to be taken for granted. The quick, subtle shadows of delight, vexation, and sorrow that flickered across her vast brow and tiny chin turned the movie from a study in (and perhaps also an example of) male creative narcissism into an exquisite drama of need, devotion, and betrayal. In *Jesus' Son*, opposite Billy Crudup, she accomplished a similar feat, transforming a cipher into a life force. Last summer, with shaved head, fingernail-scratched pallor, and cancer eyes, like a vulnerable android out of Japanese anime, she showed up as Agatha, the Precog in Steven Spielberg's dystopian *Minority Report*, who guided Tom Cruise to safety through the terrors of a futuristic shopping mall.

Each of these characters served, willingly or not, as a kind of muse for a troubled, self-obsessed male hero. Next year, at long last, the muse is taking her revenge, and Morton, at twenty-five, is assuming her rightful place as a leading actress, playing an immigrant mother in Jim Sheridan's *In America* and, most remarkable, the title character in Lynne Ramsay's grimly visionary *Morvern Callar*. Morvern, inarticulate almost to the point of muteness, lives in an apartment in Scotland with her boyfriend, a writer whose suicide note instructs her to send his first novel off to the publisher. Morvern dutifully complies, but substitutes her name for his on the title page, an act of theft, artistic appropriation, and self-invention that seems like the perfect metaphor for the career of an actress who, guilelessly and quietly, has stolen every movie she's been in. —A. O. SCOTT

PHOTOGRAPH BY GILES DULEY



[society]

politics, philanthropy, public policy, social thought, labor activism, rhetoric, sociology, the transnational, a great American

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN BLACKFORD

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[THE DOCTOR]



BILL FRIST

Only 10 percent of premed students get into the top medical schools. Only the top 10 percent of medical students get into the best surgical programs. Only the very best of those get to be chief resident. Only the very best chief residents perform heart surgery. Only the very best heart surgeons perform transplants. Only a tiny percentage of those are heart-lung transplant surgeons. Only one of those has ever been elected to the United States Senate. His name is Bill Frist, and he is from Tennessee.

In addition to performing more than two hundred multiple-organ transplants, Frist—fifty books, runs marathons, travels to Sudan every year to care for the poor, and is considered a leading contender for the Republican presidential nomination in 2008. Regular contributor **Paul Begala** *interviewed him.*

BEGALA: You were student body president in high school and quarterback of the football team and piloting an all-plane at sixteen, and you're a heart-lung transplant surgeon and a multimillionaire and a United States senator. When's the last time you failed?

FRIST: *Uhhh . . . uhhh . . .* I fail a lot, personally. And in forty days [when the elections occur—he chairs the National Republican Senatorial Committee] we'll see if I've failed. Medicare reform—I can't get traction on that. My efforts with HIV/AIDS globally: my inability yet to do something about that. Twenty-five million people have died. It's going to be seventy-five million for every one person who's died in the last twenty years there's going to be three in the next twenty years. To in some way diminish that is the goal, and I haven't been very effective yet. So I lose all the time. It's just—

BEGALA: But as opposed to President Reagan, who ran for president and lost, or President Bush, who had three failed businesses, or President Clinton, who ran for Congress and lost. These are men of massive accomplishments who could also point to massive failures and say, "I learned a lot."

FRIST: You've got a six-day-old baby and you put a heart in him and he doesn't live—that's failure to me. Everything else is sort of put in perspective. To lose an election, which is tragic for most people around here, doesn't mean very much compared to what I've seen.

BEGALA: Why do you go to Africa?

FRIST: You're on a continent that most people have given up on, with people who are misunderstood. We started a hospital in southern Sudan. There hadn't been one there in sixteen years. Now we're seeing thirty thousand people a year.

BEGALA: What does it feel like to stop a human heart?

FRIST: The stopping of it, which is what I did routinely when doing the regular bypass operation or coronary bypass or a valve replacement, that's not that big a deal. The more dramatic thing is the heart transplant, where you stop the heart and take what people regard as the seat and the soul of life outside of the body. Then you take another heart, and it's sitting in a bucket like a piece of meat, and you put it in somebody. As you warm up the blood in the body—all of a sudden it starts like that [*he holds a gently quivering right hand before his face*] and then *bang!* It just starts beating.

BEGALA: When was the last time you were scared?

FRIST: Oh, I get scared all the time. When I did my first heart-lung transplant, I had a woman on the operating table—and from here to here [*he gestures from the top of his chest to his stomach*]. I took everything out. There was just this huge, empty cavity there—nothing else. And for a minute I said to myself, *What is going on?* And then I got back to work.

BEGALA: You've had as interesting a career as a man could have. Why leave it all to come to Washington and listen to Jesse Helms give speeches about gays or Chuck Schumer give speeches about guns?

FRIST: It's for the big things. Here I can take on big things like HIV/AIDS—which nobody else can touch. You can pull together Jesse Helms with the pharmaceutical people and the Kerrys and the Kennedys and Bono and work with international leaders. And also bring in the president of the United States. If you can pull all that together with the very best scientists in the world, you can lick it. Now, how many people can do that? Can Senator Kennedy? He's been at this a lot longer than I have—but he can't pull all those groups together. Can anybody in the administration? Can the pharmaceutical companies? No. Can Jesse? No.

BEGALA: That's the same thought process that every one I've ever known who's run for president goes through. So when you ask who should succeed Bush, my guess is he'd like to see his brother Jeb, but that's not very likely. And you look around and there are a lot of impressive people in your party, but I don't think they have the same skill and ability you have.

FRIST: It's interesting. I sincerely don't have a goal to progress in politics. Most senators do. It's really not a hidden dream of mine to be president.



IMPATIENT EXACTING efficient, even obsessed: In three years O'Malley has brought back parts of his city thought lost for good

[THE POL]

A generation ago, saving the cities was thought to be an impossible task. Just try telling that to Baltimore's **Martin O'Malley,** the best young mayor in America.

BY ROBERT KURSON

A TELEVISION COMMERCIAL played in Baltimore this spring. It aired before the sitcoms, when most viewers wanted to relax. It showed a young girl with braided hair, her eyes open, lying dead in a Baltimore street. It showed a junkie shooting heroin in a Baltimore alley. It showed idle gangbangers, boarded-up row homes, grade-schoolers buying cocaine, filthy apartments with no front doors, prostitutes accepting fees—all in Baltimore. Nearly every face in every scene was black. The commercial was the idea of the mayor of Baltimore, a white man. His office raised the money for it. At the end, a single word appeared onscreen. It said, BELIEVE.

WHAT'S THE RUSH, MARTIN?

Martin O'Malley needs it done now. The mayor of Baltimore is thirty-nine years old and already he's out of time, even with his handsome looks and beautiful blond wife and the whispers in his ear that he can be president, that he can be anything, if only he gives it time. It's 7:00 A.M. on a Wednesday and there is no time. The mayor's Ford Expedition has just left his modest home, and already O'Malley's race is on: check the BlackBerry; check the murder numbers, check the heroin stats, remember the location of that pothole—where's my notepad?—update the syphilis stats, check the BlackBerry—"One of our cops shot a dog last night"—check the ER admissions, we can't just sit around, all this matters, check the lights and the sewers and the urine in the park and the mattress dumped in that alley, check it all, the murders and the litter, the overdoses and the swing sets, because we're late, we started late and all this is connected and lives hang in the balance and we're late.

BlackBerry memo: *From O'Malley, Martin, to Gilbert, Charline. A number of carryout liquor stores at highland and e baltimore streets. It's a mayor's corner. Would you ask Dale Thompson at dpw to hit them hard and consistently for a while with citations. Every time I drive by, their sidewalks are filthy, their gutters are filthy. Hit them hard, tell them it is personal and tell them I'm gonna be all over their ass until they keep their places of business clean.*

The mayor's car passes near the block where a ten-year-old African-American boy was recently shot in the face and neck. The suspect—the bastard—made bail and was back on these streets two days later.

Baltimore's business leaders asked O'Malley about that commercial with the dead girl lying in the street. They know it's part of the mayor's "Believe" campaign, an appeal to every Baltimorean to do his part to save the city because government can't do it alone. Many of them aren't buying it. Why show such negative images of the city, Mr. Mayor? You're doing a great job. You're saving Baltimore. What's the rush, Martin?

O'Malley called these men together. They sat around a big table. No TV cameras. No reporters. No record. O'Malley might have been the youngest guy in the room. He is normally a calm, centered man. People are soothed in his presence. The vein in his forehead popped out. "It's goddamn unacceptable that you guys sit around here, make your money here, then go home to your suburbs and don't give a shit about these kids, our kids, who are dying. . . ."



No one speaks to business guys this way. Mayors need business guys. And what does he mean, "our kids"?

"Gentlemen, it's this simple. When a ten-year-old is shot in the face and we all shrug it off as casually as we would a squirrel getting run over at rush hour, I should not be the only goddamn person in this city who gives a damn when the suspect is back on that same goddamn street in forty-eight hours! I'm in a battle here to save the city. I need you beyond money. I need you involved. Why are you guys not buying into this Believe campaign? You gotta start believing."

You gotta start believing. Savvy men laugh at such platitudes. No one laughed in this room. The citizens of Baltimore, the ones in the streets, watched that commercial, and none of them laughed, either. Then something unusual happened in Baltimore, a city where a lot of unusual things are happening lately. The men in the room rose and gave O'Malley a standing ovation.

A SECOND COMMERCIAL. This one aired a few weeks after the first. It showed many of the same terrible Baltimore images. This time, though, a message appeared onscreen. It said, "Don't give up. 1-866-BELIEVE."

FROM 1988 TO 1999, Baltimore became just about the deadliest city in America—more than three hundred corpses a year for a decade running. Baltimore, Murderland. It led in drug addiction, violent crime, juvenile homicide, heroin, cocaine, syphilis. Presiding over the carnage was three-term mayor Kurt Schmoke, a compassionate African-American Harvard Law grad who was among the nation's first to champion the idea that drugs and drug crimes be treated as health issues. On paper, where Schmoke lived and excelled, the theory held great promise. On Baltimore's

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL EDWARDS

streets, police found their hands tied. Neighbors stopped calling 911. Television made murder shows about Baltimore.

It might have worked with a typhoon as mayor, someone who would have stormed Annapolis and snorted and spittled into legislators' faces until they coughed up drug-treatment dollars. That wasn't Schmoke. A man of the mind, he could conceive investment potential in rat-infested waterfront parcels. But his fingertips were numb. He had little sense of operations, of the texture of city government. He was averse to the give-and-take of the Department of Public Works, uninterested in how crews collect trash or cut grass. In a dying city, you need a guy like that, a Daley who lives the whole package, who yells and cheerleads and shitlists you and forgives you, who treats everything as job one. As the Schmoke era wore on, almost nothing ranked as urgent.

Schmoke opted against a fourth term. Sixteen candidates leaped onto the Democratic ballot, a scale carnival of the city's anarchy. The two favorites were well-heeled African-American men with power bases in Baltimore's black neighborhoods. Then a seventeenth entered the race. That man was Martin O'Malley, lily-white city councilman, electric guitarist and front man for a local Irish rock band, O'Malley's March, native of tony Bethesda, and graduate of fancy private schools—a man with a gentle voice and a settled center and a "nice way," as they say in Baltimore. O'Malley knew that the city was about to break, that it needed to be saved now; kids were dying that sell four-dollar honeydews if they think their customers will be shot walking them home.

Hang on, the Blackberry's buzzing. New homicide stats: Baltimore has fourteen fewer murders this August than last. Good, good, it's progress. That's fourteen mothers who aren't burying children this year. The mayor's thumb flies over the Blackberry in search of more numbers, he always needs more numbers from this thing, this toy that tells him whether his city will live or die. Wait, let's not go into the grocery yet. Okay, Baltimore now fifth in the nation in heroin, down from first two years ago. Yes, he's obsessed with these numbers. What's the rush, Martin? The rush is these numbers. He told Baltimore that everything was connected, that it all started at murder and drugs, and he believed it when he said it—you can tell by the way he clutches the Blackberry in two hands when a child could hold it in one.

The mayor enters the grocery to a loud ovation. His approval rating hovers around 80 percent, so the welcome is no surprise. They want him over by a yard-long loaf of bread to make the ceremonial first cut. In his wake, two college-age women gush, "He's gorgeous." A man in a giant cow suit moos and puts his arm around the mayor. O'Malley mugs for the camera and whispers to the cow, "Stay away from the butcher counter." Children touch him and say, "Hi, Mayor," and he replies, "Hi, I'm Martin," and there is a calm and plainness in the way he says it, all he seems to mean is "I'm Martin."

> Days into his term, the *Sun* called O'Malley a "playground bully." He replied: "Your editorial was unkind . . . and untrue. Furthermore, my mother says that none of you can come over anymore, and I'm not to go near you at recess."

Baltimore needed a rush job, the biggest rush job ever.

He became Johnny One-Note. Better law enforcement. He'd visited New York as a councilman and had seen Zero Tolerance and the Broken Windows Theory in action, and he told Baltimore that if they got tough on crime, people would come back to the city and there would be justice. Justice. Soon it was between him and the two African-American favorites. One candidate mailed flyers showing a photo of the L.A. cops beating Rodney King with the caption "Are you ready for Zero Tolerance?" On the inside was a photo of O'Malley's white face. O'Malley bit his tongue and stayed on message. At a black church, one of his opponents delivered an impassioned "We've got to stick together!" speech. O'Malley followed and implored them, "Don't let anyone tell you how to vote. Do what's best for your family. That's your right and responsibility as an American." He talked about crime. He talked about justice. Black faces, hopeless faces, nodded.

Almost no one endorsed O'Malley. Johnny One-Note kept talking. In September, O'Malley won the Democratic primary. He got a plurality of the black vote. Two months later, he won the mayoral race with a 91 percent mandate. At his inauguration, the dashing O'Malley stood alongside his lovely wife and three children, the youngest just two and running about the stage. From any angle, JFK had come to Baltimore. O'Malley took his oath. The rush was on.

THE FIRST OFFICIAL STOP today is a ribbon cutting at a gourmet grocery store. Since O'Malley took office three years ago, murders are down 20 percent. Groceries don't build stores.

O'Malley speaks of a grocery store as among the last remaining places where a community interacts. In voice, whether speaking publicly or observing Baltimore from his car or talking to a friend in his private office, he is soothing and confident, yet the faintest sadness dusts his speech. In this way, the mayor speaks as his beloved traditional Irish musicians sing: no matter the topic, no matter how lively the meter, something distant weighs on the mind of those who avail themselves of conscience.

Back in the Expedition. Next stop, a press conference to announce a major drug bust. O'Malley won't leave the vehicle until he studies the details, if he's gonna show, he's gonna know. State attorney Patricia Jessamy, an African-American woman who's been in office since the Schmoke era, will speak before the mayor.

If there is a person in Baltimore who embodies the old-line culture of excuses, who represents the momentum of a body long at rest, it is Jessamy. They still talk about O'Malley's blowout with her over a police-corruption case a couple years ago. O'Malley had pushed to weed out corrupt cops. A sting caught a white officer planting drugs on an African-American suspect. Jessamy filed charges against the cop. Some photos from the case went missing, a detail O'Malley thought could be explained at trial. Jessamy dropped the charges.

A reporter asked the mayor about her decision. The vein in O'Malley's forehead popped out.

"She doesn't even have the goddamn guts to get off her ass and go in and try this case, and I'm tired of it," he told the reporter, and therefore all of Baltimore. "If she doesn't have respect for the police, if she doesn't have respect for the people of this city, maybe she should get the hell out and let somebody else in who's not afraid to do the goddamn job.

"I talked to her before she dropped this case, begged her, pleaded with her, and tried to persuade her to go forward with this case. She said, 'No, too many red herrings.' I think the poor woman must have been attacked by red herrings when she was a child."

Oh, the newspapers had a field day with that one. A story in the *Sun* called O'Malley's comments "unconscionable" and suggested that he might be "too self-absorbed to recognize how his remarks might be received in a majority black city." But a funny thing happened after O'Malley went nuts on Jessamy. On his way to the airport to attend the Super Bowl, African-American men, at least a dozen of them, stopped the mayor and thanked him for what he'd said about Jessamy, a gesture O'Malley says he'll never forget.

Jessamy is now at the podium. O'Malley stands beside her, hands behind his back. She explains to television cameras about the importance of Operation Candy Shop. She catalogs the seized bounty: heroin, cocaine, empty capsules, the cutting agent mannite, cell phones. Then she adds, "This mannite, I, uh, understand, is also used as a baby laxative." O'Malley's lips purse at the non sequitur. The corners of his mouth quiver. He is engaged in a hellish battle to keep from laughing. When the cameras point elsewhere, he whispers to a detective standing near him, "Did you search the house for constipated babies?"

After the press conference, the mayor heads to the bathroom. Inside, he sees a black detective who helped break the case. Side-by-side, he tells the cop, "I really appreciate you doing this. They were so notorious. Thanks for doing this."

ANOTHER COMMERCIAL. The dead girl again. But the message is more optimistic. The narrator says: "For the strong ones, the brave ones, this fight is not over. What will it take to make a stand together and say, 'Enough'?" Then these words appear onscreen: "Call 1-866-BELIEVE to find out what you can do."

WHAT A SIGHT HE WAS those first months! Days into his term, O'Malley requested the resignation of a school-board member who had opposed his candidacy, despite the man's conciliatory request to stay aboard. The *Sun* called him a "playground bully." O'Malley replied with a handwritten note: "Your editorial of today's date was unkind, unwarranted, and untrue. Furthermore, my mother says that none of you can come over anymore, and I'm not to go near you at recess."

He hired a new police chief named Ron Daniel—an African-American and lifelong Baltimorean—to implement a version of New York's Comstat program, a statistics-based system for directing law enforcement to the city's most dangerous areas and for calling police to account for their progress. Straightaway, Daniel began bucking the plan, suddenly he believed it couldn't be done. O'Malley had two options: stick with Daniel and hope things improved, or request Daniel's resignation and promote Ed Norris, a white Irish Catholic O'Malley had recruited from Giuliani's New York. Staff shuddered at the racial implications of the latter choice. It had been only fifty-seven days. What's the rush, Martin?

"We were walking to City Hall, discussing the situation," says Michael Enright, O'Malley's chief of staff. "Martin said, 'We can't wait. People are dying.' And he just kept walking, past City Hall, across the plaza, into the police department, and sat down with Ron and said, 'This isn't working.' I mean, I knew he believed deeply that the program had to make an immediate, dramatic change. Still, I thought his decision would be more planned and formal. But Martin just kept walking."

The Norris confirmation was ugly and brutal. He and O'Malley spent days at churches and high schools in the city. Hundreds showed up, a few with legitimate questions, many more telling Norris, 'You sit like a racist,' or calling him a Nazi or drawing swastikas on photos of his face. O'Malley stuck with his man. At a Town Hall meeting, the two answered questions for hours, enduring the screaming, but not as whipping boys, the mayor telling people, "I let you talk. Now you let me talk. We're going to have a civil discussion here," and the meeting continued until 10:00 PM, 11:00 PM, and with each hour, the questions became less about race and more about the man, about saving lives, about justice. The local cable channel ran



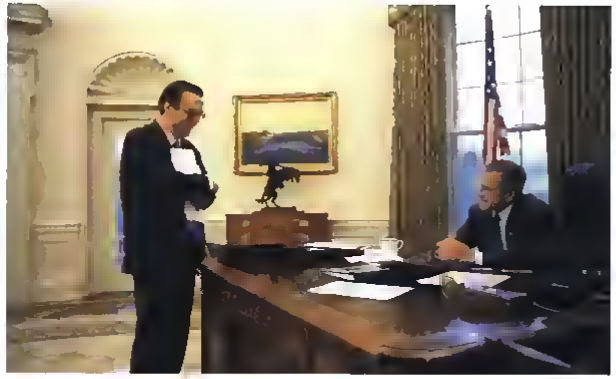
OCCASIONALLY EXCUSING himself from the business of Baltimore, O'Malley's little sidelight is an Irish rock band called O'Malley's March. It was a bandmate who urged him not to run for governor this year. "Baltimore is the tougher fight now," he said.

out of videotape. At 1:00 AM, the meeting ended, everyone exhausted but few angry anymore. The mayor got his confirmation. Norris went to work. Homicides dropped for the first time in anyone's memory.

O'Malley expanded the Comstat principle to every agency in Baltimore government—Parks, Water, Streets, and San—no bureaucrat was safe, and Baltimore began to work again. City workers had to answer to O'Malley and Enright right there on the sixth floor of City Hall. Not everyone appreciated the grilling. The Parks guy wouldn't play along. O'Malley fired him. When the overhead maps showed seven unproductive firehouses, O'Malley moved to close them. AFL-CIO president John Sweeney swooped into town. "I hope this is not a trend on the part of the city to ignore the needs of certain groups of citizens," he said. O'Malley wasn't biting his tongue anymore. "I don't know Mr. Sweeney, and he doesn't know me, but his primary goal is to protect union jobs, and my [*continued on page 194*]

[THE MESSAGE]

A literary gift and a historic moment make **Michael Gerson,** thirty-eight, the most important presidential speechwriter in forty years



IN THE OVAL OFFICE September 4 2002

SITTING IN HIS BASEMENT OFFICE in the West Wing, he is serious and earnest, with a kind face. He has ink on his fingers. He is shy and seems reluctant to draw attention to himself, but his passion for words gets him talking.

"Hearing from the president that we are in a war is a very sobering thing. Two of my favorite moments in American history are instances in which a single man, with the will and the words, saved the country.

"First, Lincoln in his Second Inaugural. Here you have a country where, after four years of bloody war, they were finally within striking distance of victory, and he could have declared victory, but instead he told both the North and South that this terrible trial for our country was the fault of the entire nation, this unconfronted sin of slavery that had been there from our founding. That's an extraordinary thing to say to a victorious country. He was trying to interpret and write history, not just respond to a moment. It was a heroic moment because it violated expectations and may not have been welcome at all.

"Then in 1933, FDR comes into office and you're looking at a country that has 30 percent or 40 percent unemployment, and people are talking about social unrest and revolution, and in his First Inaugural he speaks to the nation and he says, 'Our difficulties, thank God, concern only material things.' That's a bold and brave thing to say. It also completely violates expectations, it's not like a 'Feel your pain' kind of thing, but rather, you know, 'This is a good country—we should be happy for being here.' It was an expression of fundamental confidence in the country at a crucial time. These are two instances in which leaders got above the moment and, through words, connected the country to something larger and more permanent.

"I like the style of American rhetoric that you saw in the 1960s. Whether it was John Kennedy or Robert Kennedy or Martin Luther King, it's a style of language that is oriented toward interesting rhetorical constructions, so I have a lot of respect for Ted Sorensen and Adam Walinsky. That was in some ways the golden age of American political rhetoric. Now we don't follow that model—we have our own approach—but I have tremendous respect for people who take the words seriously. The president's style is a mix of very straightforward language with elements of elevation. And so at our best, when we have the tone and the moment to do that, that's the mix we strive for.

"I write first drafts on a legal pad and also edit on paper. Most of the work is not done on a computer screen—I don't like doing that. I pace. I go to Starbucks. Being around people makes it feel like it's not such a solitary experience.

"Usually I'm not in the hall. And that is not a statement about the president, it's a statement about me. I could not watch the convention speech, I couldn't be there for the Inaugural Address. My family was there. I baby-sat my kids. I get too nervous. I went to the president's West Point speech because I thought it was one of the most historic speeches we've ever delivered. It's given to few presidents in history to create strategic doctrines for our country in response to grave threats that will last for decades.

"Last September 11, I was in my car on the 395 coming from Alexandria, Virginia, and saw a plane really low, you know. I didn't see the impact, but I could see the windows of the airplane and thought, That plane's low, it's gonna crash. Then I saw the smoke. Traffic completely stopped. Everyone just got out of their cars. Looking at the terrible scene, I started writing some notes for [former White House adviser] Karen Hughes for the president's address that evening.

"Now, the September 20 speech was just different from any other because we had a day to do the draft. I've got four very good writers working for me. That was a high-energy experience. It was not a case where I could go back and look at what Woodrow Wilson had said when he declared war. We just had to go with what we had.

"Right now, I feel as if I'm being pulled along in this current, and it's an all-consuming, extraordinary experience, and you know from the first day that it's a very temporary one. It's not a career. But when you're most tired, another communications challenge comes up. Right now we need to communicate a real and growing danger to our country, and to do so in ways that are factual and serious and that don't fail.

"If you're talking life lessons, I've learned this from his example. The president sleeps at night, even in this moment of grave crisis, and I don't always. He does what he can. He's thorough and careful. He gets the best information he can, makes the best decisions he can, and trusts the result to God."

—INTERVIEWED BY MARK WARREN

The Big Idea: ASSET BUILDING



[By RAY BOSHARA] A novel solution to yawning inequality in America is on the horizon: widespread wealth creation. Usually alarms of gaping inequality are met with calls for boosting the minimum wage, the earned-income tax credit, and unions (all good ideas) or for redistributing wealth through higher taxes. But wealth creation has been a great idea for the U.S. historically, and now we just need to do it for the majority of Americans who have little or no wealth. And it is a majority: while 20 percent of Americans control 83 percent of the nation's wealth, 60 percent—a hands-down majority—own less than 5 percent.

A great place to start is at the beginning. At a cost of about $8 billion a year, every baby born in the U.S. gets a "start in life" deposit of $2,000. The interest-bearing lifetime account would be topped off at the completion of grade school and high school. This account—which would then be the centerpiece of further public and private contributions—would be restricted to economy-boosting assets such as college, a first home, a small business, or a nest egg for retirement. For the working poor we should expand "individual development accounts," matched savings accounts that already are starting to transform the lives of about twenty thousand people nationwide. And finally, our massive public and private retirement systems could be "democratized" and reoriented toward wealth accumulation through a combination of matches and refundable tax credits.

Thomas Jefferson argued that widespread property ownership was the basis of a sound democracy. He was right then, and his principle is right now, in ways he couldn't have imagined.

Boshara, forty-one, is the country's leading advocate of asset building, and a program director at the New America Foundation.

[THE BENEFACTOR]

Mellody Hobson, thirty-three, is a financier with a big dream: to teach the poor how to be rich, one classroom at a time

BY ROBERT KURSON



MELLODY HOBSON is young, rich, and beautiful. But she has this nightmare, and it's standing between her and a perfect life. Her nightmare is about being old and poor, about finding yourself at life's end without a dollar, which in America often means finding yourself without dignity. It won't happen to her personally; at thirty-three, she is president of Ariel Capital Management, a Chicago investment firm that manages more than $10 billion in assets. She has more money than you could count. But she's worried for the African-American community, her community. She's worried because her firm did surveys that show that black children don't hear about the stock market when they're growing up like their white counterparts do, which means black adults don't end up investing like whites do.

Hobson had to act. She and her firm created and funded the Ariel Community Academy, an inner-city public school on Chicago's south side. As part of the curriculum, they give $20,000 in real money to each first-grade class to invest. As the children get older, they take increasing responsibility for managing the money. They study mutual funds, stocks, REITs, everything, then buy and sell whatever they deem best for the portfolio. By sixth grade, the kids manage 25 percent of the portfolio, by eighth grade, they control it outright. "We're trying to socialize them to the texture and feel of investing," Hobson says. "Pretty soon it's dinner-table conversation, which is typically where investing is first learned."

At the end of eighth grade, students give the original $20,000 to the incoming first-grade class. They use the profits to make philanthropic donations and for academic scholarships. Hobson dreams that the program will catch on across the country. It's already starting. T. Rowe Price replicated the program in a Baltimore school. Hobson and Ariel pitched the blueprint to the Investment Company Institute, the big mutual-fund trade association. The bigwigs liked the sound of it.

The idea is to avoid the nightmare. "I speak to so many groups," Hobson says. "The saddest is the old person who has no retirement money and says, 'What can I do now?' An old African-American woman said to me, 'If I give you $1,000, how long before it's $1 million?' " Hobson says her dream is that every black baby receive mutual-fund shares from his parents at birth, that he grows up understanding the stock market and investing. "It sounds funny," she says, "but my dream is of seeing black grandmothers in their bathing suits at the beach, retired comfortably. My dream is that the beach is their option."

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM DUKE



ILLUSTRATION BY P. J. LOUGHRAN

[THE TECHNO PROPHET]



Every so often, an idea that has the power to change the world comes along. Vernor Vinge's idea, the Singularity, is nothing short of the end of life as we know it.

BY WALTER RUSSELL MEAD

IN 1865, the great science-fiction writer Jules Verne published *From the Earth to the Moon*, in which he described men being propelled into space in a "hollowed-out cannonball."

In 1945, the great science-fiction writer Arthur C. Clarke published a paper that years later became the basis for communication satellites.

In 1993, the great science-fiction writer Vernor Vinge delivered a paper in which he postulated that the era of human primacy on earth would soon come to an end and be followed by a "post-human future."

It was not Vinge's first prediction. In 1981, working as a mathematician at San Diego State University, he wrote a novella called *True Names*, in which he imagined a world laced with computer networks and described the nature and effect of the Internet long before it existed. Hackers, government security agents, corporate crime: Vinge predicted it all long ago.

As a voracious science-fiction reader, I had come across Vinge's fiction (he's a winner of the Hugo Award, the science-fiction equivalent of a Nobel prize) when I picked up a novel called *Marooned in Realtime*.

One of the most original science-fiction books in decades, it imagined a future in which virtually the entire human race disappeared inexplicably during something Vinge called "the Singularity." In science, a singularity means a place where space and time are so distorted that the ordinary laws of physics don't apply. The term is often used to describe black holes, those famous superdense collapsed stars in which matter is so tightly packed that nothing can escape. From outside the singularity, we can't get any information about what is happening inside because nothing—no light, no particle—can cross to bring us any news.

Vinge takes the concept of singularity out of astrophysics and brings it home to the twenty-first century, planet Earth. At a NASA conference in 1993, Vinge delivered a paper about an approaching historical singularity—a near future so different from today that we can understand nothing about it.

In Vinge's scenario, someday soon somebody will make a computer that has more processing power than the human brain. Very soon after that, the pace of machine evolution will explode. Why?

The hypercomputers of the future will be faster and better than human engineers at designing and building still faster computers. These computers will in turn replace themselves with even better models even more quickly, and so it goes.

At some point, Vinge argues, these supersmart computers will become self-aware. One or more will "awaken" and understand that it is a being with wants and needs of its own. Since it will be much smarter than people, it will quickly move to take over the world, spreading itself across the Internet and feeding on the knowledge and processing power it finds there.

We can't know much about what happens next because the rules will change. All our ideas now—about science, technology, economics, and politics—are based on the assumption that people run the world to suit themselves.

What happens if that is no longer true?

The transition time from human history to post-human singularity time, Vinge thinks, will be astonishingly short—maybe one hundred hours from the first moment of self-awareness to computer world conquest.

As I sit in Vinge's dingy office at San Diego State University, I have to fight off waves of incredulity. Here is this perfectly normal guy—at age fifty-eight, a typically perky and informal boomer tech guy—talking about what, for all practical purposes, is the end of the world.

How well will such a being treat us?

Vinge has doubts. "If you look at the way we treat animals," he says, "there's some reason for concern." Maybe they send us all to work in the plutonium mines; maybe we become meat puppets of the machine gods. Better scenarios are also possible. "Maybe they will actually like us and try to make us happy," he says. "Imagine a willing slave who is much smarter than you. An entity that could meet all your needs with 1 percent of its time, leaving the other 99 percent of its time for its own concerns."

I ask him if he sees any changes coming in the meantime. "Yes," he says. "The biggest one is the obsolescence of skills."

The what?

"Look at computer programming," Vinge says. "In the old days, anybody with even routine skills could get a job as a programmer. That isn't true anymore. The routine functions are increasingly being turned over to machines.

"As time goes on, there are fewer and fewer points where humans can work better or more efficiently than machines.

"Think of it as an island of competence," says Vinge, "with the water rising around it. The island gets smaller and smaller and finally disappears. As computers get better and better, it becomes impossible for us to contribute in a meaningful way."

In a recent Vinge novella, *Fast Times at Fairmont High*, the thirteen-year-old students are consumed by the need to learn how to learn. Skills become obsolete so fast that their only hope is to become experts at picking up and discarding challenging specializations from day to day. And the thirteen-year-olds are careful to stay away from the fifth graders; the younger kids are much more adaptable than the older kids. Ultimately, the pace of change is so fast that nobody can keep up—and the machines are running the show.

The transition time from human history to post-human singularity time, Vinge thinks, will be astonishingly short—maybe one hundred hours from the first moment of computer self-awareness to computer world conquest.

When Vinge first posited the singularity scenario in 1993, he predicted that we would reach the singularity sometime between 2004 and 2030. That's still his carefully hedged prediction. But, he cheerfully admits, there's a catch.

We could blow ourselves up first. Vinge has a scenario for that, too.

Building the first atom bomb took many years and cost a measurable fraction of the defense budget of the richest and most powerful country in the world for just a few prototypes. Now almost any miserable adulteress-stoning, thief-mutilating fourth-rate country in the Third World can build a nuclear arsenal without dipping into the Swiss bank accounts of its leaders.

And, if the world lasts that long, by 2102 high school science students will get homework assignments involving experiments that Nobel-prize winners couldn't carry out today; biology graduate students could design plagues that could wipe out whole continents. They will be able to buy the raw materials at a pharmacy for less than the price of a Broadway show.

Vinge doesn't think that's where we are headed, however. Long before you face such an abyss, the computers take over and change the rules of the game. Computers, after all, aren't stupid, when they rule the planet, designer plagues simply will not be available at pharmacies. Saved by the singularity.

It all sounds like, well, science fiction, [continued on page 191]



HOROWITZ, a former labor attorney, at the office of Working Today in Brooklyn, New York, the organization she founded in 1995

The Big Idea: INSURANCE FOR EVERYONE



The first thing you need to know about **SARA HOROWITZ** is that she loves insurance. She loves the philosophy of it. Life is constant risk; distribute that risk so that no one will ever be too exposed. And she has a beautifully obvious idea. ¶ One third of our country's workers now classify themselves as freelancers or independent contractors, and in a climate of drastic downsizing that percentage will likely grow. No longer attached to a corporation, millions of these workers will have no health insurance. Inattention in Washington and the leaden orthodoxies of a stuck-in-the-past insurance industry deepen the crisis. So last September Horowitz, thirty-nine, who is president of Working Today, a New York–based group that studies the workforce of the future, launched the Portable Benefits Network, which for the first time on a large scale takes the place of a corporate benefits manager, allowing workers to obtain health care through reliable associations—unions, guilds—conceivably even neighborhood organizations. Then she began negotiating with insurance companies getting the best deals and the best coverage for the new risk pool that she was creating. Soon she will insure fifteen thousand people in New York City. Within two years her model will begin to be available nationally to freelancers of all professions. ¶ If one model is successful, others will replicate it, she says. Once the infrastructure is there, it's up to local leaders to use their imaginations. The p[illegible]ish[illegible]. ¶ She [illegible] once she says.

—BRYAN MEALER

[THE [illegible]]



On Americanism: envisioning a post-minority country

By Gregory Rodriguez

THE SEVEN MILLION Americans—half of whom are under eighteen years of age—who were listed by the Census Bureau this year as coming from "multiple racial backgrounds" herald the beginning of the end of multiculturalism in the United States.

Multiculturalism, the ideology that promotes the permanent coexistence of separate but equal cultures, gained currency a generation ago. On the one hand, it was a necessary corrective that encouraged Americans to acknowledge non-European contributions to the nation's cultural heritage. On the other, it has become a remedial lens through which to envision the emergence of America's racially mixed future.

The Census Bureau's official recognition of hybridity has not only muddled the statistical portrait of the nation; it has also undermined the popular belief that race and culture can be reduced to permanent and mutually exclusive categories. Racial data in the United States now resemble religion statistics in Japan, where 220 million souls are counted as members of various faiths even though there are 124 million people in the country.

Given that multiracial Americans tend to be young demographers expect their ranks to grow quickly over the next few decades. One hundred years from now, single-ancestry Americans will still predominate, but contemporary ethnic and racial categories will have much less meaning.

America's first family portrait of the twenty-first century is forcing us to reenvision our nation as a melting pot. No, not the old tin pan that once restricted the entry of nonwhites but a generous cauldron that mixes races as well as ethnicities

Rodriguez, thirty-six, is a senior fellow at the New America Foundation. He is at work on a book for Pantheon on how Mexican immigration will change the way America views race.

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM DUKE

[THE YOUNG AMERICAN]

Americans tend to think of American values as natural and inevitable. The time could not be more crucial for us to understand how this affects the psyches of the world.

By Jedediah Purdy

I WAS IN A TGI FRIDAY'S in Cairo last October, sharing dessert with a group of stylish young Egyptian women, when one of them flipped open her cell phone to show me this text message:

SATURDAY NIGHT DANCE PARTY
BOMB IN WORLD TRADE CENTER
DI OSAMA BIN LADEN
FLY-IN COURTESY OF AMERICAN AIRLINES

My companions, two lawyers and a medical student, laughed with delight, the sounds blending with American pop music and the wind from the Nile.

In the months after September 11 I found these paradoxes around the world. Westernized Egyptian party girls who consider Osama bin Laden a hero; an environmental activist in Indonesia who admires McKinsey consultants and Afghan jihadis; a Hindu nationalist in India who called America a corrupt cultural wasteland and then told me wistfully, "The world is waiting to become you."

I concluded that America sits at the center of a world of passions that we cannot control and hardly understand. We have become the global icon of modernity: the aim of ambitions and appetites everywhere. Wealth, security, prestige, power: are all America. We are every imperial capital the world has known: a Rome of power, a London of commerce, and a Paris of culture. Yet our empire is a new kind: governed more by seduction than by force and mostly invisible to us who live at its center.

We are a lightning rod for anger everywhere, whether or not its origins have anything to do with us. Life in the frenetic cities and new slums of poor countries—even more than life anywhere else—is full of small humiliations, confusions, and defeats. People take comfort from big stories about the lost greatness of their race, religion, or nation and find dignity in the false promise that political violence can restore that greatness. America plays the villain in stories we did not help to write because we stand for the modernity that inspires both eager hope and bitter resentment—often within the same divided soul.

We are not cut out for this role. Americans tend to see our values as natural: we think that, while being French is an affectation, Russian a perversion, and Salvadoran a deprivation, being American is no more or less than being human. We expect people to jump at the chance to become just like us. From Afghan women lining up at beauty salons to Chinese immigrant entrepreneurs voting Republican in a few decades: We think of the people who hate us as medieval rather than the up-to-date warriors they are, educated fanatics with recruitment videos modeled on video games and admirers in TGI Friday's everywhere. We forget that just as European modernization produced democracy, fascism, and communism, the changes sweeping over the world now will produce complicated and terrifying hybrids of old and new.

Forgetting is a great American virtue. Because we treat history as recreation rather than identity, we can absorb wave after wave of immigration and cultural change without trauma. Witness the changing attitudes toward homosexuality, or the commitment to racial equality in a country that within living memory embraced white supremacy. But the same forgetfulness that sometimes helps us to be decent at home can disable us abroad, because we tend to face each new conflict with the innocence of a people without history. This sometimes has the effect of driving the rest of the world insane.

It is crucial that we try to make sense of all this. I think most of the "globalization" debate was superficial, and so is today's idea that we're battling the forces of the past or fighting to rid the world of evil. What America is doing is making the case—sometimes well, sometimes very poorly—for the very idea of liberal democracy: for a future with more freedom, more tolerance, and more prosperity than the nationalist and fundamentalist alternatives. Whenever we are ignorant, hypocritical, opportunistic, or arrogant, we weaken the case for our version of the future and undercut people in every country who are working toward it. They didn't ask us to be the representatives of the future, but they are stuck with us, and we can't refuse our special position.

Human irrationality and violence teach again and again that freedom is neither natural nor inevitable but a fragile achievement anytime, anywhere.

Purdy, twenty-eight, grew up in West Virginia. He graduated from Harvard College and Yale Law School. His first book, For Common Things, was published in 1999. In December he will begin a clerkship with the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit. His new book, Being America: on the United States and the world it has created, will be published by Knopf in February.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM WOLFF



[THE REFORMER]

While in law school, the author, thirty-three, decided that he would be an entrepreneur of the forgotten neighborhoods. The opposition one meets when changing the world is staggering. The Newark Manifesto.

By Cory Booker

MY MOTHER ONCE TOLD ME that you can learn more from a woman in the projects than you can from any college professor. She's right. My graduate school: Brick Towers in Newark, New Jersey. My best professor: Mrs. Virginia Jones, apartment 5A. It's 1996, early one morning. Children on their way to school are running, screaming, and ducking into doorways to escape a shoot-out that's just begun on the sidewalk between the towers. *Pop-pop-pop-pop.* In the middle of the chaos, arms folded, unmoving, cold, hard, and staring, stands Mrs. Jones, intimidating at five feet two inches tall. She is the tenant president of Brick Towers. Her regal seventy-four-year-old face is hard with lines too deep to call wrinkles. In 1980, in the lobby of her building, Mrs. Jones's son, who had just returned from the Air Force, was gunned down. *Pop-pop.* There is a brick wall that runs parallel to the sidewalk in front of the towers—the Wall, it's called—home to our twenty-four-hour, open air drug bazaar. The dealers scatter in the face of the gunfire. One man, shot, clutches his thigh, falls, and bleeds into the concrete.

I met Mrs. Jones a few days after the shooting. I was in law school at Yale and making the commute. I was looking to start a nonprofit legal organization to represent neighborhood groups, and everyone I met told me I had to talk to Mrs. Jones—more to get her permission than anything else. I walked up to apartment 5A through stairwells that smelled of urine. I knocked on the door, and she shouted back with a thundering voice.

"*Who is it?*"

"Cory Booker."

"Who?"

"Cory Booker. I called earlier."

The door opened. I sat on a couch and Mrs. Jones seemed to barely have patience for me. As original as I believed my ideas were, she had heard everything I said before. After ten or twenty awkward minutes she began. "So many people want to help, but few are committed. People live life with intentions. Well, the road to hell is paved with them. Are you committed?"

She didn't let me answer.

"You and I can work together, but only if you are committed. If not, I don't have time for you. There is too much to do. I don't have time to waste."

That was 1996. My working relationship with Mrs. Jones began slowly but grew with each day. With her prompting, I talked to residents, reviewed countless documents related to the buildings, talked to other community leaders, and attended tenant meetings, which I found discouraging at first. Though the buildings had fifteen hundred residents, only about twenty or so came out. Perhaps they felt that there was no way any of us could change things or they were too caught up in the challenges of life, but only a handful of dedicated regulars would ever bother. Mrs. Jones would say, "God told Gideon that he didn't need such a big army to win, just a small group of real good warriors."

Our little Gideon's army began to make progress. Letters to the local police captain, to the building management on my lawyer-like stationery, and even to HUD started to get some attention. Eventually Mrs. Jones and I had our first meeting with the landlord, who I found to be arrogant and mean. The most difficult (and sometimes comical) thing about the meeting was having to stop Mrs. Jones from cussing the man out. And we were on our own; city hall seemed not to notice or care that a good many of its citizens lived in intolerable conditions.

At our next meeting we handed out the names of HUD officials and asked people to call them ten times and let them know about the buildings' problems. Within a month, we had forced the management company into court, we were in the process of facing down the drug dealers, we were about to succeed in getting the city to provide police protection for the first time in anyone's memory. And in a community that so many had given up on, we were demonstrating a simple yet profound lesson: There is a boundless reservoir of power in all of our communities, a power not conferred by the powerful but at ready access to anyone willing to claim it. Nothing is beyond the capacity of a unified community, people acting on a moral imperative.

It was during this time that my political career began. Other tenant leaders and I couldn't understand why the city wasn't more aggressive against landlords who, like the one from Brick Towers, were obviously violating the law with impunity. We pulled election reports for the local officials and were not surprised to find that some of the city's most notorious slumlords were large and generous contributors to local politicians. By 1997, the tenants decided to find someone to run against Newark's political machine for our city-council seat. After a month of unsuccessfully trying to recruit a candidate, I was asked to run. In one discussion I will never forget, I refused, claiming that I was the organization's lawyer and probably could better serve in that capacity. Mrs. Jones shot back at me, "Boy, what do you think you are here for: to be a lawyer or to help the people? If you want to help, run for office! If you want to be a lawyer, well, run along then and be a lawyer."

I've now run two campaigns in Newark. I upset a sixteen-year incumbent councilman forty years my senior, and this year I ran a close but unsuccessful race for mayor against another sixteen-year incumbent who was twice my age. I started both campaigns at Brick Towers, because without the people who live in those two buildings, I would never have walked down this path.

But here, finally, I must address a serious issue that faces us, and that is the issue of racial politics. Each time I ran for office, as soon as I announced my candidacy, I was loudly reviled by my opponents as the white candidate, not black enough, the tool of the Jews or a pawn of white society trying to take over Newark. Jesse Jackson, whom I have greatly admired, came to town and called me a "wolf in sheep's clothing." Leaders who ascended to office during times of great racial strife, who themselves overcame great racial obstacles, now used a racial bludgeon to protect themselves from (in both cases) their first real electoral challenge. Moreover, they sought to appeal to a narrow racial essentialism that is an affront to the very racial expansiveness and diversity their generation fought to obtain. My generation and the increasingly diverse black experiences we know owe a terrific debt to the previous generation's historic struggles. But many in the political establishment in Newark labeled us as pawns of others, as disloyal to their struggles for black advancement, or, worse, as co-opted traitors. Well, as much as the epithets enraged my civil-rights-activist parents, they can call me what they will. I know who I am. I know what has to be done. And as Mrs. Jones says, I don't have time to waste.

And so until I run for mayor again, here is my plan and my pledge. With several similarly committed people, I am starting a nonprofit organization, Newark Now. We will provide services where we can, we will teach creative problem-solving, we will organize, we will promote community leadership, we will shine a light on unconfronted problems, we will persuade, and we will shame when necessary. Hopefully, we will also inspire.

Mrs. Jones asked me if I was committed. Well, to answer in words doesn't mean much. She has answered that question with the example of her life. I hope to do the same.



[THE STRATEGIST]

Much has been made in the past year of profound changes in the way we make war. **Thomas Barnett,** forty, is the man who dreamed them first.

Thomas Barnett is a philosopher of modern war.

A few years ago, Barnett, a Harvard-educated professor of military strategy at the Naval War College, began to imagine a world of grave threat posed by unseen, stateless enemies capable of striking fatal blows against the modern world yet impossible to defend against. He was criticized as being perhaps unrealistic. Now the entire world knows he was right, and now the United States is in an escalating war with a military that has significant adapting to do.

"We really haven't been a nation at war since World War II," Barnett says. "We always did it on the side, so to speak. We networked ourselves with the outside world so much that our definition of national security started moving beyond the war paradigm to something else—crises that threatened our connections with the outside world." So in the late nineties, he began thinking larger. He teamed up with the bond firm Cantor Fitzgerald and asked a question: How would the U.S. military react to a hypothetical interconnected catastrophe, like, say, a terrorist attack on Wall Street? "People heard our brief," Barnett says, "but every one thought we were too apocalyptic, too out there."

No more. Within weeks of September 11, 2001, Barnett was called to the Pentagon and installed as the assistant for strategic futures in the Office of Force Transformation, Office of the Secretary of Defense. Since then, he has been relentlessly briefing high-ranking members of the intelligence community and brass from all branches of the military on the next world and how to manage it. "September 11 was crystallizing," he says. "We all just went, *This is what we were talking about*—a peacetime war, like event that's so profound it forces us to rethink everything."

Barnett breaks the big world down thusly: core countries, those that promote or align themselves with the larger global community through a relatively free flow of trade, people, direct foreign investment, and security; and "gap" countries that either refuse to or can't work with the core because of political instability, cultural rigidity, or extreme poverty. It's not as if he's making it up. He drew a map of the world and highlighted our military responses of the past three decades—from Iran, Lebanon, and Libya to the Gulf War, Haiti, Kosovo, and Somalia—until the logic emerged. The U.S. military rarely needed to respond in the core countries. The gap was another story: not only in terms of warfare but also because of exports like terrorism and illegal drugs. "The goal," Barnett says, "is not to contain the gap countries but to bring them constructively into the core. It's what we've been doing, and the only question is how long it takes us to recognize it and articulate it." And for Barnett, it's hardly hopeless. In the numbers game, there are four billion people within the core, two billion in the gap.

The future likely means that the U.S. military bases set up last year in Kyrgyzstan and Uzbekistan will develop into more-permanent bases, like those in Europe. It will mean an "export of security," which involves everything from joint military exercises to long-term occupation. As we've seen in Afghanistan, it means few front lines and, when things get rough, dropping in "a small number of guys with immense power and leaving almost no footprint on the ground." Barnett says, "War is assassination on some level—all wars. The goal is to be able to do it to a point of discretion that's pretty amazing."

Barnett has the brass's ear, and the brass is listening. "When people start using your words—*core* and *gap*, *system perturbations*, *exporting security*—you know you're getting through," Barnett says. In Washington and in the Pentagon, battles are won one room at a time."

—ANDREW CHAIKIVSKY

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL EDWARDS

[science]

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THE SECOND-GENERATION ABIOMED REPLACEMENT HEART below is made of polyurethane and titanium, weighs about two pounds, and costs upwards of $75,000 to produce. It has no wires or ports that pass through the skin; it doesn't beat, it whooshes; and it pumps according to your needs. When you're sleeping, it slows down; when you're climbing stairs, it speeds up. You even get to keep your pulse.



[THE THING OF]



David Lederman's latest bioengineering triumph, the first self-contained artificial heart, could end up saving your life

IF OWNING ONE OF THESE didn't mean that you were a few deep breaths away from taking a nice, long—as in eternal—nap in a wooden box, you might want one for yourself. You're looking at the world's first self-contained artificial heart. The brainchild of David Lederman, the fifty-eight-year-old Colombian-born aerospace engineer who has served as CEO of AbioMed since 1981, Lederman's first-generation heart, known as the AbioCor (pictured at top), was implanted in a human for the first time in July 2001. Six more followed within a year. One of those recipients, Tom Christerson of Central City, Kentucky, celebrated his one-year anniversary with the AbioCor on September 13, 2002. Like all patients in the clinical trials, Christerson would have been lucky to live another week without it.

But merely prolonging life—one week, month, or year at a time—is not enough for Lederman. The heart he imagines and builds are not intended as stopgap measures. The goal here, as he says, is "off-the-shelf hearts" that offer the promise of a normal life—a *permanent* normal life—for the tens of thousands of men and women who stand no chance of landing one of the two thousand donor hearts that become available each year. Lederman's yet-to-be-named second-generation heart (still in development and pictured above, in prototype, for the first time) will get him closer to where he ultimately wants to be. It has a new pumping mechanism and is smaller overall. (Unit size is of particular concern. Lederman compares the AbioCor to an "engine for a truck"; it fits only 50 percent of men and 18 percent of women. The second-generation unit, when finished, should fit all men and 50 percent of women.) A promising third-generation unit—which, in addition to being cheaper to produce and smaller still, will also feature new energy source technology that could allow the patient much longer ambulatory time"—is already in the works. By 2007, Lederman hopes to be turning them out, and saving lives, by the thousands.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN BLACKFORD

ART FOR AL HEARTS: CHRISTOPHER HARTING





It took us from the dawn of time to the year 2000 to map the human genome. **Eugene Chan,** the twenty-nine-year-old CEO of U. S. Genomics, wants to do it while-u-wait.

BY WILL HYLTON

SOMETIMES THE EGO can save a man from madness, and that's what happened to Eugene Chan. It was autumn in Boston, 1996. The white marble walls of Harvard Medical School bathed the courtyard of Vanderbilt Hall in a bright light, and students bustled across the grounds—to the library, to the lab, to class—but Chan stayed inside, alone. His thoughts had long since drifted from such trivialities as medical school. He had stopped going to lectures, stopped doing homework, stopped going out with friends, and he'd crammed two large desks into his tiny dorm room, which he covered with stacks of paperwork. Xeroxes and diagrams, arcane studies on optics and magnification. The paperwork filled his room, spilling onto the floor and the windowsills, even the bed. There was barely enough room left for him to curl into the fetal position and catch some sleep, but that didn't matter, because he rarely slept anyway. For almost an entire year, he studied and he thought, alone in his room, rifling through paperwork, absorbing information, building an idea. Because he had stumbled onto an insight, and he knew it would change the world, knew it with a gut confidence that few men ever find. He had seen a vision, and he wanted to make it real. He had always been blessed with a surplus of ego, and he harnessed it now, leaned on it, used it to fend off doubt and its downward spiral. He would not wind up in a shack in the woods with his one great idea. He would push it, pursue it, or fail trying. It was just a matter of focus. When his friends would poke their heads through his door and say, "How's it going, Eugene?" he would grunt and mutter, "Okay," so they would leave him alone again. Alone with his paperwork and his vision. Alone with the plans for his magic box.

THE BOX STANDS in an office park north of Boston, in a room with yellow walls. It is not an auspicious thing; it looks about as magical as an ATM. It is five feet tall and thirty inches wide, mostly made of blue and gray plastic, with a small computer screen on the front. It does not have any exciting levers or bubbling vials, it does not whirl or bleep or throw off beams of light, it does not look like the most radical innovation in biotechnology since the discovery of DNA, but it is.

The Gene Machine does not have any exciting levers or bubbling vials, does not whirl or bleep or throw off beams of light, does not look like the most radical innovation in biotechnology since the discovery of DNA, but it is.

On a cool fall afternoon, Eugene Chan stands by the box, admiring it. He is tall and muscled, athletic, and he leans back slightly when he stands, hands on his hips, proud. The lonely days at Vanderbilt Hall are long gone, and life at U. S. Genomics, the warehouse that is his new office, is charged with the invigoration of progress. Chan is no longer a kept man, and the box is no longer an abstract idea, it is the focus of every one of his forty-five employees every day. Just thinking about that makes him smile. "We're really doing it," he says, amused. "We're building a Gene Machine."

Whatever name he gives it, Chan's box represents a new hope for genetics. With it, everyone may soon have access to his own DNA map, the unique microscopic details of his own genetic composition. That means a person might soon be able to wander into a doctor's office and order up a copy of his three-billion-particle blueprint, then take it home and scroll through it in search of critical mutations and variations. Nothing could change medicine more.

For example, if a person finds a genetic combination that puts him at risk for heart disease, he can begin to offset that risk immediately, before any symptoms arise, through diet and preventive medicine. Likewise, if he finds that he has a high risk of Huntington's disease or Alzheimer's or any other genetic illness, he will be able to respond to those risks accordingly. Perhaps even more important, as science continues to unravel new mysteries of genetics, patients will benefit directly from those discoveries, if some lab in Brazil announces tomorrow that a certain sequence in a certain part of the genome can triple your chances of getting Parkinson's disease, you don't have to pay a specialist for a fancy test—all you have to do is dig up your DNA map and check to see if you have that sequence.

In some ways, this is old news, old science. After all, scientists have been mapping DNA since the late 1980s. The problem, however, has always been speed. No approach to genetic mapping has ever been fast enough, or cheap enough, to make the technology widely available. In the early nineties, for example, it took scientists at the National Institutes of Health more than a year (and millions of dollars) to map a single gene. By the mid-nineties, with Craig Venter's discovery of the shotgun sequencing technique, the same job could be done in a few months. And even by the late nineties, when Venter built one of the world's largest civilian supercomputers to speed the job up, it still took his company, Celera Genomics, a full nine months to map the three billion nucleotides in human DNA.

Chan's box will do the same job in half an hour.

Like all great ideas, however, the box seems remarkably simple, even obvious, once you understand how it works. There are only three central components to consider. The first is a card about the size of an ATM card. That card contains a DNA sample, a tangled mass of double helix that any teenage science stud could easily extract from a drop of blood. Once the card containing the DNA sample is inserted into Chan's box, a water-pressure device begins to untangle the DNA until it becomes as straight as a ruler. At that point, the DNA is pushed lengthwise through a microscopic tunnel, as if it's being threaded through a needle. There, the second component of Chan's box, a powerful microscope, zooms in on the DNA as it enters the tunnel. Since DNA is made up of only four different chemicals, and since each chemical can be dyed a different color, it is possible to look through the microscope and see each chemical entering the tunnel one by one, a series of distinct colors representing genetic code. But the process is almost too efficient: nobody could see and record those colors as quickly as they pass by the microscope. So Chan added his final component: a digital camera on the end of the microscope. Now he could potentially record the entire string of DNA as it passed into the tunnel, and a computer could translate from color code to chemical sequence: red for adenine, green for guanine, like that. Your own private genome map in the blink of an electronic eye.

ONCE CHAN HAD the technology worked out, it was just a matter of finding millions of dollars to finance it. So in 1997, still living in Vanderbilt Hall, he began fundraising. First, he landed $300,000 from Still River Fund, which he used to drop out of school and take an apartment outside Boston. By the end of 1998, he had generated $1 million from venture capitalists, which he used to produce a video of the DNA-straightening process. Ten months later, he had collected another $2 million in investments. By February 2001, he'd hit the $20 million mark and had built three prototypes. And now, just a hair away from com-

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERTO PARADA



<< BY 2006 Chan hopes to have his box in doctors' offices nationwide. For $1,000 you can have your own genome map.

pletion, he's looking for one more round of investments. If he can raise another $35 million, he can iron out the last few wrinkles and take the company public. By 2006, Chan hopes to be selling personal genome maps for about $1,000 each.

Today, as he strides toward his conference room with a cup of coffee in one hand and a laptop in the other, he fills the office with his confidence and his oversized ambition. "Where are we?" he asks, poking his head through a side door into a small office, where a man in a white shirt and chinos looks up from his desk. "Close," the man promises. "Really close."

"Good," says Chan.

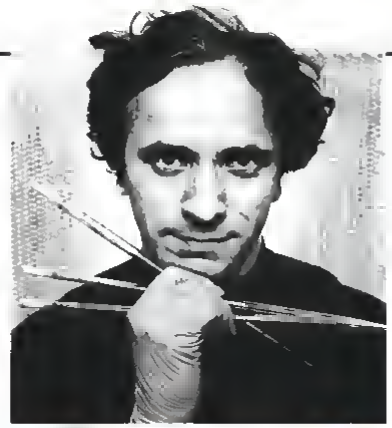
Farther down the hall, in the conference room, he sets his laptop on the table and attaches a host of wires and cables to the back. He flips a switch, and a blank word-processing page is projected onto the wall in front of him. He types "Fund Raising" at the top, hesitates, then deletes it and retypes "Investors" as another man comes into the room and takes a seat across the conference table.

"Hey," Chan says, nodding. "So what we need to do today is work on our presentation. I want to start with an introduction. I'll say, 'I'm Eugene Chan, founder and CEO of U.S. Genomics, and this is Mike Olex, our senior vice-president of general management.' Then I'll tell the story of how we got started, and then I want you to say a little bit about yourself. Remember, don't be humble. We want to get people excited."

One man who is already excited is Craig Venter. In June of 2000, when Venter announced that his company had completed its human-genome map, Venter neglected to mention that the genome he'd mapped was mostly his own. Today, having had time to study that map, having seen his own high risk of cardiovascular disease, Venter is quick to point out the advantage he's gained. To counteract his risk of heart disease, he has begun taking a cholesterol-lowering drug. "Having the map made it more encouraging for me to do preventive medicine," Venter says, "because I could see and understand that the risk was real. It not only signals a major shift to preventive medicine, but it gives people more control over their lives, because it allows them to assess and manage their own risks. Eugene is bringing this technology to the people."

Of course, there are still details to work out—logarithms to hone, processing power to harness—but at this point, the box is almost a sure thing. Chan's only concern is the downside. "I worry about some of the potential," he says. "I don't want to end up with police using this technology like something out of *Gattaca*, or insurance companies discriminating against people with certain genetic information. But we're working on ways to regulate that. I'd like to see legislation to protect people's genetic privacy."

It's the great refrain of great scientists, from Einstein to Oppenheimer to Watson: the fear of misdirected discovery. But Chan has faith that the answer is out there, and that the box will be kept out of the wrong hands. "I'm sure there's a way," he says. "There always is."





The Big Idea: THE DREAM GENE

[By JOSEF PENNINGER] It started innocently enough. Of the thousands of genes out there, we got interested in one called DREAM. For one thing, we figured if we were going to spend the next two years staring at a gene, we might as well pick one with a nice name. But we also chose [illegible]er reason. There was existing data suggesting that DREAM controlled how white blood cells grow, something we'd been interested in for years. So we set about making a mutant mouse that lacked the DREAM gene and . . . That's when things got complicated. Two other research groups published articles suggesting completely different functions for DREAM. Suddenly we had no idea what DREAM was good for anymore.

We spent the next two years trying to figure it out. Nothing worked. As a last resort, we tested our mutant mice to see if they had learning problems. To do that, we first had to run control experiments to make sure they could see, hear, and respond normally. That's how we found that our mice had much less sensitivity to heat. So we began to study pain, and we found that without DREAM, there was a much less acute reaction to every thing that can trigger pain, much less of the belly pain and inflammation that plague people with arthritis, and, most intriguing of all, much less chronic pain. We figured out that DREAM sits in our spinal cord and allows us to feel pain in the first place. The way it works is very simple. You cut your finger, and DREAM makes sure that the pain gets to your brain, which forces you to respond and stop it. But then something beautiful happens. DREAM also makes sure that the pain stops. There is no need to suffer. You did what needed to be done—and you got to keep your finger.

Congress has declared this the decade of pain research, and for good reason. Chronic pain affects at least thirty million Americans and costs us more than $100 billion a year in lost productivity. Pain is awful. It hurts to have it, and it hurts to witness it. We were told that people had given up hope of finding a master regulator of pain before we found out about the DREAM gene and published our findings in *Cell*. The truth is, now we might be able to turn off DREAM and conquer pain. The simplicity of the solution seems tebulous.

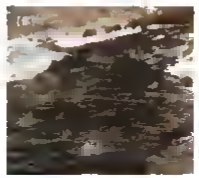
Good books are written for the people, just as good ideas and good science are not made for the select few of the intellectual contortionists. Good science is simple. Everybody can understand it. Italo Calvino once wrote, People come up with models of how the world works, and very seldom nature succeeds to contract these models. But it is easy. Listen gently and dream.

Penninger, thirty-eight, is a professor of immunology at the University of Toronto. From 1994 to 2002, he worked at Amgen, where h[illegible]

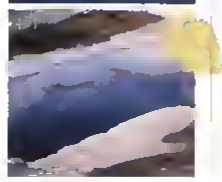
[THE MAVERICK]



By studying the microorganisms that thrive in earth's most inhospitable environments, evolutionary biologist **Jonathan Eisen** is hoping to answer the biggest question of them all.







EXTREMOPHILES end where they're found. A The salt ponds near Great Salt Lake. The reddish color indicates the presence of halophiles, which grow in high salt. B A sulphur spring in Death Valley, home of the thermophiles, which thrive in hot places. C Mono Lake in California, land of the alkaliphiles, which grow in high pH levels. D A Yellowstone hot spring, home of more thermophiles.



JONATHAN EISEN'S IDEA OF FUN has always been different—and, yes, by different, we do mean a little, ah, strange. The summer after his freshman year at Harvard, he painted the word *ambulance* backward on his heap of a car and drove it around southeast D.C., where he worked for the District's Public Defender Service. "The car itself was not even remotely safe," he says, "and neither was the neighborhood. I have been forbidden from ever doing that again by my wife."

These days, as a thirty-four-year-old investigator at the Institute for Genomic Research in Rockville, Maryland, Eisen gets his thrills in a slightly more responsible way: by studying genomes, microbial evolution, and extremophiles, organisms that grow in environments so hostile—like sulfuric acid, intense radiation, Antarctic ice, and extremely hot water from thermal vents thousands of feet below the ocean floor—that no other forms of life stand a chance in them.

As it turns out, extremophiles are one versatile group of organisms. Forensic scientists are currently using a protein from heat-hardy thermophiles to help duplicate DNA from blood samples at crime scenes. Other extremophile-based technologies are helping turn corn into ethanol and transform complex carbohydrates into useful products such as corn syrup and citric acid. Even more exciting than what they're doing now, though, is what they *could* do. The Department of Energy, for example, believes that *Deinococcus radiodurans*, a radiation-resistant extremophile, can be used to clean up those troublesome Superfund sites. And some doctors are convinced that *Helicobacter pylori*, an acid-resistant extremophile, is the key to understanding ulcers.

The thing is, none of the practical stuff really interests Eisen. He's got his eyes on bigger things—make that the *biggest* things—like evolution and the rise of life on this planet. "There are many people who believe that life at the beginning of earth wasn't exactly cozy," Eisen says. "That it was, in fact, extreme. By studying the organisms that grow now in these extreme conditions, we can gain insight into how life originated." That Eisen is more concerned with evolution than radioactive cleanup and forensic science doesn't make his work any less relevant or the results of his research any less essential. The custom-painted car may have been junked a long time ago, but Eisen's subversive streak is as ferocious as ever. And in this quest, the search for life-saving microorganisms that thrive in dangerous places, he just might stumble onto something big. – GENEVIEVE J. ROTH



[THE GURU]

Mehmet Oz, a forty-two-year-old heart surgeon at Columbia University, is mixing Western medicine with alternative therapies such as energy healing and acupuncture—and opening eyes along the way

BACK IN 1986 when I got out of medical school performing a heart transplant was like sending a man to the moon. You were scared because I was the unknown. And you naively thought that once you got the answer you'd solved the problem. The guy's heart is broken? Take it out, put the new one in. He's cured, right? What we learned, unfortunately, is that people bring a lot of baggage to the operating room. It's not just the heart that's the problem. The heart trouble may be the result of other things: pressure, anxiety, anger, whatever. If you take care of the heart and stop there, you're advocating you responsibility to the patient. What patients really need you to do is heal them in entirety.

I'm trying to find out what kind of impact energy healers, hypnotherapists, acupuncturists and aromatherapists can have on heart surgery. I believe alternative therapies like these give patients a taste of the awareness they should have about their lives. Many people don't appreciate what life is until they almost lose it. Many see heart surgery as this terrible obstacle that they have to overcome to get back to their life again.

I say "Stop! This is an evolutionary *opportunity* for you. Some people get to climb mountains. You get to have heart surgery. You're going to learn about yourself and your family and why the hell you're here. Why are you here? If you can't answer that question, I don't want to do your operation."

Alternative therapies have already touched the lives of many of my patients. For example, most people undergoing a traditional four-hour heart operation need a breathing tube for twelve to eighteen hours after surgery. But we were able to pull the tube out almost immediately from one of our patients who listened to audiotapes during the operation that were made by a hypnotherapist. In the forty-eight hours between admission and surgery, he was already working on his recovery. My transplant patients often wake up after surgery and ask for their energy healer—not me.

Some very well-meaning people feel strongly that I'm perverting medicine. But that's why I work at a university—so I can investigate things that I wouldn't have the freedom to look into elsewhere.

We use the word *alternative* in medicine, but the reality is it's *global* medicine. We have global communication systems, global banking, global entertainment—and yet medicine remains provincial. Doctors have the same biases as their patients: they expect the same kind of cure. A patient comes to me and he wants a pill. But if that patient goes to a doctor in China, he might get an herbal remedy. Access to both. That's what I want. And then I want to try to bring these solutions together.

If we can bridge that gap, ten years from now you'll have the expertise of a Tibetan healer who can diagnose you through an energy-based system and give me feedback that will help me work on you through an organ-based system. Twenty-five years from now you'll walk into a kiosk for a checkup and have basic assessments made—blood pressure, heart rate, some chromosomal analysis, an energy reading. Maybe we'll even know their zodiac signs are important.

You're laughing. Go ahead and laugh. I was in India in January and I went to what is probably the world's largest zodiac temple. Astrologers there make very specific predictions about you based on the minute of the day you were born. It may be complete BS, but as you watch the mathematical precision that's required, you begin to wonder if they're madmen or, as is often said, "they seemed med because you couldn't hear the music."

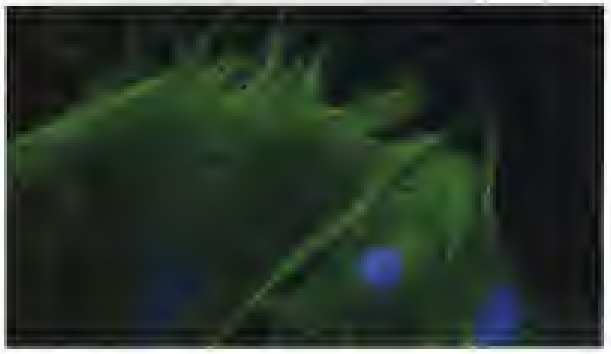
I don't care what works. But it's got to work. And it has to be held to the same standard as conventional Western medicine.

Of course, technology will keep moving forward. Twenty-five years from now, heart surgery will be done without opening people's chests. We'll insert probes the size of pencil-point tips that'll have eyes and hands, and the doctor will be sitting in another room doing the operation as if it's a video game. Robotics—we've already begun.

There'll be advances we can't even imagine right now because there are so many collateral benefits of innovation. The next generation of doctors evolves watching you work. When you send a man to the moon, you discover the Internet.

—AS TOLD TO CAL FUSSMAN





A KENNETH SNELSON "TENSEGRITY" SCULPTURE, like the one above, was the inspiration for Don Ingber's theory of cell structure. At right, microfilaments (stained green) in the cytoskeleton of cultured cells. Note how the cell's microfilaments organize into a geodesic dome.



The Big Idea: TENSEGRITY

[By DONALD INGBER] I was sitting in an undergraduate art class when it hit me. We were studying a Kenneth Snelson sculpture composed of six wood dowels that appeared to be suspended in midair as if by magic. In reality, the dowels pushed out against a network of tensed elastic cables (bungee cords), creating a force balance that stabilized the sculpture. This is known as a tensegrity (tensional integrity) structure. These structures depend on continuous tension for stability, whereas most man-made structures (e.g., stone arches) are based on continuous compression.

As our professor spoke, he pressed down on the sculpture, and it responded by changing shape and flattening. When he released his hand, the sculpture leaped off the ground. This reminded me of something. That same week, on the other side of campus, I had cultured living cells for the first time, and they had behaved in a similar way. It occurred to me that cells also use tensegrity to structure themselves at the molecular level. Later, when I mentioned my idea to a senior research fellow, he looked at me nervously. "Don't say that again," he said.

Twenty-five years later, it appears I was correct.

We've shown that rather than living cells being microscopic membranous balloons filled with a viscous protoplasm, they contain an internal molecular framework, or cytoskeleton, that is stabilized using the tensegrity principle.

Kant claimed that the criterion of true science lay in its relation to mathematics. But my work on tensegrity was largely intuitive and conceptual in form. In the beginning, I even published pictures of cell models built with sticks and strings to convey my message. We've since developed a mathematical formulation of the tensegrity model with Dimitrije Stamenovic, a biomedical engineer at Boston University. Although our model is highly simplified, experiments have confirmed that it embodies many of the behaviors that are displayed by living cells and tissues. Often in science, beauty lies in simplicity.

The near-term effect of the tensegrity principle is potentially of enormous importance. For one thing, it changes our frame of reference. Up to now, biology has been obsessed with answering the question "What is life made of?" The answer is a list—the human genome—that, in reality, is simply a biological parts list. However, the complex behaviors that cells exhibit—growth, movement, programmed cell death—are not controlled by any single gene or protein. Rather, complex behaviors emerge from *collective* interactions among molecular components. The existing paradigm does not provide any mechanism to handle this type of problem. Tensegrity, on the other hand, incorporates collective behavior as central to the model. It has also led to explanations for behaviors that couldn't be explained by conventional reductionist paradigms. One example is the central role that we have shown that cell shape and mechanical forces play in the control of cell behaviors—critical for wound repair and tissue patterning. There are many other areas in which I believe the impact of tensegrity will be felt. One is in our understanding of the origin of life, how cellular life emerged. Another is in the development of biologically inspired materials for industrial, aeronautical, and military applications. As material scientists enter the world of nanotechnology, they come to learn that nature does it better than they can. If we want to develop "intelligent" materials that exhibit the strength, flexibility, and self-healing properties of living cells, we need to incorporate similar principles in their design. In fact, the greatest impact of the current biology revolution in the long term may be in the area of nonmedical applications.

In the end, the significance of tensegrity remains to be seen. Nevertheless, in the course of pursuing this theory, new perspectives have opened, and novel technologies and therapies have been created. We've also significantly contributed to the ongoing unification of the biological, physical, and information sciences that is likely to drive the next major wave of innovation.

Ingber, forty-six, is a professor of pathology at Harvard Medical School and a senior staff member at Boston's Children's Hospital.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SVEND LINDBAEK

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM DUKE

[THE ROBOT SCIENTIST]

Dave Lavery, NASA whiz, builds robots that can do almost anything. Soon, they'll be doing it on Mars.

BY SCOTT RAAB



THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN the Maryland state fair and every other state fair is... um, ah—well, there is no difference actually. You've got your corn dogs, your rigged midway games of chance, your titanic fiberglass cow, and your Fun Guns booth in the exhibition hall, where you can pick up an all-wood cutout of an Uzi for your little dickens.

It's 9:00 A.M. on the Sunday before Labor Day, and the sky is pounding rain as thick as gravy. If not for the trickle of livestock devotees headed for the cattle and sheep shows, the fairgrounds would be empty—except for a big white tent set back by the administration building, where 250 high school students are scarfing sinkers, bolting Sprite or java, and tweaking their robots.

There are robot teams here from Maryland, Virginia, D.C., Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts—girls and boys, poindexters and goths, stoners and jocks—all part of a national program called FIRST (For Inspiration and Recognition of Science and Technology), founded in 1989 to infuse the youth of America with a yen for math and science, teach them some hands-on machine mastery beyond Nintendo, and cultivate in them a zest for the acronyms required by any serious modern human endeavor.

It's working, too. The FIRST national championship drew nearly twenty thousand people last spring to Disney's Epcot Center in Orlando, Florida. More than seven hundred FIRST teams in the U.S. are sponsored by corporate monoliths like GM and Lockheed Martin and universities ranging from MIT to Youngstown State. FIRST's biggest single sponsor is NASA, which helps fund more than two hundred teams—and the guy who makes that happen is Dave Lavery, who's also mentor and chief engineer for Virginia's Herndon High School team, which is why Dave's here under the big tent wearing a red Hawaiian shirt festooned with jungle birds and flowers, slugging Diet Coke from a fifty-two-ounce 7-Eleven mug, and taking orders for a parts run to a nearby hardware store to get ED (Epsilon Delta), the team robot, ready for the opening match.

ED needs a piece of keystock—a small metal shank to fit between his gears and his right wheel, the team was over at Dave's garage until 1:00 A.M. last night working on the 'bot, but it's still flawed—and more WD-40.

"Anything else?" Dave asks his team.

Dave is fully qualified for a parts run—overqualified, really. ED is designed to pluck soccer balls off the floor and dump them into a wire basket. But Dave's robots—Lavery spent twelve years as the head of NASA's robotics program before he was named program executive for solar and planetary exploration—have rambled down into volcano craters in the Antarctic. Dave's robots, they've done microsurgery on human eyeballs. Dave's robots, they've gone all the way to fucking *Mars*—and two more of 'em are due to go back there next year.

"We need the biggest heat gun you can find," says a kid who's been using a broom to sweep away the puddles of rainwater near the table where ED sits.

"And about three dozen glazed doughnuts," shouts a big lug in baggy jeans and black sneakers.

"Besides that," says Dave.

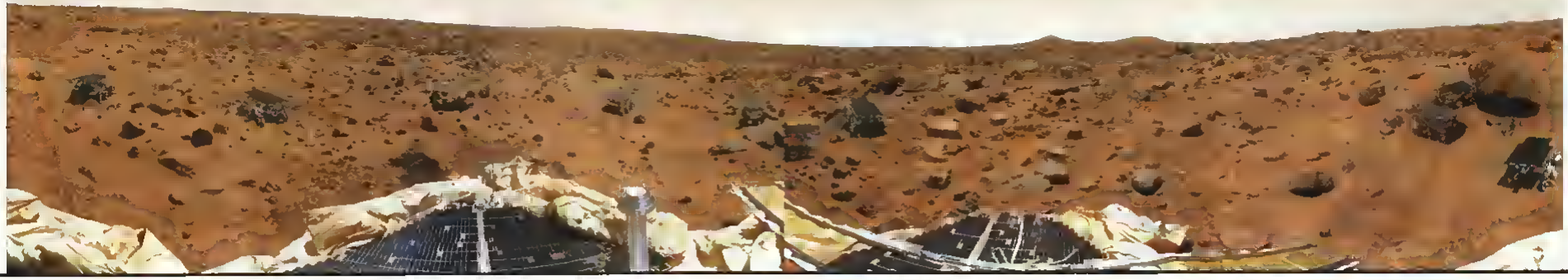
"Dave,' the big wisenheimer says, "while you're up there, also get some pliers to pull the stick out of your ass.'

"This," says Dave, smiling big and proud, "is what I have to put up with all the time from these guys."

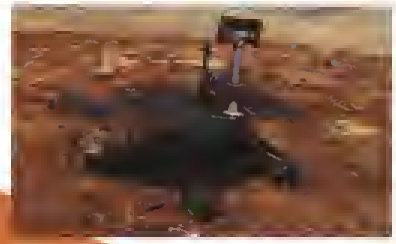
For a dude who sleeps three hours a night, zips coast to coast frequently, and runs a billion-dollar program, Dave is awfully fresh. Bubbly, even—though that could be the gallon of Diet Coke he pours down his gullet every day. He looks maybe ten years past high school himself, a smallish, sturdy fellow with a shock of dark hair, caterpillar eyebrows, and a toothy goofball grin.

In fact, Dave is forty-three and has worked at NASA for twenty years. His schooling was in computer science, artificial intelligence, and robotics; he picked up the engineering—plus the planetary geology, metallurgy, and astrobiology—along the way. He started mentoring FIRST teams seven years ago because he was worried about seeing the same small pool of tech vets, the same engineers and roboticists, on every project. Dave joined

MARS GUY DAVE LAVERY (left) at the Space Systems Laboratory at the University of Maryland. To his right is part of the Ranger grapple arm used for satellite repair. Below, a red-planet panorama—compiled from a number of still shots of the *Sojourner* rover—from 1997's *Pathfinder* mission.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF A. EDEL





AT FAR LEFT ONE OF THE TWO four hundred pound rovers that will be launched on a seven month journey to Mars in 2003. At left, the fourteen-inch thirty-five pound AERCam free-flying robotic camera, used for remote inspections of space stations

"Water determines the climate," Lavery says. "Water determines whether there's life there. Water's the resource we want to have when we go there. And it motivates geology. Find out where the water was, find out where it is. Follow the water."

[page 1 of 3]

[ ] log to freshen and deepen that talent pool. Besides, it's a great job for a kid who wanted to be John Glenn—even if the desk is at NASA headquarters in D.C.—just wasn't enough.

"NASA stopped letting me have real fun with hardware a long time ago," he says outside the tent. "Working with these kids helps keep me sane. I still get to put my hands on the hardware—the only place I'm allowed to do it anymore."

But there's a deeper reason Dave is here. America needs passionate dweebs—grinders who think, thinkers who dream, dreamers who *do*. Twenty or a hundred years from now, who's gonna design and build the machines that do dangerous and fantastic things, that discover and shape our planet's future? Who speaks to the millions of kids who once upon a time believed that robots and outer space were cool? What do they get told? That math and science are for the dorks. The Japanese, and the Germans. That galaxy-trotting is for Lucas and Spielberg. That the icons of boundary-breaking creativity are Allen Iverson and Sheryl Crow.

Dave tells them none of that.

"You can be smart," Dave says. "You can be a nerd, you can have fun at it—and you can make money at it, too. The ways to make money in this society are not limited to how well you can dribble a ball or get up in front of a crowd and sing. There *are* other ways to contribute to society."

DAVE LAVERY DECIDED at the age of six to become an astronaut. His lazy, good-for-nothing right eye cast the veto.

"Remember the kids in elementary school walking around with the eye patch for a couple of months? I wore the eye patch for *four years* and it never helped. Oh, it was a thrill."

Dave laughs. He talks fast and laughs fast—a quick, high-pitched cackle of a laugh, the laugh of a guy whose RPM needle is stuck in the red zone. "I can see out of this eye, I just never use it. I don't have binocular vision. I can't do the fusion in my brain. To me, the world is sort of flat. I found out halfway through high school that my eyes were so screwy, I was never gonna fly—so if I can't go myself, what can I do to at least work on the machines that *are* gonna go? It may not be me, but if it has my fingerprints on it, that's not bad. That's how it started."

We're at NASA's Jet Propulsion Lab at Cal Tech, just north of Los Angeles, a cluster of sunbaked buildings running up into a foothill of the San Gabriel Mountains. It's a place where the armed guards at the gate order you to pop the trunk for inspection, where *The Right Stuff* meets *Revenge of the Nerds*, where the village idiot outscored you by four hundred points on the SAT.

Dave's here because NASA's sending two spacecraft to Mars in 2003, one in late May, one in June, and when they bounce down after a seven-month, ninety-three-million-mile journey and their air bags deflate, they're going to open like flowers and a rover the size of a large desk on wheels is going to roll out of each spacecraft, snap photos of its surroundings, and await its orders from the earthlings here at JPL to start reading Mars—drilling rock, testing the soil, and sniffing the air.

Dave's here for two weeks of rover practice, along with the all-star team of sixty scientists, engineers, and programmers who'll work the upcoming Mars mission. Over in the Spacecraft Assembly Facility, the actual rovers are being pieced together. Here in building #2, the team is rehearsing with a rover prototype that is baking somewhere out in the desert. This is a blind test, meaning that the JPL team has to figure out on the fly where the hell the rover is, just like it'll have to do when the real deals hit the red planet.

The team's wearing mostly jeans and T-shirts. The walls are pasted with maps and photos taped side by side to make a panorama of what the test rover has seen of its arid surroundings so far. The science groups—soil atmosphere, geology—gather below hand-lettered signs, analyzing the test rover's instrument readings, voices welded in a current of hubbub. Dave's voice is hushed, excited. "They go into their different groups to review the investigations—the atmosphere, the rocks, soil properties, now these photographs," he explains. "They'll develop a hypothesis, prune the possibilities tree. Whadda we got? Whadda we wanna do?

"We've developed what's called the follow-the-water strategy. We've got a suite of questions collapsed into four groups. First, trying to understand the geology. How did the planet form? How has it evolved? What can we learn from that?

"Two. What's the climate of Mars? We believe it used to be a much warmer, wetter planet. How did it change? Why? Are there implications for Earth's environment?

"Three. Are there resources that we can use? Someday, there'll be a manned mission to Mars. [*continued on page* 190]



THE IMMUNOLOGICAL SYNAPSE IN ACTION. A T cell (purple) "converses" with its partner a dendritic cell (yellow). The red-and-green bull's-eye pattern signals T cell activation.



The Big Idea: THE IMMUNOLOGICAL SYNAPSE

[By MICHAEL L. DUSTIN] As a kid I loved Jacques Cousteau. I really loved the way he used moving images to illuminate our world. I wanted to do the same thing, so I developed my photography skills early. But instead of going on to explore oceans, I dove into the microscopic underwater realms of our bodies, particularly our immune system.

I spent years trying to find a way of creating moving images that could capture immune-cell activity as we'd never seen it before. In 1998 we finally came up with a technique that worked, and then we made an amazing discovery. We found something we called the immunological synapse (a synapse being the basic unit of cell to cell communication)—a revelation that is changing the way we think about the basis of autoimmune diseases, how we protect ourselves from viruses, microbes, and cancers, and how viruses like HIV are transmitted between cells.

Our images allowed us to see connections made by a type of immune cell known as the T cell. Think of immune-system activity as a conversation between cells. What we did was create an artificial stand-in for the T cell's usual conversation partner that would pose a clear, specific question—in molecular terms—and then we watched to see how the T cell would answer. The simple beauty of the T cell's response was remarkable. The key receptors formed a clear bull's-eye pattern that we later defined as the immunological synapse. We came to believe that the formation of the immunological synapse is what T cells use to gather information and make life-and-death decisions.

Why the bull's-eye pattern, though? We had no idea. All we knew was that it occurred when the immune response was stimulated, and that it had something to do with telling immunological friend from foe. Fortunately, Arup Chakraborty's group at Cal Berkeley began studying our images, too. They found that the T-cell surface vibrates like a drum, and they showed how the pitch of these vibrations harmonizes with the key molecular linkages between cells to generate the bull's-eye patterns. If we learn to control these basic properties of T cells, we can then boost responses to viruses and cancer or find new ways to cure autoimmune diseases.

A couple years ago I generated a piece of cover art for *Science* magazine that showed two immune system cells interacting. One of the editors told me that the cells reminded him of exotic sea creatures. I could only smile.

Dustin, forty, is an associate professor of immunology at NYU Medical Center and a Pew Biomedical Scholars Career Awards winner.



[THE CODE BREAKER]

Sarah Flannery, a nineteen-year-old Irish mathematician, is writing the codes that govern our lives

"CRYPTOGRAPHY," says Sarah Flannery, "is the science of putting disguises on and of taking them off," and then she laughs, and the laugh is full of the sunshine and bright rivers of Cork, and in the laugh you hear the ancient Irish love of language—of any language. Of the old language and of English, which the Irish made their own. Flannery's language is mathematics, and she has made it dance.

In January of 1999, she was sixteen years old and, like the rest of us, a creature of the codes. Every transaction we conducted electronically then was encrypted by a system called RSA, which stands for Rivest, Shamir, and Adleman, the three MIT researchers who developed it in 1977. Say you found that rare Wishbone Ash album online and you punched in your Visa number to buy it. RSA took your card number and encrypted it by using the product of two huge prime numbers. Both numbers were needed to decode the message. It seemed to work well enough.

During that time, however, a race was on to find a faster system. Mathematicians and computers—even at millions of calculations per second—had failed utterly. But Flannery, working at a work-study job with Baltimore Technologies in Dublin, solved the problem in three days. She was, as we have said, *sixteen* years old. What she produced is known as Cayley-Purser, a new algorithm through which data can be encoded and encrypted. It works on a system called matrix multiplication, and it's twenty-two times faster than RSA. She won a prize worth a thousand pounds. In certain circles, she became famous. One interviewer made the mistake of referring to her as "the little genius from Blarney."

"I absolutely *hated* the word," she says. "I know geniuses, and I know for a fact that I'm not one. It puts an awful lot of pressure on you. People expect you to know the answers to everything, you know?"

She was raised with puzzles to solve. Her mathematician father would give her problems to solve for fun, and Sarah would solve them and then go outside to play. She was a normal young woman—and, at nineteen, she remains one today. She's currently finishing her final year at Cambridge and, she says, "trying to decide what to take my Ph.D. in." It will be in mathematics, in the subspecialty of cryptography, but she's smart enough—okay, genius enough—not to predict what she ultimately may do with it. We'll have to wait and see.

We live the life encoded now. We carry, in our daily memory, codes and passwords and PINs that are the language of our technological lives, a camouflaged door to the mystery of those lives, and the door swings both ways. Yeats made English dance him through the mysterious passages of the human heart. Sarah Flannery's taken a newer language and found her way to the heart of the modern mind. —CHARLES P. PIERCE

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL MOSKE



[business]

e-commerce, energy, money, computers, automobiles, airline
digital electronics, finance, medical devices, media, travel
nanotechnology, marketing, economics, executive leadership
entrepreneurship, e-commerce, energy, money, computers
automobiles, airlines, digital electronics, finance, medical
devices, media, travel, nanotechnology, marketing, economics
executive leadership, entrepreneurship, e-commerce, energy

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[ ]

RICHARD BARTON, CEO, EXPEDIA

At age twenty-four, Richard Barton was the product manager for MS-DOS at Microsoft. At twenty-seven, he pitched an idea for an online airline ticket site to Bill Gates. At twenty-nine, he launched Expedia. At thirty-two, he spun it off and took it public. Today, at thirty-five, Barton heads the largest and most profitable travel site in the world and is plotting its expansion into corporate travel services and interactive TV. This is what he's learned.

> Great businesses are formed when people are on a mission to change things. Nobody stays up all night wondering how they're going to make ten more dollars.

> Our big, fat, hairy dream is to be the largest seller of travel in the world, where everyone, everywhere will plan and purchase everything. The other side: If September 11 happens and revenue goes to zero, I want to make sure we have enough money in the bank so that I don't have to fire everybody.

> To anticipate the next thing, you have to be confident that the external dependencies—things you need but can't control—are going to deliver. When we started Expedia, I was confident of two things. One: PCs needed to get cheaper and more powerful, which wasn't obvious at that point. Two: There really was no Web yet—it was like, what, Prodigy?—but we saw that the seeds of something supercool were there. Now, I wasn't going to solve the Internet problem. But we bet that someone in the world was going to solve those two things.

> Your stock is not your business. When we went public, our stock went through the roof. We didn't throw a party. We don't celebrate the anniversary of our IPO. Our birthday is the day we launched our first product.

> You can't just say you're thinking long term. You actually have to do it. It's thinking like an owner. That's everybody—the front lines, the people writing code or working on the marketing strategy. Everyone knows their feet are going to be held to the fire for the next review period, but they also know that what they're doing is built for the long run. Take a risk.

> Earlier this year, my wife was on bed rest with twins. I installed a wireless network in my house. Wi-Fi. It's kind of the latest hot thing. This changed our lives. We now had broadband always on and these laptops that roam around the house. And so I see it.

> The wired world will become the unwired world. I see us carrying around this "supplemental intelligence," this little adviser that you can turn to for answers right away—from my wife and kids talking about what to do for vacation to me standing on a corner in New Orleans and wondering where to find X. It could even help us get lost if we want.

> Now, I'm not going to solve the problem of the next generation of wireless broadband. But it's going to get solved. I'm 100 percent certain. And because I'm confident in that, I start thinking, How can I use that? —INTERVIEWED BY ANDREW CHAIKIVSKY

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN BLACKFORD



[THE CEO]

Even before he was hired to save scandal-plagued Tyco, **Ed Breen,** forty-six, was seen as the next titan. This is his story.

BY TOM JUNOD

BACK THEN, back in the late seventies and early eighties, Ed Breen was just a bag-carrying salesman, one of the great General Instrument leathernecks. He was fresh from Grove City College, in Pennsylvania. He wasn't Ivy League, but General Instrument was no place for Ivy Leaguers anyway. At the same time GI hired Ed, it hired a guy from Harvard and a guy from Wharton—and Ed just ran over them. The guy from Harvard whined that he wasn't getting what he was promised when he was hired, and his boss just laughed in his face. The boss liked Ed. Everyone liked Ed. Ed is a likable guy, with the kind of likability you don't learn at Harvard. He made his bones at cable TV conventions, selling set-top boxes for what was then called the Jerrold division of GI. You saw him give a presentation: he made an impression—he was just so much himself up there. No pretensions whatsoever, so the customers loved him. His customers were cable operators, the kind of guys who had just started wearing dark socks a few years before. They were an odd lot, back in the early days of cable TV's boom, divided between Ph.D.'s and guys who ran their businesses out of TV-repair shops, between visionaries and raving drunks. They made their living making impossible promises to municipalities, and guys like Ed made impossible promises to them. Whoever told the biggest whoppers won. A "low-ethics environment," it might be called. Which is why it's sort of funny, people who knew him back then say—him coming in as the savior of Tyco International and being presented as the paragon of corporate rectitude. Is Ed honest? Sure he is, especially when compared with the guy he's replacing, who must have something *wrong* with him. Does Ed have integrity? To the core. You can't do the kind of deals Ed has done without integrity. But the newspapers would have you believe he got the job because he's still married to his college sweetheart and goes to church on Sunday, when, then as now, his story had very little to do with virtue and everything to do with business.

You see, he wasn't a salespuke. You know what a salespuke is? A salespuke is a guy who gets the order and disappears. Doesn't care what the order *costs* in terms of production and marketing—he just wants to get paid. Ed was never that. Ed knew exactly what he wanted to do, and what he wanted to do is what he's doing right now. He wanted to go to the top, and everybody knew it. The other guys in sales and marketing would say, We know what you're up to, Breen, and he'd just give them that choirboy smile. He looked the same then as he looks now—like a smiling Irish choirboy, not fat and not skinny, with the same red hair and pink cheeks and brushy mustache. He was good-natured about his own ambition, and besides, he'd already outdistanced his peers. Not only was he the best salesman GI ever had or ever would have, he was a businessman. He was born to it, and born for it. His father ran a camp in Pennsylvania and invited Ed to business meetings when he was in elementary school. When Ed was working for GI, he used to buy and sell rental houses. He always made money. He just had a *sense* about him that's hard to explain if you don't have it or don't see it at work. He was as interested in the bottom line as he was in the top line—that is, he was as interested in profit as he was in revenue—and he kept finding mentors in senior management. One of them was a fellow named Don Rumsfeld, who became the CEO of General Instrument after Forstmann Little bought the company in 1990. You've heard of Rumsfeld's Rules? Well, Ed *believed* them. Another mentor of sorts was a guy named George Safiol. George was the operations guy at General Instrument, and he was hardcore, the joke was that he could take a company to break-even from any direction. He never took his foot off the damned brake. But if George said that you had to cut your operating budget by 15 percent, you had to cut it by 15 percent, which meant that Ed had to learn to fire people. Now, remember that Ed was a salesman, first and foremost. He wanted people to like him. Some salesmen never get the hang of firing people. But Ed did. People liked him, and when he fired them, they still liked him. That was Ed.

He was starting his transformation into a true corporate man, although he always maintained the air of an entrepreneur in a corporate suit. He was beginning the process of *morphing* into what he is now. Once a month, Safiol used to conduct all-day meetings involving GI's senior management. "Tell me about your business," Safiol would say, and managers would tell their stories, sometimes for hours at a stretch. Ed participated. He asked questions. The meetings were like university symposia on the intricacies of GI's operations, and it became clear that Ed either knew the businesses or was learning them. He wound up being tested, according to a practice that Safiol brought with him from ITT. He was given extensive psychological and intelligence tests in order to measure his aptitude for leadership. He tested well and became head of sales and marketing for the cable division. He had the same customers he always had—hell, he was into John Malone's underwear, out at TCI in Denver—but he was also beginning to draw the whole cable division to him. When Hal Krisbergh, the head of the division, quit in 1994, Rick Friedland, the COO from headquarters in Chicago, flew to the cable offices in Hatboro, Pennsylvania. He figured that he'd have to visit Hatboro two or three times a week until GI hired Krisbergh's replacement. What he found was that Ed Breen was already running the division. He was the sales guy, but the manufacturing guy and the engineering guy were looking to him as their leader. When Friedland became the CEO of General Instrument, Ed became the vice president of the cable division, and then president. And when Friedland resigned in October 1997, Ed Breen, then forty-one years old, was named its chief executive.

Was it a risk? Damn straight—because outside of cable operators, who the hell ever heard of Ed Breen? The General In-

ILLUSTRATION BY RICCARDO VECCHIO

strument that had been run out of Chicago had reached its nadir It was experiencing problems with deliveries and overall quality, and in the summer of 1996, TCI, then the largest cable operator in the country, canceled its entire General Instrument order It had not been meeting its projections, and the market had turned on it Its stock was trading at $13 a share When GI missed the market's expectations in the third quarter of 1997, Forstmann dispatched a board member named Steve Klinsky to study remedies—specifically, to talk to employees—and he came back recommending that the Chicago headquarters be closed and Ed Breen be promoted to acting CEO The division Breen ran was the only division within General Instrument that had the business plan necessary to turn the company around and the morale necessary to execute it. Breen excelled at building teams, and when the headquarters were closed in Chicago and moved to suburban Philadelphia, the members of the team that Ed had been constructing around him for the last three or four years suddenly found themselves with corporate jobs Ed Breen and the people loyal to him essentially *became* General Instrument; from Hatboro they'd taken over a *Fortune* 500 company, and from there they took over the cable industry

All along, it had been the speed of Ed Breen that surprised people—the speed of his strategic thinking, and especially the speed of his decision making. He believed that the worst decision was indecisiveness, and so he came to work each day prepared to make ten decisions—figuring, as he often told people, that seven of them would be right and that he would have the time to fix the three that were wrong. He did not overanalyze, and he didn't try to do too many things at once He thought in broad strokes, and in the autumn of 1997 the strategic matter that consumed him was the cable industry's conversion from analog set-top boxes to digital. Everyone knew the conversion was coming, and everyone wanted it to happen Cable operators wanted digital because its larger capacity gave their customers almost as many channels as the five hundred or so offered by satellite. Wall Street wanted it to happen because of the potential for entire new streams of revenue when the box on top of the television became a computer But no one knew how to *make* the conversion happen, because someone had to manufacture the digital set-top boxes, and neither General Instrument nor its leading competitor, Scientific-Atlanta, could justify the necessary capital investment Breen figured out how to break the stalemate. Or, to be exact, he went out to Denver, met with TCI's John Malone, and they figured it out together What Breen needed, quite simply, was *volume* He needed an order large enough to make the digital set top box not a high-priced luxury item but a fixture in the American home. What Malone wanted in return for such an order was what Malone always wanted equity And so he and Breen worked out a deal that would give TCI warrants for the purchase of GI stock in return for orders of GI's boxes. At the same time, GI bought TCI's own digital hardware—also with stock—and offered it to the cable operators that were TCI's competitors The cable operators trusted Ed Breen more than they trusted Malone, and now, with TCI's digital system turned into a kind of technological Switzerland, Breen was free to offer Malone's competitors what he had offered Malone a piece of GI's action.

He was back to doing what he did first and did best: selling set-top boxes Along with a friend and adviser named Frank Drendel, he set up a tote board in the New York offices of Forstmann Little and over one thirty-six-hour stretch sold the same arrangement, equity in his company for upfront cash, to Cox and Comcast and Time Warner—indeed, to the top nine cable operators in the United States, writing their names on the board as he went. Though at one point he walked through the office in a nightshirt he slept no more than twenty minutes, and by the end of that day and a half, he'd sold fifteen million General Instrument digital set-top boxes, worth something like $4.5 billion He had given up 15 percent of the company he had just been named to run, but he had outmaneuvered not only Scientific-Atlanta but also Microsoft and a host of other companies looking to profit from the cable industry's digital conversion He had made his customers his partners, and his partners a cartel He had put together what was called the Megadeal, and now he had to sell it to Wall Street



> He came to work each day prepared to make ten decisions—figuring seven of them would be right and that he'd have the time to fix the three that were wrong.

Making General Instrument attractive to investors was the next stroke in his broad-stroke strategy and this Breen did with frank, smiling zealotry To head of investor relations he appointed not the usual numbers guy but rather a marketing man named Dario Santana, and together they did a road show every six weeks while inviting investors and analysts to visit them in Pennsylvania. People at headquarters suddenly saw traffic they'd never seen before—traffic in investors and analysts—and what the visitors saw in return was Ed Breen, a CEO who had made the conference room his office and the conference table his desk. At meetings, Breen would make his pitch, and sometimes an investor would excuse himself and leave the room. When the potential investor got back, the stock would have jumped a few bucks, and he'd say, "I think that was us." General Instrument stock climbed and kept on climbing, and pretty soon Breen was ready to make some real money

All along he had realized that the next great opportunity for growth lay in worldwide cable markets but that General Instrument was not big enough for such ambition, nor capitalized enough, nor sufficiently established as a brand Breen and his team decided that they had to hitch themselves to a larger, wealthier company They put General Instrument in play, and in the spring of 1999, Breen's friend Frank Drendel attended a meeting of the board of Nextel He was a member, and at the end of the meeting another board member, Motorola's Keith Bane, approached him and said, "Frank, can I drive you to the airport?" They went out to Bane's car, and [*continued on page* 192]



[THE REVOLUTIONARY]

He created a profitable and even beloved discount airline in JetBlue. Is there anything David Neeleman can't do?

In early 2000 David Neeleman forty three launched the regional discount airline JetBlue with $130 million in financing Now following six profitable quarters during one of the worst periods in airline-industry history—while offering leather seats, satellite TV snacks instead of meals and very cheap fares—it serves twenty cities, is a model of efficiency and may be the first airline in history that people go out of their way to fly simply because they like it.

Can you save Amtrak?

Man I'll there was a way to make the rails work oh it s a sweet way to go If you look back at history moving people around has rarely been a moneymaking proposition Steamships rails, planes But I ve thought a lot about trains What s Amtrak's problem? Political pressure Once you collect government money you re beholden to a senator from Montana saying he wents train service to Great Falls Then a senator from Louisiana says he wents train service there Amtrak is strung out all over the country In all these places that have no hope of making money it's kind of nuts.

Go where you can make money! If you have a train route that s not profitable go to the state Is it important that you have this route? Is there some kind of security reason? Is there some nostalgic reason? If it's important, let the states figure out how to do it. And if it doesn I make money get rid of it.

Can you save the Post Office?

When you have a monopoly you tend to sit back on things I haven t thought hard about the Postal Service but I think you can figure out a way to automate it You should never have to set foot in a post office They should have a way that you go on the Internet figure out what you need run a credit card through print it out, stick it on the envelope or the package and drop it in a mailbox that can take all that Look at banks I haven t stepped into a bank in years

Can you save USAir?

If someone made me CEO of USAir or United or Continental the first thing I would do—the first thing—is resign

There are two things I know about myself I don t want to run someone else s business and I have to start from scratch I don t want to go and try to figure out how to fix their mess Their economic structure means they have to hub-and-spoke To maximize revenue they have to collect all these people from all these cities and then take them to different cities But because the cities are not the same distance apart, nor the same size, you have all those inefficiencies—ten different types of aircraft planes sitting on the ground We just said Let's go where we can make money!

What I m trying to do at JetBlue is take on conventional wisdom They said we couldn t start an airline with only one type of aircraft. Well we did it They said we couldn I get people to fly into Long Beach California Well we did that, too See When I left Southwest Airlines, there was a guy there who said I was a revolutionary in a company that didn t need a revolution But I think every company needs a revolution all the time It's imperative

So is it time for a revolution at JetBlue?

What I think about incessantly—*incessantly*—is building the most efficient business In the second quarter we did 18 6 per cent operating margin If we did 22 percent, I would have said That s too much We don t went to be above 20 percent. That s fair to our customers Anything above that would spoil the formula we have with them

The thing that s discouraging to me is that we re always on the top end of our price range for flights to Florida because there's so much demand My answer to that is Keep adding more flights Because we re not going to take over the market and then start jacking up the fare like everyone else does I'd rather have fifty flights a day to that market, if that s what it takes That s the way you build value with your customers, because they know you re never going to charge them $500 for the flight.

Okay, what one thing can save the rest of American business?

Furry slippers When I talk with customers they ask me "How do you find such nice people to take reservations?" I tell them, "Furry slippers They love their jobs because they're in their furry slippers working from home."

There are so many people sitting in call centers who could be working from home For us it's a home job When I talk at business conferences I tell them "Shame on you for not doing this." I have *hard facts* that show it s absolutely the best way to go We get 20 percent more in productivity in bookings And I can t talk anyone into doing it. They re completely clueless People who work on reservations customer support and help lines you can I pay $50 000 But you can change their environment You get better people! They re happier They re taking better care of your customers You can make more money doing it! And they just don I get it.

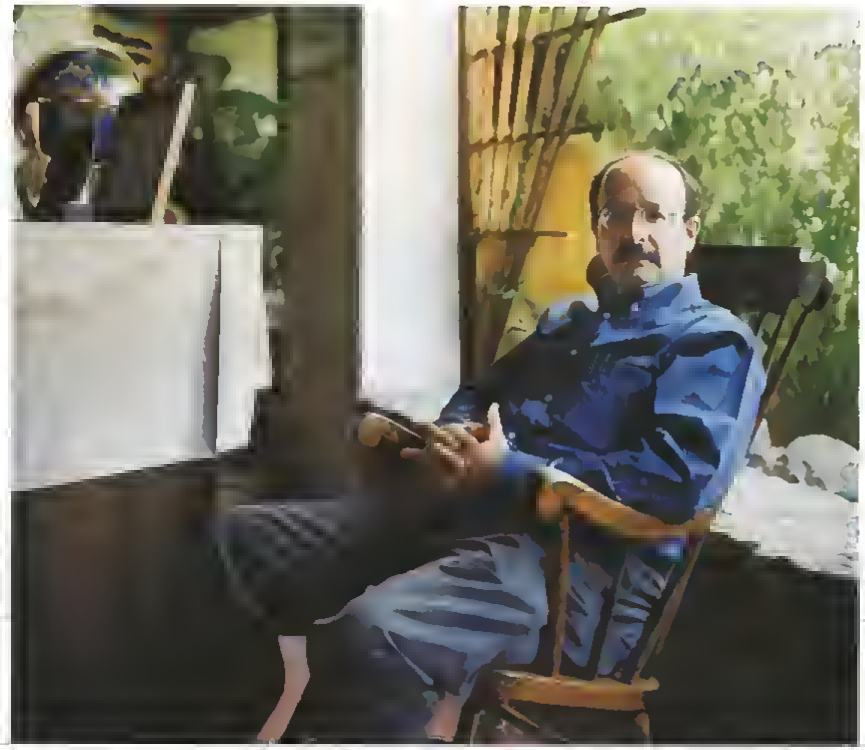
—ANDREW CHAIKIVSKY

PHOTOGRAPH BY SVEND LINDBAEK



Not the latest thing. The genuine thing.

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[THE OPTIMIST]

Of all the doomsayers surrounding the issues of energy, security, and environmental ruin, **Amory Lovins** may be the happiest

BY DAVID WHITFORD

THERE ARE FIFTY THINGS Amory Lovins could tell you that would alarm, delight, or shock you. He could convince you that you're a fool to live in an American city because of what he knows about the dangers of nuclear proliferation. He could tell you that OPEC is not really very relevant to the problem of energy supplies, nor are the oil companies, nor are the limited amounts of oil or gas or coal in the world. He'd love to tell you how to marry a beautiful woman, how to win at bridge—and he really loves this—that as a committed lifelong profoundly knowledgeable environmentalist, he thinks the way out of the mess we've made of the natural world will be led by business. But the one thing that will really stop you, casually confessed by one of the handful of the most influential thinkers and advisers and researchers on energy use in the world, is this: "I have an orange mistress in every city."

We're at ten thousand feet in Colorado's Elk Range, out for a Saturday-morning "toddle," as Lovins calls it, resting for a moment before we turn back, snacking on salmon jerky and dried squid. And Lovins has suddenly blurted out that last bit. Wherever he goes—"I'm thinly spread over about fifty countries," he lets you know—Lovins seeks out the company of orangutans. His particular favorite is Ah Meng, the matriarch of the Singapore Zoo. He brings her durians, a fetid tropical fruit she likes, and he lets her grope him with her four hands. He can't really explain the appeal, but Birute Galdikas, Lovins's friend who is a renowned authority on orangutans, thinks she understands. The first time she met Lovins, she told him, "Yes, you are one of them. You have their equanimity."

Equanimity is not a trait you instantly associate with someone who places "save the world" at the top of his hierarchy of needs, ahead of "have fun" and "make money." But it captures Lovins, fifty-five in his essence. It is the reason he can see the world in all its evil and greed and potential for disaster yet remain an optimist—not just an optimist, but a problem solver. Which is how, as chief executive of the nonprofit Rocky Mountain Institute, in Snowmass, Colorado, he has become a consultant on energy and waste to large service and manufacturing companies around the world, as well as governments; he helped the U.S. Department of Defense slash fuel consumption (Defense accounts for 1 percent of all energy use in the U.S.) and redesigned refugee camps for the United Nations.

His pragmatism is also what has landed him in the unexpected role of chairman of a car company. Hypercar, Inc., which originated in research conducted at RMI, has designed an affordable five-seat SUV that looks cool, jumps from zero to sixty-two in 8.2 seconds, has a slippery, lightweight skin that won't rust, chip, or dent, meets all federal crash test standards, averages ninety-nine miles per gallon, and emits only water from its hydrogen-fuel-cell power plant—water so pure that Lovins jokes (I think) about offering an optional dashboard espresso machine. Unfortunately, you can't buy one yet. Instead, it is a concept car incorporating innovations in materials, design, and technology that the company is negotiating to license to other automakers for development.

"We think what our vehicle and others like it will ultimately do is displace as much oil worldwide as OPEC now sells," says Lovins, whose pockets are overflowing with nerdy tools—PDA, cell phone, beeping kit, utility knife, pens. "In this country, it will save as much as Saudi Arabia produces. We also designed them to serve as power plants on wheels. You can plug them in when parked [returning energy to the power grid]. If everyone did that, you'd be displacing the world's coal and nuclear power plants many times over. You could profitably deal with something like two thirds of the climate problem this way."

Hypercar demonstrates Lovins's basic faith that business can lead us out of the environmental troubles it created. "Critics on the left may argue that businesspeople pursue only short-term self-interest unless guided by the public interest," he wrote in his latest book, *Natural Capitalism*, with Paul Hawken and L. Hunter Lovins (his former wife). "However, we believe that the world stands on the threshold of basic changes in the conditions of business. . . . The move toward radical resource productivity and natural capitalism is beginning to feel inevitable rather than merely possible."

Lovins was still a little-known twenty-nine-year-old ex-Oxford don (he attended both Harvard and Oxford's Magdalen College but graduated from neither) from suburban Washington, D.C.—with developed talents for experimental physics, poetry, nature photography, classical piano, and pool—when he published a seminal article in the fall 1976 issue of *Foreign Affairs* titled "Energy Strategy: The Road Not Taken?" In it, Lovins mapped out why the "soft path" of relying on clean, decentralized sources of energy, like solar power, was a more rational and profitable basis for energy development than the "hard path," defined by fossil fuels, massive power stations, and complex distribution grids. In so doing, he redefined the energy debate for the last quarter century.

Honors, books, consulting deals, and RMI followed. But what has changed over the years is that Lovins doesn't have to speak as loudly anymore; businesses and governments now call him. "He has a unique ability to quickly analyze a problem and put it in terms that help deliver business value," says Jeff Foote, director of environmental strategy at Coca-Cola.

His expertise has been in particular demand lately. "I don't know whether they're simultaneously realizing the kinds of stunning competitive advantage they can gain from natural capitalism," he says, "or whether they want to have more fun, or whether they want to leave a better legacy, or what. But for some combination of reasons, their mood and activities are changing profoundly. Especially after September 11, we find that many very large companies with visionary leaders—and there are still a lot of those around—are wanting to make the world better and safer, whether they'll make money on it or not."

Which is one reason why we are toddling back down the mountain toward his office, which is in his four-thousand-square-foot house, which is also headquarters for the institute. The building itself might be called the house at the end of the soft path. Up here in the mountains, a mile and a half above sea level, where winter temperatures can dip 40 degrees below zero and the sun sometimes hides behind clouds for weeks at a time, the spectacular building—which Lovins helped design—gets 99 percent of its space and water heat from passive systems while consuming no more than a trickle of household electricity. "For which our bill would be about five dollars a month if we bought it all," he says. "But actually we produce five or six times that much electricity with solar and sell the rest to the power company." Moreover, he says, all the efficiency measures paid for themselves in the first ten months—"and that's with 1983 technology. Now you can do better."



LOVINS, RIGHT, consulting with his fellow high primate Ah Meng in Singapore

> "It is an open question in biological terms whether this bold idea of combining a large forebrain with opposable thumbs will turn out to be a good idea."

That prompts the question that he can't answer: How much time do we have to do better?

"Most of the problems we're left with, we don't need to have, and it's cheaper not to," he says cheerfully. "On the whole, we are learning faster than we are forgetting. That said, it is an open question in biological terms whether this bold idea of combining a large forebrain with opposable thumbs will turn out to be a good idea."

He doesn't smile at that, but his eyes kind of laugh. "You just try to make things better and not take yourself too seriously," he says. "And if this experiment turns out to be a bad idea and we do ourselves in, the rest of the living world will probably be rather relieved and go about its business much as before."

That's when I realized we'd been talking about his relationship with Ah Meng all along.



[THE FATHER OF FREEBAY]

Craig Newmark set out to make a useful and humane local Internet site, and he ended up building the best and most efficient e-commerce site on the Web

> *Diana Alden Lang found* her dog Ginger, her cell phone, her couch, her mattress, her car, her speakers, her *outdoor* speakers, her pro Cuisinart, her bicycle, her VCR, and her two assistants
> *Lynne Harris found* her apartment and her job
> *Miriam Boxerman found* her couch, her TV, her roommate, her job, and her boyfriend

CRAIGSLIST IS UGLY. It is ranks of pale-blue links on a field of gray. No pictures, no icons, no banner ads. Yet under the watchful eye of demiurge Craig Newmark, craigslist.org has become the single most useful commerce site on the Internet.

This is the future of alternative e-purchasing: call it free-bay. It carries no paid advertisements of any kind, and it takes no cut from the transactions it enables. Yet users, which include 1.6 million unique visitors a month, can buy and sell everything—furniture, computers, trucks, real estate, one another—at prices that rival a yard sale's.

The site was born in 1995 as a kind of bulletin board where Craig, then a forty-two-year-old software engineer, and friends could keep up on arts and technology events in San Francisco. In the past few years, however, it has blossomed into a bastion of local free-market bartering and sales in fourteen cities, from New York to Vancouver. Entirely nonprofit, its only revenue comes from fees charged for posting jobs on the original Bay Area site.

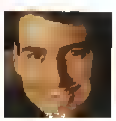
"It is 100 percent self-funded and makes enough from paid job listings to cover all costs" is all you'll get on finances from Craig. Besides, you'd have better luck picking up a watermelon seed off a linoleum floor than holding his attention on the telephone. He is eternally distracted, mostly by his constant interaction with users. He is a ubiquitous presence on the site, interjecting on chat rooms, e-mailing users, mediating disputes, and, with his thirteen-person staff, relentlessly upgrading his service.

And yet for all his obsessive creating, re-creating, and omnipresence on craigslist, Craig himself remains a benign and elusive deity.

A user tells this story: "Craig was like the guy from *Charlie's Angels*: no one knew what he looked like, and he was idolized. The homeless found housing, the unemployed found high-paying jobs. I was like, 'I must meet this man and thank him.' He turned out to be a balding, short, jolly, portly man. He didn't say anything as I bowed at his feet and thanked him. He just smiled, winked, and had this nice twinkle in his eye, and he walked away as more people were thanking him." —DANIEL TORDAY



[THE NEXT GUTENBERG]



JOSEPH JACOBSON, E INK "It's just a piece of paper that sits on your coffee table," says Jacobson, thirty-seven, an associate professor at MIT's Media Lab and a founder of E Ink. "You read it, and you put it back down. Next time you pick it up, it's the new newspaper." Jacobson's talking about radioPaper, a flexible, high-resolution reading display—not as thin as newsprint but close, and more durable—that can wirelessly download the latest *Wall Street Journal* (or Esquire) and endlessly reprint itself. Because the type on the page is not pixels but, essentially, *ink*—tiny chips of pigment on a layer of circuitry—E Ink promises the best of both worlds: the visual appeal of ink on paper and the renewability of a computer screen. ¶ Back in 1995, Jacobson was a Stanford postdoc who aspired to create the "last book," a bound volume containing hundreds of pages of radioPaper that could be reconfigured in seconds to display the full contents of Harold Bloom's library. Big idea, yes, but premature. So in 1997 Jacobson helped launch E Ink, which has since raised more than $100 million in outside funding (Esquire's parent company, Hearst, is an investor.) Its first product, released in 1999, was a display designed for use in retail stores. ¶ Now, as it girds for its assault on Gutenberg, E Ink plans to challenge the one component of personal computing that's scarcely changed over the years: the screen. Glass-based liquid crystal displays (LCDs) are rigid, fragile, and heavy, and they hog battery life. They also hog a huge business. Mobile-device makers alone spend $4 to $5 billion a year on displays. E Ink wants to poach a chunk of that business by convincing the device industry to convert from LCD to E Ink. Last summer, the company demonstrated two high-resolution displays that it plans to license for use in cell phones and, eventually, PDAs and e-book readers, beginning in 2004. One of them, only 0.3 millimeters thick (about the width of four sheets of paper), is also 90 percent thinner and lighter than an LCD and almost as flexible as a business card. And that," says Jacobson, "is starting to get pretty close to the early vision." —BRENDAN VAUGHAN

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL SAHRE

[THE RATIONAL MAN]



The Big Idea: RETHINKING SIN TAXES

[MATTHEW RABIN] You'll quit Super Sizing the fries tomorrow. No you won't. You'll quit smoking when the tax per pack rises a dollar more next month. No you won't. And because you believe it really is in your interest to do these things—but *won't*—you're a bit of a mystery to traditional economists.

Matthew Rabin wants to change all that. And than he wants to change your life with a few mathematical equations. Rabin, a thirty-eight-year-old economist at UC Berkeley who is widely regarded as one of the most powerful analytic and mathematical brains in the field, is a leader in the movement to introduce the irrational man to economics.

Take taxes. Rabin wants to refine the approach to sin taxes by accounting for what actually shapes people's actions (and undermines most economic theory): things like weak self-control, immediate gratification, procrastination.

"The point of higher taxes should not be to stop people from doing sinful activities," Rabin says. "The point should be to help keep people from engaging in behaviors that they themselves want to stop."

Standard theory presumes that actors in a market are rational and always act in their own best interest. A high per-pack tax on cigarettes, for example, or just a clear awareness of the health affects of smoking may lead people to decide to stop. But they don't. Rabin's model quantifies their tendency *not* to act in their best interest.

His work attacks one of the worst blind spots in the standard model—the assumption that a person's preferences are constant or "time consistent." In simple terms: It presumes that if you desire to do something tomorrow, you will do that thing when tomorrow comes. And yet when tomorrow comes, it's a new "today." In fact, tomorrow never comes. Sound familiar? Many people act time *inconsistently*. Enter Rabin and others who are part of the growing school of behavioral economics, which takes on the quirks of illogical human actions, tries to measure them through the empirical evidence found in psychology, and translates that data into revised economic formulas. This approach is no longer a mere outpost of economic theory: last year the American Economic Association awarded Rabin the Clark medal as the best economist in America under forty.

As for sin taxes, Rabin thinks the traditional approach—simply raising the price of "sin" goods to get people to consume less of them—is least effective with people most likely to be its target: those who have self-control problems. Rabin's idea: take people's time inconsistencies out of the equation altogether.

Faced with the choice of quitting now or buying another pack, many smokers who want to quit will none the less choose buying cigarettes over suffering the pain of not smoking. They can always quit tomorrow. But Rabin asks, what if the state cut the tax completely and instead sold licenses to smoke? The choice would be clarified. Fully rational people who wanted to continue smoking would buy the license (equal, say, to what a heavy smoker would otherwise pay in cigarette taxes for the year) and puff away. No harm. But those who wanted to stop smoking would lose the option of time inconsistency. They would face one big decision today, reducing or eliminating mistakes of self-control.

Sure, try to pass that law. But the underlying insight is reshaping economics. "Let's stop ignoring all the evidence," Rabin says. "Let's tweak the model. The math is the same. Let's relish our assumptions to be a little more realistic." —ANDREW CHAIKIN SAY

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM BURKE

XCOR HAS BEEN TEST-FLYING the EZ-Rocket, top, for more than a year. Next, building the Xerus spacecraft, illustrated below. Its gas-and-go reusability could make private space flight practical for the first time.









[THE HOLY GRAIL]

What NASA did for Alan Shepard, **Dan DeLong** wants to do for you—suborbital space flight. Except DeLong's rocket would do it several times a day.

"IN A MINUTE AND A HALF you're going supersonic, straight up, and in three minutes you're doing Mach 3.5. Four minutes, the sky turns black, the stars come out, and you have zero gravity for three minutes. It reenters the atmosphere and there's a 4-g pullout for fifteen seconds. The leading edges in the nose will get hot enough that the passenger will see 'em glowing red." So says Dan DeLong, fifty, the chief engineer at XCor, a company he cofounded three years ago that has created the rocket that will send any man to space—for $98,000. Since last July, XCor has been successfully testing the EZ-Rocket—essentially a fiberglass airplane with a rocket strapped to its tail. But it is that rocket's gas-and-go, reusable fuel system that has put the company in the lead of the race to offer commercial space travel. By applying the EZ's rocket engines to its new project, the Xerus, XCor could make suborbital space flights a reality within four years. —DANIEL TORDAY



[THE PRIME MOVER]

If smallness is the next big thing, then nanotech pioneer **Chad Mirkin** may be the next Bill Gates or Jim Clark

BY TED C. FISHMAN

HAD MIRKIN HIMSELF is a little out of scale. A big man—six five, 215—with a big laugh, he stands nearly a head taller than most of those on his thirty-five-person research team. But he would loom large in any case. A promethean investigator, inventor, and entrepreneur, the thirty-nine-year-old Mirkin may be doing more than anyone in the world to understand nanotechnology and make it useful. The National Science Foundation, for one, is betting on his work. It committed $11 million to help Northwestern University, where he is a professor of chemistry, construct the new $34 million lab in which his team works and which Mirkin helped design. Starting full operation in October, it is the first federally funded lab anywhere built exclusively for nanotech research. The expectation is that Mirkin and company will help American industry lead what the NSF calls the next industrial revolution.

Even practitioners have a hard time saying just what nanotechnology is, but Mirkin is an evangelist. 'Nanotech,' he explains, "focuses on scale; it is about looking at everything differently." Mirkin's research team at the lab—and the two start-up companies he's founded—designs and builds things measured by the nanometer, or billionth of a meter. How small is that? A human hair is a hundred thousand nanometers wide. A nanometer is to a hair as a hair is to a giant sequoia. Nanotechnologists start to get excited when tinkering with materials one hundred nanometers or smaller. At that scale, they can move and rearrange atoms and molecules. They can create custom molecules. Ultimately, they can change the way the world works.

"If you build a house," Mirkin says, "you have a lot more control if you start with smaller bricks. Nanotech looks at a bulk structure and breaks everything down into its elementary components, atoms and molecules, and reassembles them. When you do that, you don't just get more flexibility; you find the materials have totally different properties on that scale."

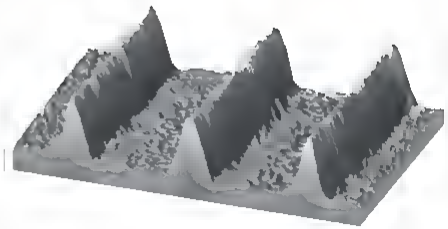
The trick is figuring out how to exploit those properties. At that, Mirkin is a master. Nanotechnologists often divide their field into two camps, "top down" and "bottom up." The top-down approach tries to make large things—such as computer-memory chips, which nanotechnologists think are thousands of times bigger than they need to be—smaller. Within a decade, for example, the laws of physics will halt the conventional miniaturization of circuits well above the nanoscale. Nanotechnology is producing tools that will permit shrinking them to the widths of molecules.

The bottom-up approach, on the other hand, builds structures atom by atom or molecule by molecule. In this way, nanotechnology mimics how nature assembles the physical world. Bottom-up nanotech has the greatest potential to revolutionize industry, but it is also the most difficult to make practicable. It is also, Mirkin believes, the most overhyped. He complains that wild press reports that tell of nanorobots capable of roaming through a person's blood to root out disease, for instance, are the result of "a lot of snake-oil salesmen out there."

While many nanotechnologists work on one side of the divide or the other, Mirkin plies both. So do the two companies he helped launch to commercialize his lab's innovations. NanoInk—created in 2001, with $6.2 million in private funding to date—is developing the world's smallest pen to draw the world's finest electronic circuits.

The technique grew out of a laboratory nuisance. One of the most important tools in a nanotechnology lab's arsenal is the atomic-force microscope. An AFM creates pictures of small objects and surfaces by running a fine ceramic tip over their face. As the tip moves up and down, its path is measured and mapped by a laser. Yet in the lab, extremely small and disruptive beads of sticky moisture often accumulate around the AFM stylus. Mirkin found a use for this nuisance and developed from it a lithographic tool that can deposit—not etch or burn—lines on circuit boards that are only as thick as a few molecules, about ten nanometers wide. Building superdense semiconductors is the most obvious use for Mirkin's 'pen.' Yet the sticky properties of substances at the nanoscale allow the pen to be used to attach any material to any other. It could be used to make "biological chips" by drawing proteins, peptides, or DNA molecules onto silicon. NanoInk won't produce all the kinds of chips its technology can build. Instead, it will license out its techniques to others who can use it to build their own nanotech devices. In effect, it will make nanotechnology's first commercially viable machine tools. They are the base on which the industry can grow.

Mirkin's other start-up, Nanosphere, Inc., is taking a very different approach, exploiting the different properties materials acquire at the nanolevel. When Mirkin learned that gold reduced to a nanoscale, absorbs and scatters different shades of light, he figured out how to harness that for medical diagnostics. By wrapping a gold particle with DNA fragments designed to match the complementary DNA fragments of pathogens, Mirkin's team can take small samples of people's skin or blood and screen patients for every known viral and bacterial disease with unprecedented accuracy. Mirkin predicts that five years from now, doctors will be able to insert patient samples into a disposable handheld diagnostics laboratory and have results within minutes. Nanosphere, which started in 1998, with $25 million in venture capital invested to date, plans to have a preliminary device on the market early next year.



MIRKIN'S WORLD. A height map of silicon structures manufactured by NanoInk's "pen." The peaks are fifty-five nanometers high—roughly equal to one two thousandth of a human hair. Manufacturing at this scale could revolutionize the microchip industry, for starters.

Nanospheres can be deployed in any kind of investigation that requires the matching of DNA. The U.S. military is interested. Last year's anthrax attacks raised the need for quick DNA field tests. The threat of biological warfare requires genetics tests that can be administered to thousands in cookie-cutter fashion. "There are ninety thousand water treatment and distribution plants in the United States," Mirkin says, pointing to other potential markets, "and thousands and thousands of fast food restaurants wary of *E. coli*. Farmers who buy genetically modified seed want to know if they are getting what they paid for. The farmers next to them want to know if their fields are contaminated by their neighbor's GM crops. Before, it was hard, if not impossible, to run these tests." If Mirkin's nanospheres catch on, genetic tests will be as commonplace as thermometers.

Mirkin's coated gold particles, like many of nanotechnology's most promising applications, require broad expertise. His lab is a Babel of chemists, biologists, physicists, medical researchers, and engineers. The commercial promise is a powerful pull for new scientists. The number of graduate students in Mirkin's department has doubled in recent years, to 160. All leave with stacks of job offers. As with Bill Gates's roommates and Jim Clark's pals, their connection to a new industry's prime mover is in effect making them the senior generation in a new industrial era.

Yet Mirkin himself remains the field's most prolific prosetylizer. His academic résumé is nearly as oversize as he is, running nineteen single-spaced pages, and he is the author or coauthor of 240 academic papers and invited lectures, a stunning number for a chemist his age. His students insist it is a record. When Mirkin began moving his things into the new lab building last summer, they worried that his historic and beaten-up computer keyboard might be lost. One postdoc offered to bronze it for a shrine.

Charlie Kaufman

[*continued from page* t40] supposed to be adapting? It seemed like the ultimate risk, to put myself out there. I really needed to do it this way. I mean, I was waking up every morning freaking out. I thought my career was over."

Not surprisingly, Kaufman—who may or may not have one or more children—counts Lewis Carroll, Franz Kafka, Woody Allen, the Marx Brothers, and Monty Python among his literary influences. His basic approach is . . . taking no particular approach. Rather than outlining his scripts in conventional fashion—three acts, action proceeding from A to B to C—he prefers to wing it. "I never start with a real plan," he has said. "I start with ideas that are interesting to me—and I kind of marry them. I never know where it's going to go. I have a tone in my head that I can't quite articulate. If you know exactly what you're going to do and you've got it all plotted out, you tend to think in comfortable ways. This way I'm forced to think about how to integrate the elements. It's a way of collaborating with myself, like having a second voice in my head."

This in the end is what makes Kaufman so, well, Kaufmanesque. He is anxious and shy, nerdy and quirky and Hobbitlike. But he also has *cojones* of steel. "To me failure is a badge of honor. It means you took the chance," Kaufman said. "If you give them what they want, what's been done before, I don't know . . . that seems like a really cynical way to be a writer." Kaufman pushed away his glass of water, a movement that seemed to indicate the beginning of the end of our interview. "People always say there's nothing really new. If that's the end of it, what's the point? I guess one of my goals is sort of to keep trying and see if I can find something new."

An awkward silence descended between us. I was finished with my lunch; he was finished picking at his. "There's really not that much to tell," he said, shrugging his shoulders again, attempting to summarize. "There's something corrupting about talking about yourself like it means anything. I have a regular life, mundane, just like anybody else. I just want to be a person who writes screenplays. Your work is your work. people respond to it or they don't. I really just like my stories to speak for themselves. And also, I'm just shy."

He reached into his pocket, pulled out his parking stub. "You know where I can get this validated?"

"I'll pay for that."

He thought for a second, and then he uttered a guttural noise that sounded very negative. He shook his head vigorously.

"Come on," I said childishly, a bit familiar perhaps, laying my hand lightly upon his shoulder. "Don't be silly. You were kind enough to be interviewed, I'll walk you out and pay."

He averted his head as if my breath was bad, as if the sight of me was causing him great pain. I removed my hand. He rose from his seat. "That's okay," he said curtly. His hands fluttered at his sides. "I really prefer if you didn't see what kind of car I drive."

So I offered him the cash. ■

Dave Lavery

[*continued from page* 174] I can't tell you if that's gonna happen in ten years or twenty years, but it's gonna happen—and when it does, can we live off the land? Can we take minimal supplies and then have resources there to use? Can we find water deposits to water the humans and grow plants and create rocket fuels for a return trip?

"The o, of course, the big question: Is there or was there ever life there? Right before *Mars Pathfinder* in '97, a meteorite was discovered—the Mars meteorite. When the announcement was made—let me word this very carefully—that there are signs there *might* be evidence of *possible* past life on Mars, it opened the door to say that this is no longer pure fantasy. We're not talking about advanced forms of intelligent life but bacteria, various small single celled creatures. Did it ever exist? Did it survive? We can no longer definitively say we know the answer to that question.

"You've got these four questions, and what's the thing that ties them together? Water. Water determines the climate. Water determines whether there's life there. Water's the resource that we want to have when we go there. And water motivates geology. Follow the water. Find out where their water was. find out where it is. Go to those places. Follow the water."

He's psyched. The whole place feels buzzed, happy. The team assembles at 7:00 A.M. daily—it's midday now—and quitting time is 5:00 P.M., but nobody leaves then. Lavery was here until 1:00 A.M. last night trying to nail down the test rover's location—"I created a bunch of new maps. did overlays. and tried to correlate them. I think I've got it narrowed down to one pixel"—and he says it's not unusual to find folks working long past midnight. "They get very jazzed," he says. "This sort of mission is what some people wait their whole careers to do."

Steve Squyres, a planetary geologist from Cornell University, is the principal investigator for the upcoming mission. He has aimed his work at Mars since 1987, and he's so juiced that he makes Dave seem as placid as a lama.

"What can I do for ye?" Squyres barks. He jerks a thumb in Lavery's direction. "What's this guy doin' here? Good question. Very good question."

I haven't said a word. No need. Squyres, a skinny, narrow-faced, shaggy cat in black jeans and cowboy boots, sprays words like bullets—in hard-guy inflections broken by bursts of what sounds like manic glee.

"See, we have to operate two robots, total cost $800 million on the surface of Mars. Divide that by the number of days we'll be on the surface—the rovers will each spend three months there—it works out to about four and a half million dollars a day, okay? So every day you have to deliver to the taxpayers four and a half million dollars worth of science. This team needs to get very, very good. okay?

"What you see here is a room full of some of the best planetary scientists who've ever lived"—Squyres hoots with delight at this wealth of genius—"and they've gotta learn to think like a robot. It can't do a lot of the things that a human can do, know what I mean? The time it takes to go twenty meters is a hundred times—*five* hundred times—longer than what it takes a human. But it can do things a human can't. These guys have to learn how to use the robot's capabilities to make up for its shortcomings. We're teaching these guys how to do science the way they're gonna have to do it on Mars."

"As for this guy"—Squyres nudges Lavery—"what he's doin' here I couldn't tell ya. He's the headquarters weenie. But seriously—I'm serious about this—he's here because he wants to do his job better, and he's here because he wants to have a good time. Don't tell me that's not true, okay?"

"It is true," says Dave.

"We have fun jobs, man," Squyres says, giggling.

Behold the headquarters weenie! You can check on Dave via the DaveCam—ranger.hq.nasa.gov/staff/davecam.shtm—or, as it's officially designated, the Amazing DaveCam, perched near the ceiling of his office at NASA. When Dave's traveling, he sticks a pink flamingo named Humphrey on his chair. But when he's deskbound in D.C., anyone with a browser can watch him working.

Dave rigged up the DaveCam many years ago as "an intellectual exercise," but it strikes me as something more—something . . . yeah, amazing. Here's a civil servant, a NASA lifer, a bureaucrat with a billion dollar budget that stretches all the way out to Mars and the year 2009—and there he is, on your monitor, his phone number and e-mail address linked to the page if you have questions. It's the opposite of Kafkaesque. It is transparent, Dave's cosmos, as free and open as a toy box.

Some aspects of Dave seem both adult and utterly average—the wife and three kids; the DILBERT ZONE sticker on his office window; the house in Herndon, where he grew up—but Lavery's also a kid, a kid gripped by his passions. He's in year two of a five-year plan to build a steam locomotive from scratch in his garage, hand-tooling each part. He goes where his robots go—everywhere but Mars—from the Andes to the Arctic Circle. And when he's feeling ground down, he heads to the Neutral Buoyancy Research Facility at the University of Maryland's Space Systems Laboratory, a half-hour drive, where he puts on his scuba gear and unwinds in the monster hot tub used to simulate the zero-g environment of outer space.

That's where we're headed this afternoon—in Dave's black-on-black '97 Mustang GT convertible—not for a swim, but to check out a robot arm. Dave has spent all morning on the phone, dishing out grant money to scientists developing promising instruments and experiments for future Mars missions. He wants to hear his V-8 growl.

The tank at the NBRF is otherworldly—165 feet in circumference, 50 feet across, and 25 feet deep, full to the brim with water of astounding clarity, heated to 90 degrees, the whole shebang resting on its own twenty-four-inch foundation to support its two million pounds—but the mood here is not buoyant. The mood is dour. The giant money has run out, and the fellow who runs this show, Dave Akin—Lavery and Akin go back nearly twenty years—isn't shy about giving the headquarters weenie a bit of grief.

NASA reorganized continuously for six years," Akin says, 'until they found a system that would screw me—and they stuck with it."

Akin's Ranger grapple arm is an impressive piece of work, although it's hard to look at it weaving and twisting and not think of the robot from *Lost in Space*. "You have another one of these arms on that side," Akin explains, "and another arm like this on the top carrying a camera. Two people would operate it, we can be on the ground operating it and not waste the astronaut's time. It's a very powerful tool, except, and you can do an awful lot. We would like to do an awful lot. And maybe someone eventually will *let* me do an awful lot."

"What he's really saying," Lavery says "is, 'Where's your checkbook, Dave?'"

"That's right," says Akin.

The high point of my visit comes when I hear Akin mention something called the "zero-g toilet." I ask him to elaborate.

"It's a seat and a hole and a fan that sucks in through the hole. We like to say that it's one of the few places in engineering where the shit is supposed to hit the fan. Well, I like to say that. I don't know if anybody else likes to say that."

And what if you're outside the spacecraft and can't get to the space throne in time?

"First of all, nobody will ever admit to taking a crap in a space suit. The rule is, if you do, you have to clean it—and your diaper—yourself. No one wants to deal with that."

In the Mustang on the way back to the office I mention that Akin seems a bit discouraged.

"We all have to put up with the bureaucracy," Lavery says. "And the fuddling and all the other crap. We have to suffer through that. But we don't lose sight of the vision."

When the twin Mars rovers launch next year, they'll carry more than science payloads. Two of NASA's last three Mars craft—the *Climate Orbiter* and the *Polar Lander*—were lost in 1999. They crashed. They crashed, delaying the Mars program by years. They crashed, forcing the agency to reconsider a policy known as Faster, Better, Cheaper and reinforcing the image of NASA as a pale, bumbling shadow of its younger, glorious self. Next year's launches will be fueled by fear and hope for redemption.

Lavery was with the *Polar Lander* team when it was supposed to touch down at noon on a Friday. By midnight on Monday, no signal had come from the ship, and everyone in the room knew they no longer had a mission.

"I'm lookin' around," Dave says, "goin', Jeez, these people put four, six, eight years of their lives into this project. Am I gonna have to go pull people off the roof? I started to talk to folks. Every single one of 'em said the same thing: If I had the chance to do it again, I would—in a heartbeat, even knowing this was gonna be the outcome—just to have the opportunity to try. Just to get a shot at it."

Passion and spirit trump doubt—for better and worse, forever. A little kid decides that Mars and robots are his destiny. Whaddya gonna tell him? That Columbus sailed off the end of the earth? That his eyes are bad and he should consider pharmacy? That the very best and worst of our species—and some voice deep in all our hearts—don't whisper some version of Fuck it, let's see how fast and far we can go?

"We're doin' this stuff that's out on the edge," says Dave. "There are no slam dunks. This is rocket science. We have screwups out there in front of the entire world, and everybody sees 'em. We still wanna do it anyway. Don't stop just because it didn't work."

When Lavery gets lathered up, the Mustang zooms. We're zipping along Route 295 in Maryland at 85 miles per hour. Dave's going maybe 120 mouthwise. But not a word is framed by frustration. He may be the most earnest upbeat human I've ever met—and at $110,000 per year, certainly the most underpaid—and I tell him so.

"It's just an amazing amount of fun," Dave says. "There's an etched aluminum plate on the bottom of *Sojourner*"—*Sojourner* was the rover carried by *Pathfinder* in 1997—"sitting on Mars right now. Someday, some person's gonna go to Mars, turn her over, and on the top left corner of that plate, there's my signature. That's unbelievably cool. I think I have the coolest job in the world. I can't imagine not doing this stuff."

"Is $800 million a lot of money for us to go and put stuff on Mars? It's a heck of a lot of money—and it's not mine. It belongs to everybody in the country. We're always mindful of that. But in the global scheme of things, spending that in terms of the return that the country will get out of it is absolutely worth it. The things we're gonna learn about the solar system and how we'll be able to pass that on to the current generation of schoolkids, how we'll be able to shape what they know about the universe and the new technologies that will come out that companies will be able to turn into products and make profits that get spun back into the national economy—the whole suite of arguments says there's a significant cost-benefit to all that."

Dave's almost breathless, but not quite.

"Personally? I put all that stuff aside. I understand the logic of every one of those arguments, I believe the logic of every one, I can recite the logic of everyone and they're all important—I believe strongly in all of 'em—but for me the one thing that makes all this worth it is you have to make an investment in the future. We're investing in hope for the future."

What *are* you going to tell the kid? That less than 1 percent of the federal budget is too much, that the frontiers are closed for repair, that his dreams are too big? He ain't gonna listen anyway. And he's not finished.

"This is the glimmer of neat and cool things on the edge of our imagination. We want to inspire the country about what we can become—which is even better than what we are now." ■

Vernor Vinge

[*continued from page* t59] but the truth is that Vinge's ideas are taken seriously by a wide range of academic, business, and government institutions. People pay serious money to have Vinge and other scientists in the field lay out possible scenarios. There are heated debates over the details of the singularity, with a group of scholars headed by Francis Fukuyama (of "end of history" fame) claiming that a biological revolution will create a singularity before computers can do it. But ten years after Vinge first broached the idea, this remains one of the leading mainstream visions for where the world is headed.

Of course, this is not the first time the world has ended. Henry Adams, the famous American historian descended from presidents John and John Quincy Adams, spent the last few years of his life (he died in 1918) speculating about where technology was taking us. Adams looked at the rise in the human race's ability to generate power—from the muscle power and grunt work of most human history to the rise of water, steam, coal, and electric power as the industrial age got under way.

In a stunning parallel to Vinge's singularity, Adams concluded that technology was accelerating at such a rapid pace that the human race would face a "phase change" into a radical new type of existence no later than 2025.

Are they right? Possibly, but the real point is bigger. As a race, we humans have always had an urge for the end. Fundamentalist Christians by the tens of millions are waiting for the Rapture and the Great Tribulation. Muslim and Jewish religious extremists, like their Christian confreres here, see the struggle over Jerusalem and the Holy Land as the fulfillment of ancient prophecy.

Environmental groups predict a runaway greenhouse effect that will bring about catastrophic global warming and, amid famines and mass extinctions, the possible "condition Venus" scenario to which temperatures on earth become too hot to support animal life.

Fukuyama and the biotech wizards look to our ability to extend the human life span, redesign our genes, and create psychoactive drugs that make Prozac and Ritalin look like Carter's Little Liver Pills to produce a fundamental change in human life.

Students of foreign affairs point to weapons proliferation, the rise of failed states, and other harbingers of universal catastrophe. Workers in public health project the grim toll of the AIDS epidemic and speculate on where and when (not whether) the next great pandemic will arise.

It's as if some vast change in the near future is casting an awesome shadow and each person interprets it in his or her own way, in the terms he or she knows.

As we bravely face this new world, it would be useful to note the following: Vernor Vinge has been right before. ■

Ed Breen

[continued from page 180] Bane said solemnly, "Frank, I just want to tell you that Motorola is in discussions to buy Scientific-Atlanta." Drendel just laughed. "That's the dumbest thing I ever heard," he said, and then told Bane how Ed Breen's Megadeal was tilting the economics of manufacturing digital set-top boxes. Scientific-Atlanta? Scientific-Atlanta was *done*, Drendel said. The next day, after Bane flew back to Motorola headquarters in Schaumburg, Illinois, he called Drendel on his cell phone. Could Drendel set up a meeting between Ed Breen and Motorola's senior executives? Sure, Drendel said—when? This weekend, Bane said. The meeting was set up for a Sunday. Breen flew out to Illinois with Drendel and stood up in Motorola's boardroom and told his story to, among others, Chris Galvin, the CEO, whose grandfather's solemn visage was memorialized in an oil painting that hung on the wall. Breen had a story. He sold his story. By the time he was done, so was Motorola's proposed acquisition of Scientific-Atlanta. The Motorola executives left the room to discuss a merger with General Instrument, and when they were gone, Drendel produced a portable camera and shot a picture of Ed Breen standing in front of the oil painting of Paul Galvin and looking like a teenager about to take his grandfather's car for a spin. By September of 1999, the deal was finalized. Ed Breen had taken over a company worth $2 billion, two years later he was selling it to Motorola for $17 billion. He made $40 million on the transaction, and when General Instrument formally became a division of Motorola in January of 2000, he went to Schaumburg with a demotion.

He was not CEO of Motorola. Chris Galvin was. Breen was president of what was now known as Motorola Broadband. Breen never accepted a diminution of his authority, however or a lesser role. He moved with his trademark combination of quickness and purpose—a combination not necessarily familiar to Motorola. Galvin had given him six months to integrate General Instrument's operations into Motorola's, Breen did it in two. He insisted on keeping his corporate plane and immediately used it to meet his new customers—to go on sales calls—and after a year of learning a business completely foreign to him, he could visit Motorola's largest customer, Timothy Donahue of Nextel, and if he started a sentence with the words "My instinct tells me," Donahue would know that what Breen was about to say would be right on the money. From his first day at GI, Breen's instincts had served him well; now, at Motorola, they served an overall reform of the corporate structure. What made sense to him was what had always made sense to him: attention to the balance sheet; the primacy of cash; the need to shrink or eliminate bureaucracy. What didn't make sense to him was the millions Motorola budgeted each year to the managerial school known as Motorola University—and so he was instrumental in cutting that budget in half. What didn't make sense to him was the financing Motorola was extending to its strapped telecom customers—so he helped get Motorola out of a practice that proved ruinous to companies like Lucent. What didn't make sense to him was the vast executive bureaucracy that embodied the crushing weight of the company's reliance on tradition—so he was a catalyst in its radical reduction. In January of 2002, he became Motorola's president and chief operating officer, but all along his instincts had become a primary influence on Chris Galvin, and all along he had been building a team around himself that considered him practically a co-CEO. He wasn't CEO, though, and given Motorola's history as a family-run business, he probably wasn't going to be CEO for a long time, so when Dennis Carey of executive recruiter Spencer Stuart called in June and asked if he'd be interested in replacing Dennis Kozlowski at Tyco International, he didn't have to wait long for an answer.

Breen had been courted before. He had been courted by Lucent, and he had been courted by Nortel. He said no to both, because he didn't see the advantage of leaving a company with a head cold in order to resuscitate a company in a coma. At the time of Carey's call, Tyco was on its way to surpassing either of them as an object lesson, simply because Kozlowski's connivance appeared so gratuitous, so *unnecessary*, so motivated by greed rather than desperation or the drive for competitive advantage. He had resigned on June 3, a day before being indicted by New York State on charges of tax evasion. At the time Carey called, Breen: Tyco's stock had lost nearly 75 percent of its value in a year, and investors were betting Tyco to go bankrupt—and betting furthermore that it wouldn't be able to hire a new chief executive, much less an executive like Ed Breen. Breen's answer to Carey: "There are ten companies in the U.S. that I'd be interested in running, and Tyco is one of them."

The reason was that Tyco *made* things. The reason was that outside of its corporate offices, Tyco was a company made up of 250,000 people doing $35 billion of business a year making and selling widgets. Breen liked widgets because widgets meant customers, and Breen had yet to meet a customer he couldn't connect with or sway. On July 25, Breen shocked Motorola with the announcement of his resignation, and Tyco shocked Wall Street by hiring Breen. He was a few hours into his first working day when he called Bill Miller of the investment firm Legg Mason and arranged a meeting. Miller had a large holding in Tyco and in fact a few weeks earlier had visited John Fort, a Tyco board member who had become acting CEO after Kozlowski's resignation. Miller had asked what Tyco might be selling off, and Fort had answered that, among other things, Tyco would of course be selling its fleet of corporate planes. Miller pondered the repercussions. Although the corporate plane had become a symbol of perfidious corporate privilege, was he to believe Tyco's executives were now going to be flying *commercial*? Miller concluded that Fort was telling him what he thought Miller wanted to hear, and when he met with Breen, he said, "I don't think it makes sense to sell your planes." Breen's response was exactly what Miller needed to hear, because it was not the response of a man whose actions are symbolic but rather the response of a businessman, whose instincts Miller could trust. "We have ten planes," he said. "They're not the right planes. What we're going to do is sell the planes and see what we need. They won't be *these* planes—they won't cost as much—but believe me, we'll have planes."

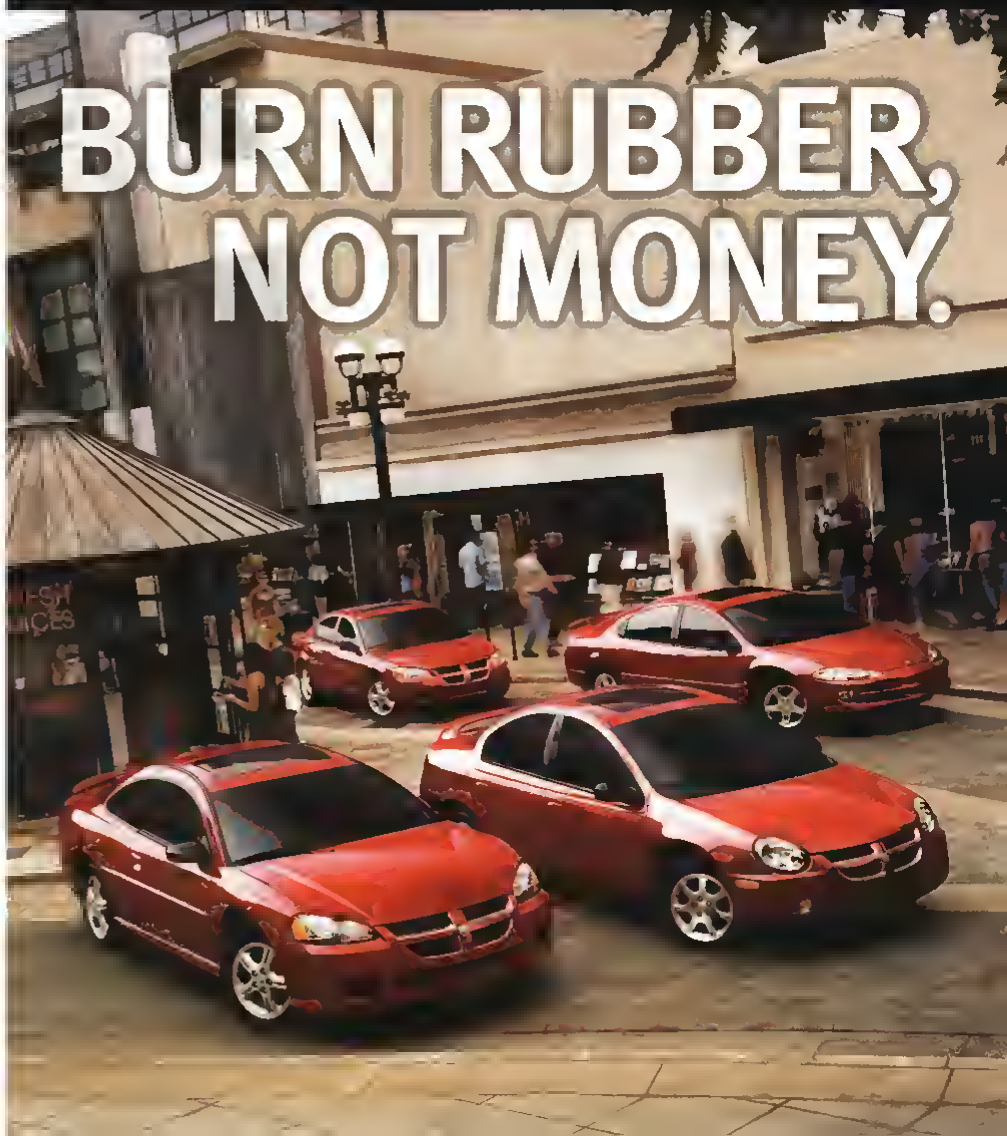
The sheer power of Ed Breen's common sense reassured Miller and reassured most of the investors he talked to. Even as the newspapers glowered with daily allegations of Kozlowski's criminality, the stock began to rise, and Breen, as it happened, had options on a package of $7 million shares of it.

It was not as a matter of virtue that he was desperate to restore Tyco's credibility. It was as a matter of business. Kozlowski? The board? He'd cut the whole goddamn head off if that's what it took to save the company. He had to settle Tyco's issues of corporate responsibility and governance in order to get Tyco back to the job of selling widgets—but that required him to get back to the job of selling. Ed Breen. Before Breen took the job, Tyco's board commenced its reformation by asking Jack Krol, the former CEO of DuPont, to join. Krol had a lot of questions, as anyone would, and even after Breen was hired, he had no intention of coming on. Out of courtesy, he met with Breen when Breen asked for a meeting, and he was struck by what a nice way Breen had about him. At the end of the meeting, he wrote down on a piece of paper the immediate steps he thought Tyco should take for its own survival, and Breen answered by showing him a page of the notebook he pulled out of his pocket. On it, Breen had written the same prescription, and in the end Krol bought without knowing that he was being sold. He would be the first member of Breen's board, and at a meeting—by teleconference—on September 12, a member of Kozlowski's board named Lord Michael Ashcroft put forth a resolution calling upon every board member but Breen and Krol to refuse reelection when Tyco shareholders meet early next year. The entire board was being asked to vote to insist on its own dissolution, a move considered unprecedented in modern corporate history, and a gesture of stoic honor by a board not always considered honorable. Three hours of debate ensued, and at the end, Ashcroft called for a vote. Ten members of the board were taking part in the teleconference, and the vote came out five to five. Ed Breen, the board's new chairman, was the tiebreaker. He put the phone on hold for four or five minutes; he took his time. He knew what he had to do, but he had to at least give the appearance of indecision, out of respect to those whose service to Tyco was drawing to an end. But the decision was his at last. The board was gone.

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GRAB LIFE BY THE HORNS

DODGE



Martin O'Malley

[continued from page 155] primary goal is to protect lives." A short while later the mayor spotted Sweeney at a function. He told his wife, "There's the son of a bitch." Mrs. O'Malley discreetly escorted Mrs. Sweeney from the area. Then the mayor told Sweeney, "You would think that as important as your position is, you'd at least give me a courtesy call before you come into my city without meeting me and call me a racist."

Sweeney stammered, "Well I didn't call you a racist."

"The hell you didn't! 'Certain groups of citizens'? That's not calling me a racist?"

Sweeney didn't say much after that.

It was becoming O'Malley's Baltimore. He demanded an early-disposition court to process the petty crap cluttering up the system, panhandling cases should not wait in line with gun cases. The judges listed reasons it couldn't be done. O'Malley told them to think harder. They said they needed the mayor to explain his vision. O'Malley called his graphics guy. They want my vision? Put together four panels of drawings. Use stick figures. Hours later, the mayor had his simple cartoon. He sent it to the judges. And to the newspapers. Stick figures in the newspapers. O'Malley got his early-disposition court. Heads nodded in Baltimore.

The mayor's car heads to a Baltimore television station for an interview about the Believe campaign. O'Malley excavates a black-and-white photo from beneath a pile of beepers and cell phones in his son's car seat in back. "Here's my kids. — Grace is eleven, Tara is ten, William is four going on forty. The girls have braces, so they're reluctant to smile. I like this picture because even with their mouths closed you can still see they have beautiful smiles."

O'Malley reaches for his wallet. It's a new wallet, a gift from his police commissioner, who finally couldn't stand watching his boss tape together the version he'd kept since high school. He removes a photo. "Katie gets angry when I show this but—this is her glamour shot. Her mother told her to get it after the second baby because she wasn't feeling so pretty. She's hot.' His wife a Baltimore judge, is stunning in lipstick and teased hair. The mayor beams.

Walking to the studio, O'Malley spots a wall of framed photos of the station's on-air talent. He's late but stops to jiggle the photo of a reporter who gets in his face at press conferences. "It's good to see this photo can be removed," he muses.

The red light goes on. The Believe campaign, he tells the anchorwoman, is about getting everyone involved. Homicides, addiction, violence—it's all much bigger than just government. Everyone must act. We're making progress. I just got the numbers. Baltimore is leading America in the rate of reduction of drug-related emergency room admissions. We're not the heroin capital anymore. We need mentors. We need people to believe. People need to know they're not alone.

Interview s over. Outside, the mayor climbs into the Expedition. He puts his papers in his son's car seat. On top of the pile is the framed photo of his nemesis at the television station.

O'Malley's race is now headed to meet with Washington, D.C., mayor Anthony Williams in a closed-door session likely to discuss the Williams mayoral campaign. The Expedition swings by for Enright, who jumps in the back seat and greets his boss with, "Good morning, Mr. Mayor." It's a nodd sounding salutation, given that O'Malley and Enright have been best friends since freshman year in high school.

Near Camden Yards, Enright rolls down his window and sticks his head outside. "Yo Richard!" he yells to a man jaywalking to work. "Use the sidewalk, man! We know police!" The startled man jumps and his coffee splashes. O'Malley and Enright laugh. The man is a police official. "We got him," O'Malley says. "Yeah, we got him," Enright says. Two blocks later, O'Malley spots a powder-blue Cavalier driven by an African-American man. On the car's crumpled bumper is a Believe sticker. The mayor rolls down his window and yells, "Hey, yo! I like your Believe sticker!" The man stares back, trying to negotiate traffic without losing sight of the mayor. "Thank you, Mr. Mayor. How are you?" O'Malley laughs. "I'm fine. Where'd you find the sticker? Safeway? Great. It's working. Thank you for believing."

The meeting with Williams lasts about an hour in Bethesda, Maryland, just minutes from where O'Malley and Enright grew up. They met as high school freshmen at a bus station near here. O'Malley was one of six children and the eldest of four boys. His family revered true believer. Democrats and thought there was unlimited good a decent man could do for society, and that lesson was warm bread at the O'Malley dinner table. By seven, young Martin was leafleting the neighborhood for local candidates. Posters and buttons of Democratic presidents hung with honor in the O'Malley home. JFK's was in a frame.

The Expedition makes its way to Gonzaga High School in D.C. Wedged between the K Street projects and a homeless shelter the private Jesuit school is a patch of reality sewn into its privileged students' lives. O'Malley and Enright once found a dead homeless man flies in his nostrils while tossing a football over there. "You passed the hopeless every day coming to school.' O'Malley says. "We were taught to see God in the face of a homeless person, in the faces of parents who worked hard to support their families. We learned that one person can make a difference, and that you have to try. We were treated like men here. A lot was expected of us."

O'Malley attended law school in Baltimore, then figured he'd do the Peace Corps thing. But he loved the city even with its problems and ugliness. It was this epicenter, a meeting spot for everyone he never knew where the rubber met the road. It was alive. And he watched people kill one another for nothing, and he realized, I don't have to go to the Third World to find injustice. It's here. I can work here.

The drive back to Baltimore will take a half hour. O'Malley pops in a U2 tape, a bootleg recorded at a small Manhattan club. He leans back, puts his feet on the glove compartment, and sings along with Bono, some song about persevering. For a while, he is note for note with the singer then he's every other note. Then the mayor of Baltimore is asleep, an Irish lullaby with electric guitars his only companion during O'Malley's race back to his city.

This spring, O'Malley got tempted. Maryland needed a governor. The best the Democrats could offer was Lieutenant Governor Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, the eldest daughter of Bobby Kennedy. But what did she stand for? She spoke in platitudes—"We must do better. . . . We have to do better . . ."—but she had no real ideas, no soul, no Kennedy. O'Malley could win this contest. He was the most popular politician in the state. Murder and addiction were dropping. People believed. Pollsters whispered sweet everythings in his ear.

Those who know him say he relished a battle with Townsend, that he ached to show her how a real platform develops, how serious discussion forms the tendons of a meaningful campaign. He won't bad-mouth her. Even in his private office, after all the city employees have gone for the weekend, feet on desk, tossing his Ravens football to himself, he won't bad-mouth her. What does she stand for? He wants to answer. He flips the ball. He will only say, "We'll see."

There are times, with that square jaw and granite forehead and I-hear-you blue eyes, that he might as well be Bobby Kennedy. And balls-out speeches? That's Bobby, too. O'Malley throws bombs into white crowds. He'll say, "Let's face it, folks. If this was three hundred white kids murdered in Baltimore every year, we'd have the National Guard paratrooping in here." No one boos him.

He could win. Everyone knew it. And that meant everything was possible. Governors become presidents. Mayors do not. "I don't doubt he would have taken over the race and run on his terms and won," says writer Richard Ben Cramer, a Baltimorean who wrote the definitive piece on the city's politics for Esquire in 1984. "He's impossible to take your eyes off. It would have been wonderful to watch him work. Townsend hasn't been a source of political light in this state. From those I know, there's no one who will go through a wall for her. For Martin, there are scores."

He could win. And it would be a lot easier than this. Maryland is the second richest state in America. Kids don't shoot kids in Annapolis. O'Malley dreamed about it. He could win. He could be anything. Only problem was: Baltimore wasn't finished. They'd made a good start, people were alive who would have been dead three years ago. There were thousands fewer addicts. Parks looked clean. But Baltimore wasn't there yet. Leave now and the city reverts to the president of the city council, and maybe the city slips back, and there's no time for maybes in O'Malley's race. He went to see his bandmate and friend Paul Levin, who was dying of brain cancer. Levin told him, "Your problem, Martin, is that you relish the tough fight. It inspires the romantic, ballad-singing side of you. But Baltimore is the tougher fight now." And O'Malley knew his friend was right. He gave a speech people still remember. He said: "There is no tougher fight, and no more noble cause, than the turnaround of a great American city. . . . I see a city where our children are safe, a city where our children are loved, and where children are reised to love. We are not there yet, but we are getting there." And he declined to run for governor. Bill Clinton heard the speech. He wrote O'Malley a note: "You will go on to bigger things. I won't be surprised if you go all the way—but for the rest of your life you can always be proud of what you're doing as mayor, and your decision to stay with the task at hand." Still, people couldn't believe that. O'Malley had passed on this chance to be everything. What's the rush, Martin? And O'Malley told them the rush was Baltimore.

Late this summer, O'Malley attended the funeral for a Baltimore police officer who had been killed coming to the aid of a fellow officer. She was thirty-five, the mother of an eleven-year-old son. Thousands, black and white, packed a city church. Her son sobbed at his mother's open casket. Dignitaries spoke. People sat quietly. Then O'Malley walked forward and the church moved. He spoke to the child. "Be there for your dad and grandma and family because they're all going to need you especially now. . . ."

Bodies leaned in. Faces nodded.

"Every day your mother risked action on the faith that one person can make a difference and that each of us should try. Every day. *Every day* she made a difference. . . ."

And this was the Believe message right there over the dead mother that you have to do it, even if you're a kid who's lost his mom: you step forward when it's tough, especially when it's tough. And the church moved, and people sweyed, and when the mayor stepped down a thousand eyes looked him in the face, saying, Your work isn't done here, yet. Mayor O'Malley, but you can be anything if you give it time.

A final commercial aired weeks after the first. It showed Baltimore in the daylight. The narrator said: "Since 1999, Baltimore has had the sharpest drop in violent crime of any major American city. The average home sale price is up 30 percent. Drug-related emergency-room admissions are down. And for the first time in thirty years, Baltimore's first graders are scoring above the national average in reading and math. We've turned the corner. But until we as a community come together against drugs, we could just as easily slip back. To win, everyone has to step up and do at least one thing. Find out what you can do.' Onscreen, these words appeared: "Believe In. Believe in Yourself. Baltimore."

Tonight, the mayor will walk around Patterson Park, a vast, beautiful expanse in a changing part of Baltimore. There are still boarded up row houses here, but there is private scaffolding, too, a monument to the city's new optimism. The occasion is the lighting of bright new lamps around the park's perimeter.

Only a few people begin the walk with the mayor. He checks his Blackberry. Nothing. He asks an accordion player if her song is Irish. She tells him it's Ukrainian. He asks if her dog is Ukrainian. She says it is.

Now children from the neighborhood catch on that the mayor is walking around their park. They appear on bicycles and circle around him. They run up to him and say, "I'm Shamiqua" or "I'm Mike," and he reaches out his hand and says, "I'm Martin. Come walk with us." And they do. Sometimes he asks a kid to spell her name because he likes to repeat names, and you can see he wants to do it right. Turning a corner, he sees a young employee from his Recs and Parks department—the guy can't be more than twenty-two—and O'Malley calls him over and asks how the job is going. The man tells him it's going good. "Are they giving you leadership things to do?" the mayor asks, and it's not a bullshit question—it was the question Gary Hart asked O'Malley when O'Malley was twenty-one and a true believer and a shining light in Hart's campaign. "What do you think, Martin?" Hart would ask, and the senator genuinely wanted to know, and that left a nice impression. "They are giving me leadership stuff, Mr. Mayor," the man says.

Now the walk heads west. A woman runs up to the mayor and hands him an envelope of complaints. "We're having the worst summer ever," she says. He reads her letter. "Walk with us," he says. A block later he introduces her to three police officers assigned to her area.

Across the street, a crowd has gathered: many of them young African-American males, men with hard eyes and hard day-to-day lives. O'Malley spots them and, without warning his bodyguard, walks across the street into their territory. "I'm Martin," he says. "We're walking around the park. Come with us." The men nod but do not speak. Guys like these do not do walks. O'Malley knows that. He walks back across the street.

Now the crowd has really built, from maybe a dozen at the beginning to a couple hundred. Two kids circle him with their bikes. He introduces one to the other by name, unusual names he'd first heard an hour ago. Cars are honking, and people in their windows are screaming his name. An African-American kid, maybe thirteen or fourteen years old, rides up on his bike, skids to a fancy halt, and says, "Hello, Mayor.' O'Malley says, "Hello, I'm Martin. You like how the lights look?" The kid says, "Yeah, they look nice. Makes it feel safer." And O'Malley says, "Yeah, it does feel safer."

And now the walk turns east. It's been two hours and the crowd is huge, and you can see why O'Malley didn't run for governor. That scaffolding can come down in a day if people don't believe. Baltimore believes.

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ESQUIRE'S PERFECT GENTLEMAN BARTENDER CONTEST BROUGHT TO YOU BY GENTLEMAN JACK OFFICIAL RULES

A Gentleman Knows the Perfect Gentleman Bartender He or she might call you a cab take care-of-you-on-the-spot keys remember your favorite cocktail before you even place or pronounce you a dear clientele at the bar whom he thinks you should get along with Make your nomination and you could be celebrating with your closest friends and your bartender (we'll give them the night off) in each of their stylish venue

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY: Open to residents of the U.S. who are of legal drinking age Both the nominating individual and the individual being nominated must be at least 21 years of age Void in Maryland, California, and where prohibited or restricted by law in the event that the contest is challenged by any legal or regulatory authority Sponsor or Administrator reserves the right in its discretion or modify the Contest or to disqualify participants residing in the affected geographic areas In such event, Hearst/Esquire or Brown Forman/Gentleman Jack shall have no liability to any entrants who are disqualified due to such an action

HERE'S HOW TO ENTER: Send your nomination for the #Perfect Gentleman Bartender to the address listed below or you may enter online by following the directions within the Gentleman Jack Microsite on the homepage of Esquire com Each nomination submitted must include your name, complete address (including street city state zip code) phone number e-mail (if you have one sex date of birth and the name of the bartender and bar being nominated A nomination must be 100 words or less Limit 1 entry per person An entry that is late lost, misdirected, or illegible is not eligible The contest begins November 12 2002 All entries must be postmarked by February 1 2003 and received by February 4 2003 If you are submitting your entry via the internet your entry must be received by February 4 2003.

SEND ENTRIES TO: Gentleman Jack Contest/Esquire Magazine 250 West 55th St, Ninth floor New York N Y 10019 **OR enter via e-mail using the directions within the Gentleman Jack Microsite on Esquire.com.**

JUDGING Contest winner will be selected by judges chosen by Esquire Each nomination will be judged on the following criteria Originality, gentlemanly qualities, honesty, integrity The judging will take place on or about February 10 2003, at Esquire magazine The judging will be conducted by Esquire whose decision concerning all aspects of this promotion shall be final All entries become the property of Esquire and Brown Forman and the submission may be edited, revised or reproduced in whole or part at our sole discretion Entries will not be returned

PARTICIPATION Participants agree that by submitting their entry they release Esquire/Brown Forman from any liability in connection with this promotion including any liability in connection with their computer equipment/software Esquire/Brown Forman is not responsible for any problems or technical malfunctions or traffic congestion on the Internet or at any Web site or any combination thereof including any injury or damage to participants or any other person's computer related to or resulting from participation or download of any material in this promotion

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PRIZES There will be one (1) Grand Prize awarded The Grand Prize will consist of a two-hour GRAND PRIZE EVENT held at the venue of the winning entry's nominated bartender for up to 200 people invited by the winner/winner will include entertainment (hopefully and special prizes (Approximate retail value $5 000 Grand Prize value may vary depending on location/entertainment) Please Note Gentlemen Jack and Esquire encourage responsible drinking Alcoholic beverages are not included as part of the prize

All federal state and local taxes on prize are the sole responsibility of prizewinner No substitution or transfer of prizes permitted, Non-cash prizes cannot be redeemed for cash value In the event the prize becomes unavailable Brown Forman/Esquire may substitute a prize of similar or greater value

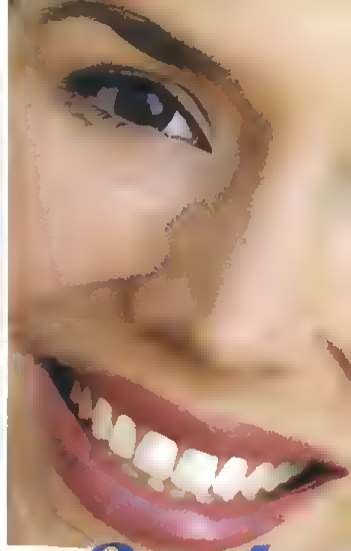
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By acceptance his or her prize the winner (s) releases the Hearst Corporation and its own and many Jack Daniel's and their affiliated employees, companies and licensed alcohol wholesalers and retailers from any and all liability claims action or proceedings arising out of or for injuries or damages sustained while involved in a promotion activity or in connection with the use of the prizes and (b) consents to the use by Brown Forman and Esquire magazine for promotional purposes in connection with the promotion of his or her name and/or likeness and/or voice without further compensation Invitees of Prize/Winner and other guests at the Grand Prize Event may be required to execute a Liability/Publicity Release prior to entering the Grand Prize Event.

Sponsor and Administrator reserve the right to modify these rules for clarification purposes without materially affecting the terms and conditions of the contest

WINNER'S LIST For the name of the GRAND PRIZE Winner send a self addressed stamped legal envelope to Gentleman Jack Contest/Esquire magazine, 250 West 55th St, Ninth floor New York N Y 10019

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This Way Out

[OCTOGENARIANS TO WATCH]

Helmut Newton, *eighty two, fashion photographer*
He s still snapping pictures of beautiful women His current penchant for shooting them with their clothes *on* is just a rebellious phase we hope

Dino De Laurentiis *eighty three producer*
He produced *Dune* passed on *The Silence of the Lambs,* and helped make Jane Fonda famous Okay so he makes mistakes But with age the Italian producer has become wiser He s got producer credits on *Ripley's Game Red Dragon* and the upcoming *Alexander the Great* Plus, he s got a hot young blond wife

Norman Vaughan, *ninety-six (bonus nonagenarian!) Arctic explorer*
The legendary Alaskan mountain climber is still in peak form and next year he ll preside over a dogsled run that he himself founded Krakauer? He s got socks older than Krakauer

R L Burnside *seventy-six (soon to be an octogenarian) blues guitarist*
With twelve-plus children a murder conviction and a gig at Richard Gere s birthday party It s a wonder Burnside found the time to record his licks But he did The brilliant musician—who found fame in his mid sixties—comes out with a tribute to fellow Mississippian Muddy Waters next year

J D Salinger, *eighty-three, author and hermit*
Axl Rose came out of retirement Why not Salinger? We predict a fifteen-city tour and a selection by the Kelly Ripa book club

—GENEVIEVE J ROTH

[THE BEST AND BRIGHTEST DEAD PEOPLE]

Philip K. Dick *writer*
Since his death in 1982 Dick has become one of Hollywood s shrewdest, most powerful players This year alone the sci fi writer had two movies based on his books (*Minority Report* and *Impostor*) buttressing his previous posthumous output (*Blade runner Total Recall Screamers*) with plenty more on the way no doubt If you want to make a film about a privacy deprived media-obsessed, paranoid future visit John Ashcroft s Web site or get to know your Dick

Eva Cassidy *singer*
Pretty much unknown in life Cassidy has seen her career skyrocket since she died in 1996 at age thirty three Namely seven albums a biography talk of a film a number one hit on the British charts an adoring cult And why not? Her soulful, melancholic jazz and folk music appeals to a public justifiably weary of rap rock and teen pop Bonus She will never star in her own reality show

Hyman P Minsky *economist*
Though missing from CNBC s pundit rotation the brilliant theoretician died since 1996 has begun offering some of the best insights on how to fix today s tanking economy Minsky s fans—including folks at the Economic Policy Institute and the Levy Economics Institute—point to his 1986 book *Stabilizing an Unstable Economy* which suggests ratcheting up "automatic stabilizers" (a highly progressive tax system more unemployment insurance et cetera) He also saw that whole dot-com fiasco a mile away

—DEREK FAGERSTROM

[TOWERING TODDLERS]

THE KID Phoebe Adelle Gates *born September 14, 2002*
THE PARENTS *Bill and Melinda Gates*
This goes one of two ways 1) Conformity Phoebe becomes the youngest woman ever to lead a *Fortune* 500 company 2) Rebellion Phoebe becomes the youngest head of the antitrust division at the Justice Department.

THE KID Jaden Gil Agassi *born October 26 2001*
THE PARENTS *Steffi Graf and Andre Agassi*
The U S Open 2018 God willing Jaden Gil Agassi def Andy Roddick, 6–0 6–2 6–1

THE KID Sarah Cameron Leibovitz, *born in October 2001*
THE PARENTS *Annie Leibovitz and Susan Sontag*
We predict she'll be brilliant and controversial just like Mom And Mom

THE KID Romeo Beckham, *born September 1 2002*
THE PARENTS *Posh Spice former pop star, and David Beckham, brilliant footballer*
The danger Little Romeo will be the U K 's answer to Todd Marinovich Our solution He takes his mom s last name and pursues a career in adult cinema

THE KID Lucas Maurice Morad Jagger, *born May 18 1999*
THE PARENTS *Luciana Gimenez Morad, a Brazilian model and Mick Jagger*
The milestones of Lucas (Esquire estimates) Age five naked on the cover of *Tatler* with Dad Age seven a starring role in *The Jaggers* Age thirteen two packs of Gitanes a day Age seventeen conspicuous canoodling in SoHo boîtes with Sarah Cameron Leibovitz Age twenty a memoir —BRENDAN VAUGHAN

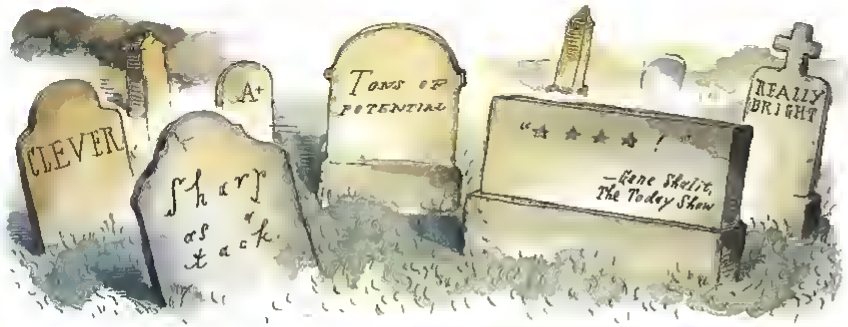


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